AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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JUNE 1979 $2.00*

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Plus a bonus
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Living in the '80s What we can learn from the hippies

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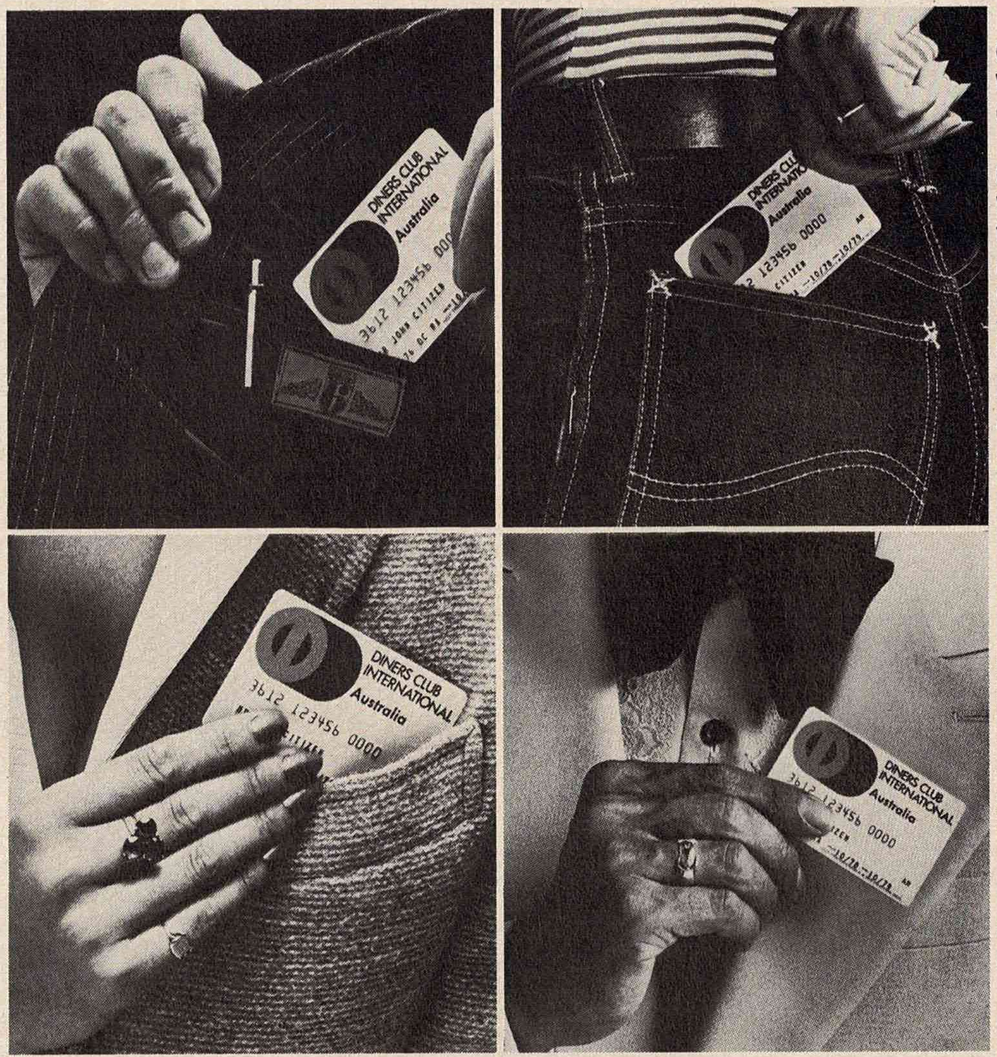

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PLAYBILL

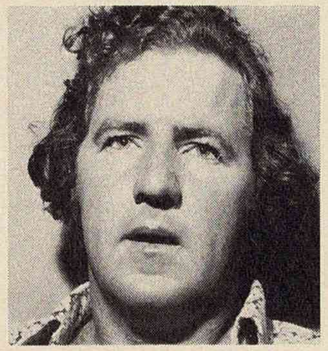
June is tax time – a time when, according to your income, state of mind, or political philosophies, you either get ripped off by the tax man or contribute mightily to the development and growth of your country. It's probably fair to say there are more people plotting to minimise their tax than worrying about how they can best take the philanthropic route to a prosperous Federal Treasury. For this reason we sent staff writer **Russell Deiley,** a veteran of three *Playboy Interviews,* to talk to **Peter Clyne,** an international financial buccaneer once described by *The Wall Street Journal* as "The Artful Dodger". Clyne makes it clear that the tax avoidance schemes he boasts he can cook up in a few minutes are not for everybody. And PLAYBOY's own advisers question the value – not to say the legality – of some of the schemes. But another message comes from the swashbuckling Clyne: even if the tax man gets you in the end you can have great *fun* trying to beat him.

Not so long ago **Peter Brennan's** life started at four each morning as he hauled himself out of bed in suburbia to work as news editor for Sydney's *Daily Mirror.* His main relaxation was a regular weekend game of tennis – played with the agility of a Norm and the cunning of a Gonzales. Brennan's tennis novel, *Sudden Death,* which we preview in this issue, was released in America earlier this year to enthusiastic reviews. ("A great story – tough and real," says **John Newcombe.** "Fast and furious," says *Publisher's Weekly.*) Brennan now lives part of the year in New York and winters in Australia. Our other fiction is Lady Chastity's Last Stand, a delightful look at the dangers of blind faith.

Speaking of delights, take a peek at the wonderful Miss **Kareen Michele,** another great Australian Playmate. Kareen came down from her Queensland mountain lair to be photographed by Australian PLAYBOY veteran **Rico Mettbach,** this time with assistance from the doyen of US PLAYBOY centrefold photographers, **Dwight Hooker,** and our new Playmate mother **Katrina Stead.** And if one Playmate is not enough, we present America's newly-crowned *Playmate of the Year,* **Monique St Pierre,** who follows in the fine tradition of **Debra Jo Fondren** (1978), and **Patti Maguire** (1977), who is now Mrs **Jimmy Connors.** Back on the home front, we asked top Australian lensmen to shoot for us their favorite fantasy, and we have photos from **Ken Middleton, Jan Kuczerawy, Gilbert Rossi, Dominique Longheon, Michael Goodall, Jürgen Ryck** and **Bob Watson.**

On a more serious note, we have two offerings which focus on life. Staffer **Phil Jarratt** jumped into a VW Kombi with photographer **Peter Crawford** and drove 9000km up and down the East Coast of Australia on an eye-opening odyssey through the alternative lifestyle camps and communes of our rainbow regions. His mission: to check on progress a decade after the back-to-nature movement began, and to try to sift out of the successes and failures messages for our future. His report, Living in the '80s, with illustrations by **Stuart Cole,** is the first of two parts. While Jarratt has been peering into the next decade, **Richard Rhodes** in America has dropped in on the world's foremost genetic engineers and biological researchers to discuss immortality.

To round out this issue we have a fun pictorial featuring the inimitable **Noel Ferrier** as PLAYBOY's answer to Travolta; a bring-on-the-cottage-cheese account by **Rudolf Chelminski** of one man's week-long ordeal with haute cuisine; an account of the delights of ballooning written and photographed by **Allan Moult;** a fashion forecast pieced together by **Zoltan Kent;** a profile of racing driver/playboy **Peter Janson** and a real-life account of hospital horrors by the recently-released **Morris Lurie.** From hospital, that is.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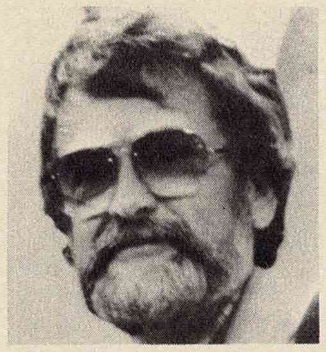
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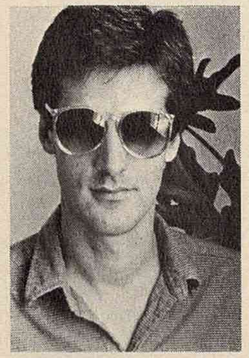
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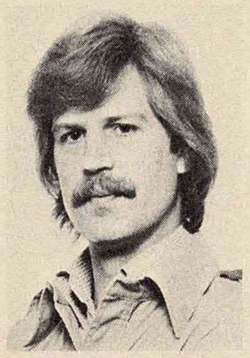
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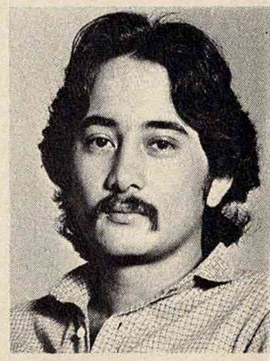
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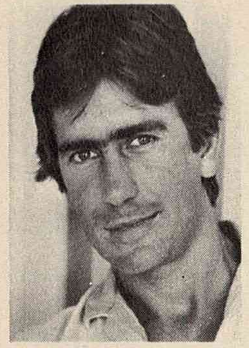
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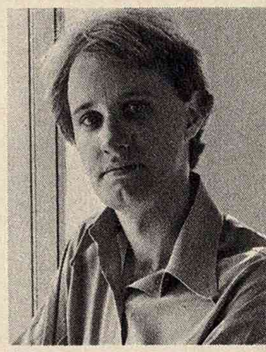
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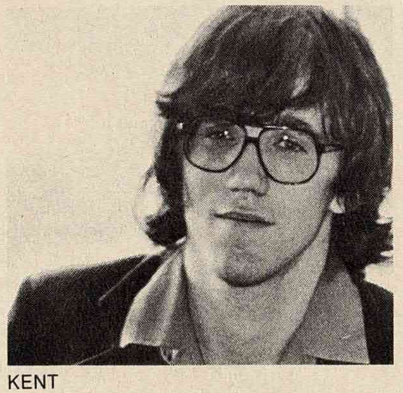
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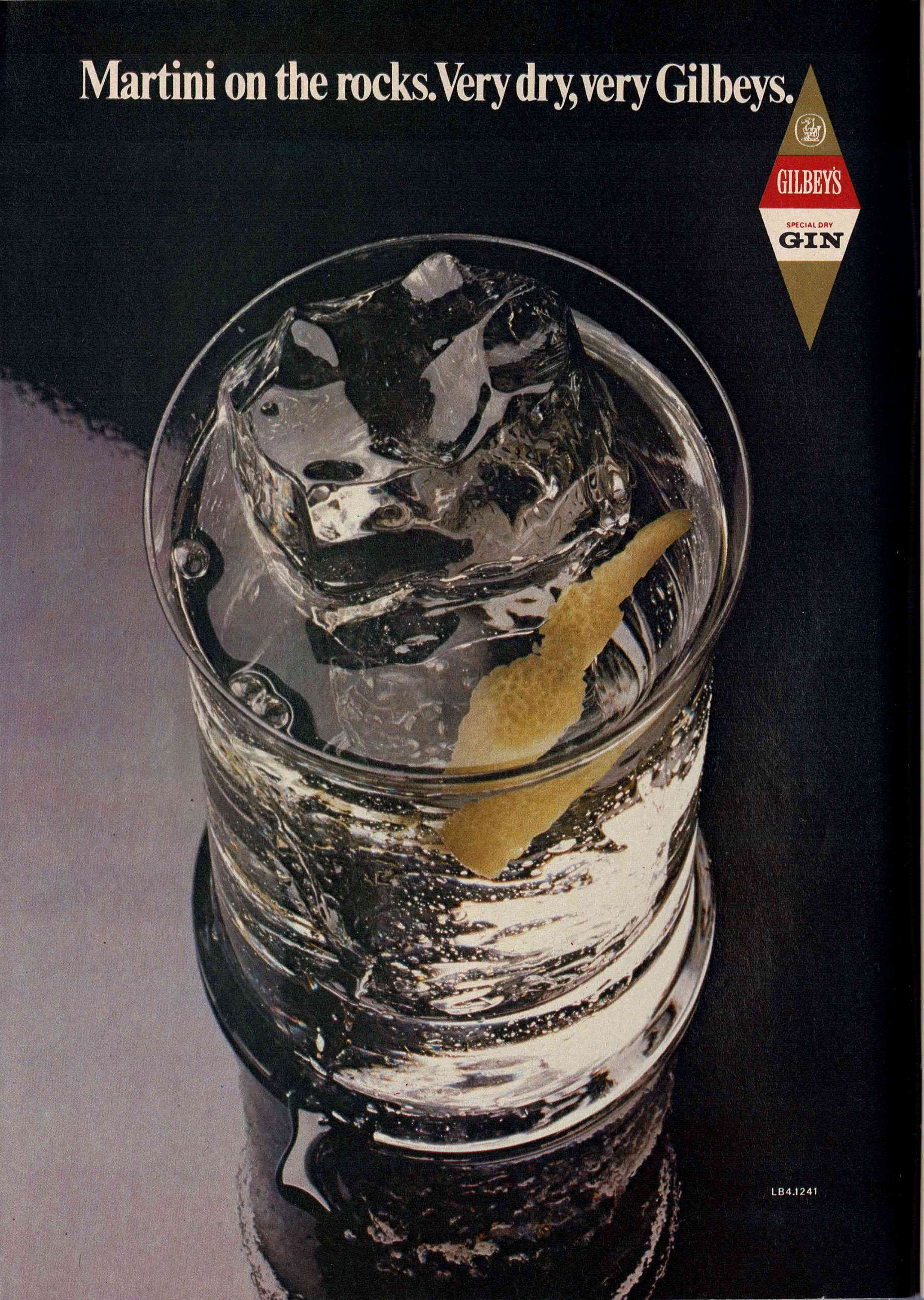

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JUNE, 1979

The legs on our cover belong to model Annabelle Fischer. Photography by Tandy Rowley.

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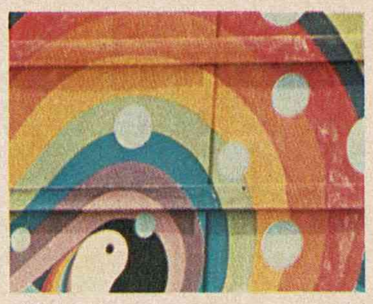
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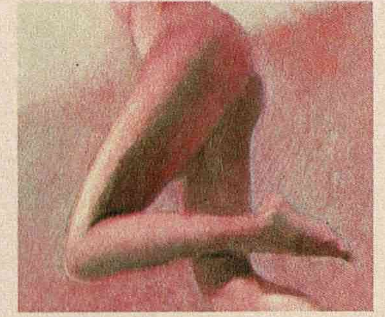
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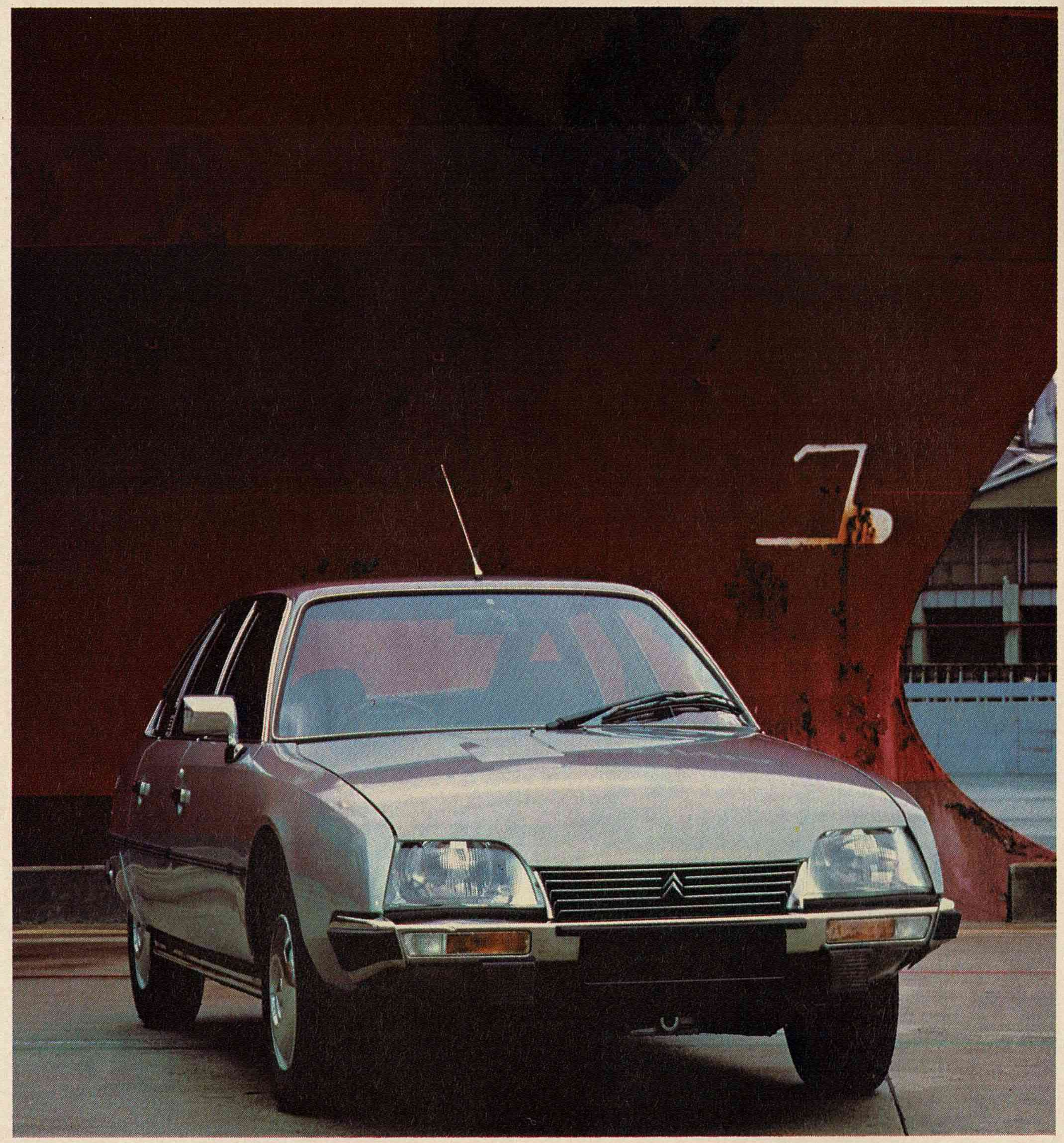

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In execution, it is a car that begs you to touch its beautiful detailing, to sit in its soft interior, to understand how brilliantly it drives. And to take the time to say 'there is no other car like this'. Vive la France.

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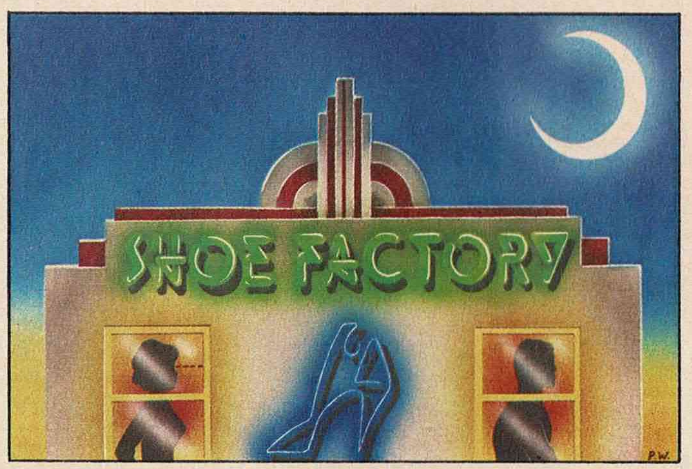
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT

To be honest, we don't get a lot of correspondence from Hungarocamion, better known to its customers as the International Motor Traffic Company of beautiful downtown Budapest, Hungary. However, one of our motoring contacts did let us have a look at the company's report on a negative ion generator. Dr Andras Boros, head of Hungarocamion's traffic department, conceded that the generator did make the driver feel he was breathing fresh air instead of petrol fumes and generally was a good idea except that the damned thing kept falling off the dashboard.

The doctor continued (and we publish the translation as supplied to us): "I wish to discuss separately the device used in our office. This Ionizer has been applied by one or our lady collegnes who frequently suffers of rerefaction of air and instability of blood-pressure. The lady observed that since she has used the device (approx. for three months) her general state of health and her breathing got better and her depression periods recurred more seldom. This goes for weakoladys, but Saturday-to-Monday when she has no apportunity to use the device, she positively senses a ralapse. The lady is sensitive to frontal passages. According to her experiences the ionizer has very positive effect in this connention. However, during exceptionally strong frontal passages this effect is somewhat moderated."

Sounds to us like a serious case of too many ions in the foyer.



CANINE COWARD

The police department of Bellevue, in Washington, US, has announced with regret the retirement – or, more probably, the dishonorable discharge – of its highly-trained, crime-fighting dog, Kahuna. In spite of his many attributes, Kahuna just couldn't handle patrol car work. Every time the siren went on, he threw up.

BON VOYEUR

Caught up in the modern enthusiasm for recycling everything, Melbournites have converted an old shoe factory in Fitzroy into the Universal Workshop, a complex featuring shops, restaurants, galleries, theatre, cinema, market, video centre and lots of noise. You can not only buy anything from a snack to a sarong but also have your favorite jeans mended by the tall and vivacious Jacky, whose last job was as a *danseuse nue* at the Moulin Rouge in Paris.

There have been one or two other unpublicised features. For instance, while attending a fashion spectacular at the workshop, the companion of one of our photographers visited the women's rest room. As she entered the cubicle she noticed a couple of pieces of perspex attached to the wall. Curious, she peered through the perspex and found herself looking into the adjoining men's room. We're still trying to bring her around so she can tell us what she saw.

WHICH WAY IS KOSHER?

Readers of our item about the automatic Mecca finder (PLAYBOY, March) will be interested to learn that an abattoir in Shepparton, Victoria, used one of the devices to pinpoint the exact direction to the Moslems' holy city. It then spent $140,000 turning its sheep slaughter boxes a few degrees to the west so that the meat satisfies the religious requirements of Islam, which stipulate that the animal must be killed facing Mecca while the slaughterman intones a ritual prayer.

WAKE UP, LITTLE SNOOZIE

We can't wait for the arrival in Australia of the products of an American organisation called Roosters Inc. The company specialises in personalised alarm clocks guaranteed to wake up *anyone* in the morning. Already one woman is being awakened by barking dogs, an ex-soldier by a bugler blowing Reveille, a punter by the traditional trumpet call to the starting post and a travelling salesman by his wife's piercing, screaming voice.

One chap we know, who numbers a few married women among his many acquaintances, is thinking of asking for a wake-up to the gut-tightening sound of shotgun hammers clicking.

MULTI-NATIONAL

It started out as a fairly normal lunch for half a dozen or so motoring journalists to meet Joju Sakagami, deputy general manager of the Nissan Motor Co Ltd and overall manager of the styling and design team which produced the Datsun 280ZX sports car. Sakagami-san said all the expected things about his car before answering questions.

It was then that the incongruities started to hit home. Here was a paragon of Japanese industry telling the world about his car – in a Chinese restaurant. What's more, he was wearing a Swiss watch. And taking snaps for the family album with a German camera. Perhaps the most telling point came when he confided that if he had no motor company connections and wanted to buy the most suitable car for his family of four in Japan today, it would be a Volkswagen Golf diesel.

DOG BITES MANHOOD

One story of a lighter nature to emerge from the usually austere Adelaide Magistrates' Court concerned an unsuspecting gentleman jogger who literally came to grips with reality. John Stanley Brightman, a 31-year-old Englishman from Dorset, was happily jogging his way through the sedate streets of Adelaide when his progress was interrupted. "This bloody little dachshund," he said (although not in such explicit terms to the court), "ran out of a gate and bit me on the penis."

The owner of the dog emerged, alarmed by the dog's barking and Mr Brightman's yells. Initially, he refused to believe that such a small dog could jump so high, but a quick flash convinced him otherwise. Bloody, but far from unbowed, Mr Brightman continued on his now erratic way for a further 50 metres, then flagged down a passing police patrol car to lodge a complaint. It took an official inspection in the rear of the vehicle to convince the bemused officers.

Once bitten, Mr Brightman wasn't at all shy. He took the matter to the aforementioned court, where he was awarded $25 medical expenses (a tetanus shot) and the owner of the dog was fined $10.

Did the incident leave any lasting scars? "No," Mr Brightman assures us, "though I was out of business for a week or so."

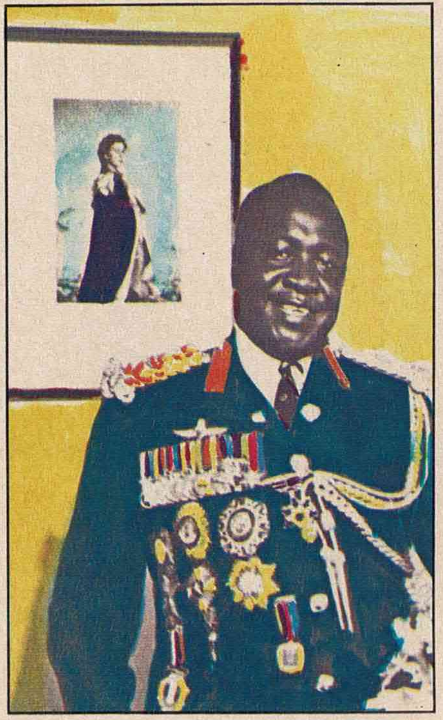
SHEEP AND CROATS

The government's cloak-and-dagger men have reached suburban Perth. A citizen at Padbury answered a knock on the door recently and then backpedalled as a husky-voiced stranger bustled into the room muttering: "The national interest . . . surveillance . . . your back porch . . . people in the house at the back . . . Croats!" The uninvited guest explained that he was a real live spy working for Queen, Mal and country and that he wanted to set up shop on the citizen's back porch to keep a close watch on the neighbors over the back fence.

The plan was dropped when the citizen explained that his children used the required area as a playroom and might be prompted to spill the beans if they found a spy mucking up their model train layout.

LETTER FROM UGANDA

Recently, PLAYBOY asked writer Bill Quinn to check out the possibility of doing a piece on Uganda's then President for Life, Idi Amin Dada. Quinn dutifully wrote a letter to Amin, in which he explained his assignment and asked for an audience. Without further comment, we publish the reply from the good dictator's office:



"Thank you for your letter of August 29, 1978 in which you seek an audience with Al-Hajji Field Marshal DR. Idi Amin Dada, VC, DSO, MC, Conqueror of the British Empire.

"I deeply regret to inform you that His Excellency the Life President is not the type of people who appear in your notorious magazine PLAYBOY and therefore like other 'Revolutionary' Black African Leaders will not be able to give you any audience.

"Regarding what has been said about him in recent articles and statements in PLAYBOY, this is not important to his personality and, for your information, does nothing to his reputation as most people might think.

"Those who would wish to talk, speak, write, act and do anything about him are free to do so and can continue at their own pleasure and risk. He is devoted to national and international development.

Al-Hajji Edirisa Mayanja Njuki,
Permanent Secretary"

AID FOR PARENTS

Time was when masturbation was supposed to send you blind or give you hairy palms or both. Then everyone decided it was quite normal and harmless. Now, it appears, it can even provide a community service. There is an urgent need for donors of semen at the dozen or so fertility clinics around the country; semen which can be used in the AID (artificial insemination by donor) program which provided about 500 women with babies last year. There is, in particular, a great demand for semen supplies from Asians, Greeks, Italians and Lebanese. There are people who will not normally accept babies for adoption, but who are quite happy to enlist the help of AID. As a result, there is a need for male donors from these ethnic communities and, although the men concerned have been coming forward, they are not doing so, in all cases, willingly. As a doctor at the fertility clinic at Sydney's Royal North Shore Hospital pointed out: "There is a bit of a taboo about masturbation among the Italians and the Greeks, so that doesn't help."

Before a donor is accepted, he has to satisfy several criteria: he should be under 40, physically and mentally fit and have no history of communicable disease. Then comes the critical test – is he sufficiently fertile? In the privacy of a hospital room he produces ejaculate by masturbation. A sperm count is done and if the result is satisfactory the semen is coded and refrigerated with liquid nitrogen until it is brought out of storage to impregnate the future mother.

Every effort is made to match the donor with the husband. Ethnic origins, height, weight and color of hair and eyes are equated wherever possible. But neither the infertile father or the mother are ever allowed to know the donor's identity.

CRICKET GROUPIES?

We always thought that cricket was a game for gentlemen. After reading a piece in the Melbourne *Sun* recently, we're not so sure. The *Sun* informed its readers that the World Series Cricket tour of the West Indies seemed assured of "massive pubic support".

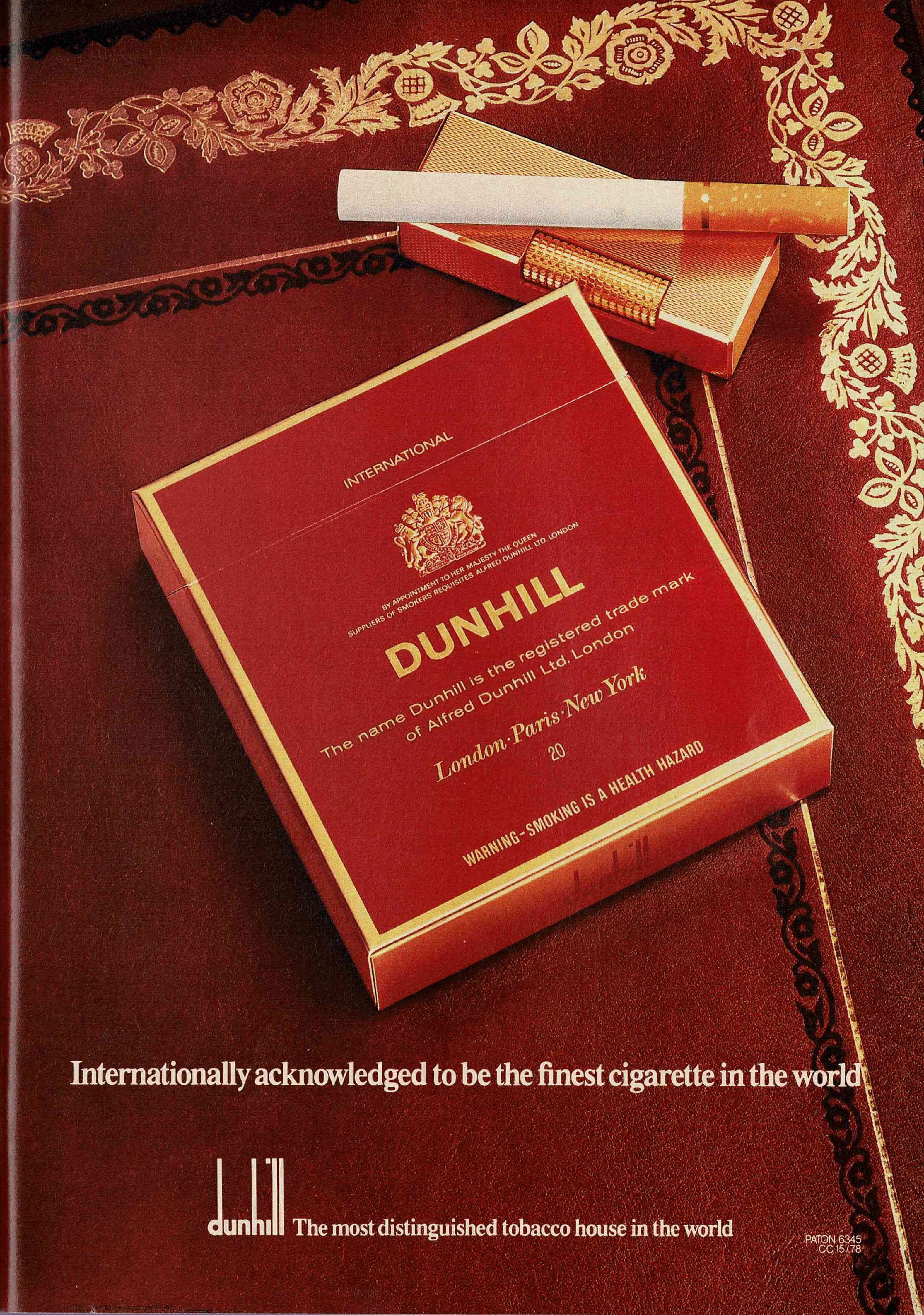
TEMPERED JUSTICE

Good news of the month: a judge in Santa Ana, California, ruled that Herbert Blitz, in a coma for eight months, no longer had to make alimony payments to his ex-wife. We hope it wasn't the alimony that put Herbert in a coma in the first place.

BY THE BOOK

Americans still have a little trouble with Australia – our language, our customs, our location. According to the list of best-selling paperbacks posted on a book rack in the town of Mena, Arkansas, number seven was *"The Thornbergs,* (Avon, $2.50) Colleen McCullough."

We assume the proprietor was referring to the Jewish edition which, as far as we can make out, is the heart-warming saga of three generations of outback rabbis.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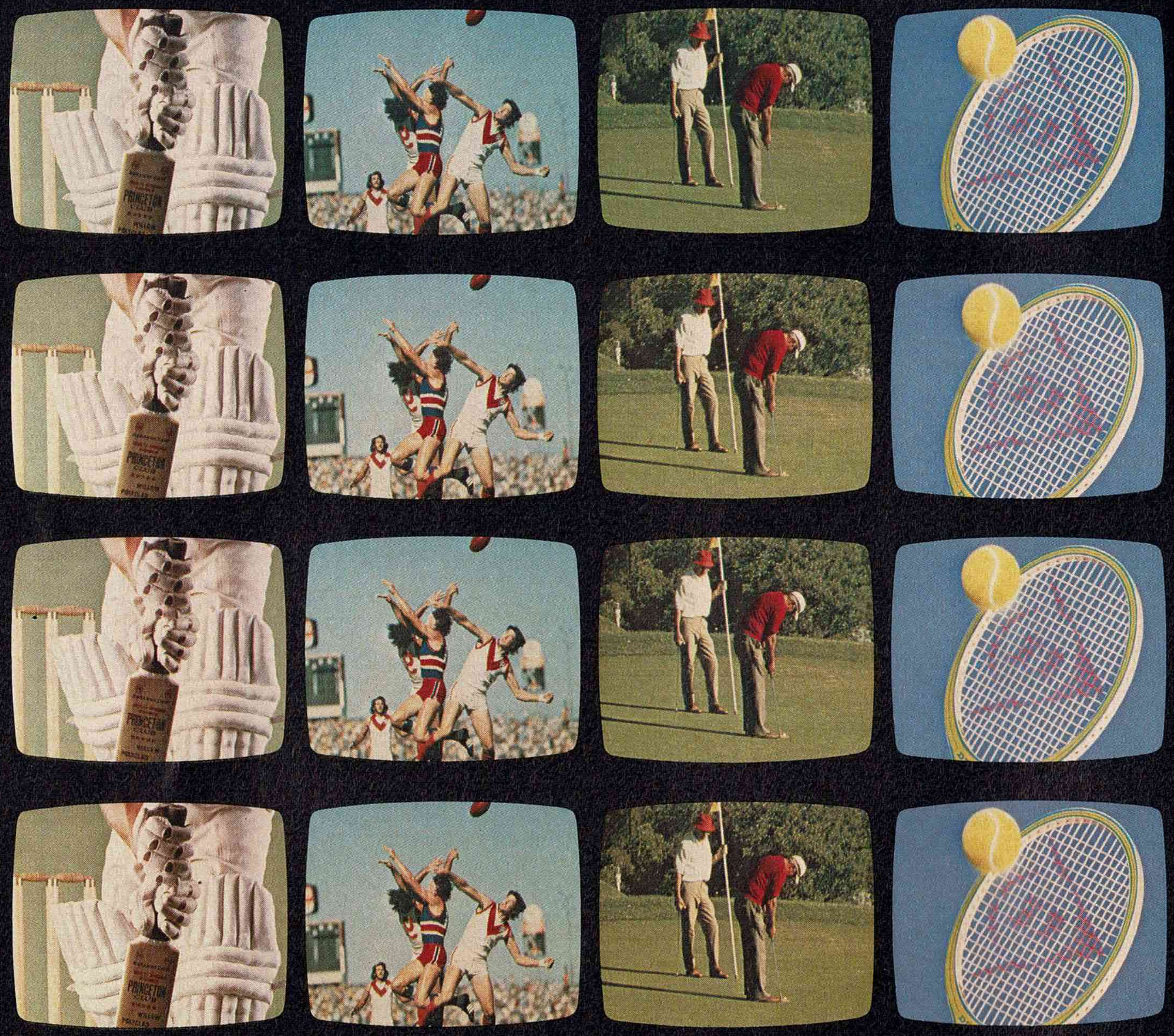

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MOFFITT HITS MARK

Ian Moffitt's "The Lackey Country" (PLAYBOY, March) was a brilliant summation of Australia and Australians. Too long have we relied on the newspapers, television and myth to tell us what we are.

If Moffitt is setting the standard, I'll be waiting at the bookstall each month to purchase the latest Australian PLAYBOY.

James Homes
Sandy Bay, Tasmania

MORE AUSTRALIANS

I was very pleased with your first edition. It was a refreshing change to read all-Australian articles to which I could actually relate.

But your second issue was a big disappointment. With all the girls in Australia, who do we see as a centrefold? – an American girl! I see this as a betrayal of your own country.

I am sure you could find plenty of Australian girls who would be more than pleased, if not proud, to be a part of something all Australian. We want to see our own beauties, not the usual run-of-the-mill girls from other parts of the world.

We have a beautiful country and the most beautiful girls in the world. How about showing us some of them?

B.J.
Perth, WA

Congratulations on a great magazine. At last we have a bit of culture on the bookstands. One bitch, however: you have Australian interviews, Australian articles, even Australian advertisements. But where are the Australian centrefolds? In three issues, you've had one. Do we lack good-looking women or what?

N. Cheesman
Wagga Wagga, NSW

Fair go, PLAYBOY! Where are all these beautiful Australian women? I have bought every issue so far and I was very disappointed to find not one Australian girl included in your April issue (apart from the small black-and-white shot of Karen Pini).

That roasting aside, you deserve all the credit you can get. Your magazine is very well organised and has very good layout. I was wondering if you could publish a pictorial of Australian sex symbols such as Abigail and Pamela Gibbons.

Richard Dawson
Waverley, NSW

Your first issue was first class but you seem to be straying off course. Your main selling point is that you are Australian PLAYBOY. What is going wrong? After your first issue, your following two centrefolds were non-Australian girls. Why don't you use Australian girls?

If I want to see American girls, I'll buy an American magazine. Give us Australian girls, please, as they have it all over the others. And give us more Australian articles and interviews.

Neil Caine
Tugun, Queensland

We hear you all loud and clear. With this issue the Playmate score is three to two in Australia's favor . . . and stay tuned to see us improve on that. As to interviews: we'll argue for ever our choice of Brando (March) as one of the best Playboy Interviews *ever. Anyway, his screen power is as strong with Australian audiences as any other.*

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations on a really terrific magazine. It's one of the best presented I've ever come across. How about some information on your April cover girl, Julie Malone? With personalities like that on your covers, you'll sell millions. Keep it up – you've got a good thing going.

B. Monday
Hackham, SA

Ask and ye shall receive, Mr Monday. Julie is a Sydney model who likes tennis, squash and swimming,

"Its delightful ruby hue is immediately appealing. So is the smell—clean and grapey. And the flavour is something else. There's a total absence of the heavy taste that so often puts people off Australian Shiraz."
—Erika Rees, Mirror, Nov. 1st.

"A light, fruity and well balanced wine suitable for drinking young, scooped the Best Wine in Show Trophy at this year's Hunter Wine Show. It is very good value."
—Peter Wilson, Sun, Oct. 11th.

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and rides a surf ski. She is 173cm tall and her vital statistics are 86-66-91. If you prefer your girls old-fashioned, that translates to 5ft 8in and 34-26-36.

I loved your April Playmate, Denise McConnell. I think her face is as nice as her boobs, her bottom, her everything. She could arrest me any time.

Your taste in girls is A1 and your stories make your magazine the best on the market. Keep up the good work.

M. Smith
Cairns, Queensland

Your taste in girls is OK, too, Mr Smith. And to maintain your interest, we will be presenting plenty of girls up to Miss McConnell's standard.

Congratulations on the first two issues of Australian PLAYBOY. It is more than comparable to the US edition, mainly because of the local content to which the reader can relate. Keep those lovely ladies coming.

J. Williams
Blacktown, NSW

Kim Wran was by far the spunkiest lady in your whole March issue. How about a few more pages?

Pat Coyne
Willoughby, NSW

Yes, but what would daddy say?

AN OLD FRIEND

Congratulations on your second issue. In some ways it was like meeting up with an old friend, presumed dead. That friend was *Man* magazine, done to death by American PLAYBOY and others. It reminded me of those halcyon days of the late '60s when each month, *Man* (and his various progeny) hit the stands. Those days, for a freelance writer, were heaven – especially compared with what followed: the death of the Australian male-interest magazine.

And to be a freelance reader in those days! To be able actually to find out about your own scene. To read fiction that was recognisably located – the nearest analogy being the first time I saw *The Cars That Ate Paris* and found myself precipitated, against my will, into the screen, where events I wanted to believe were imaginary were happening in a landscape only too real. I realised then that, for Australians, films and books are doubly removed from reality. The location as well as the medium renders them harmless to the mind. (Of course, since then, our film-makers have withdrawn to those period pieces we have come to sleep through so well.)

I wish you well. May your advertising revenue be as ample as your Playmates, and your Playmates as beautiful as Tom Kenneally's prose.

John Emery
Rostrevor, SA

FORUM FOR YOU

Congratulations on starting the Australian edition of PLAYBOY. The magazine in the past has proved a stimulating medium in publishing excellent and informative articles for its readers.

I hope you will consider having a *Playboy Forum* section in order to carry on the good work.

Andrew John Edson
Pearce, ACT

All you have to do, Mr Edson, is turn to Page 23.

BACK COPIES

Congratulations on publishing an excellent magazine which, in my opinion, outclasses American PLAYBOY. Unfortunately I was late in seeking a copy of your first issue, and everywhere I went it was sold out. Where can I get one?

N. Paul
Noble Park, Victoria

I bought your April issue and found it most enjoyable. I was overseas when the first two editions hit the stands, and would like to buy your earlier copies to start a PLAYBOY library. Can you help?

M. P. Keogh
St Albans, Victoria

Well, yes and no. Our secretary is going crazy sending out "so sorry" letters about our sellout first issue. We simply do not have them available. Try to arrange a swap with a friend, but beware of rip-offs. Later editions we can do something about. Write to Back Copies, Australian PLAYBOY, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001, enclosing $2 plus 50c postage for each issue required.

TOO INNOCENT

I congratulate you on a much-needed Australian magazine, which must rank among the best of them, if not THE best. The first issue pictorial features were tremendous and the stories suited every kind of person.

But in your second issue I liked only Candy Loving and the Raw Birds (oops) Power article. The other pictorials were too short and too innocent. Let's have more in future.

P.L.
Claymore, NSW

There's nothing wrong with a bit of innocence, P.L. The world could do with more of it. As we've said before, we are not in the porn business.

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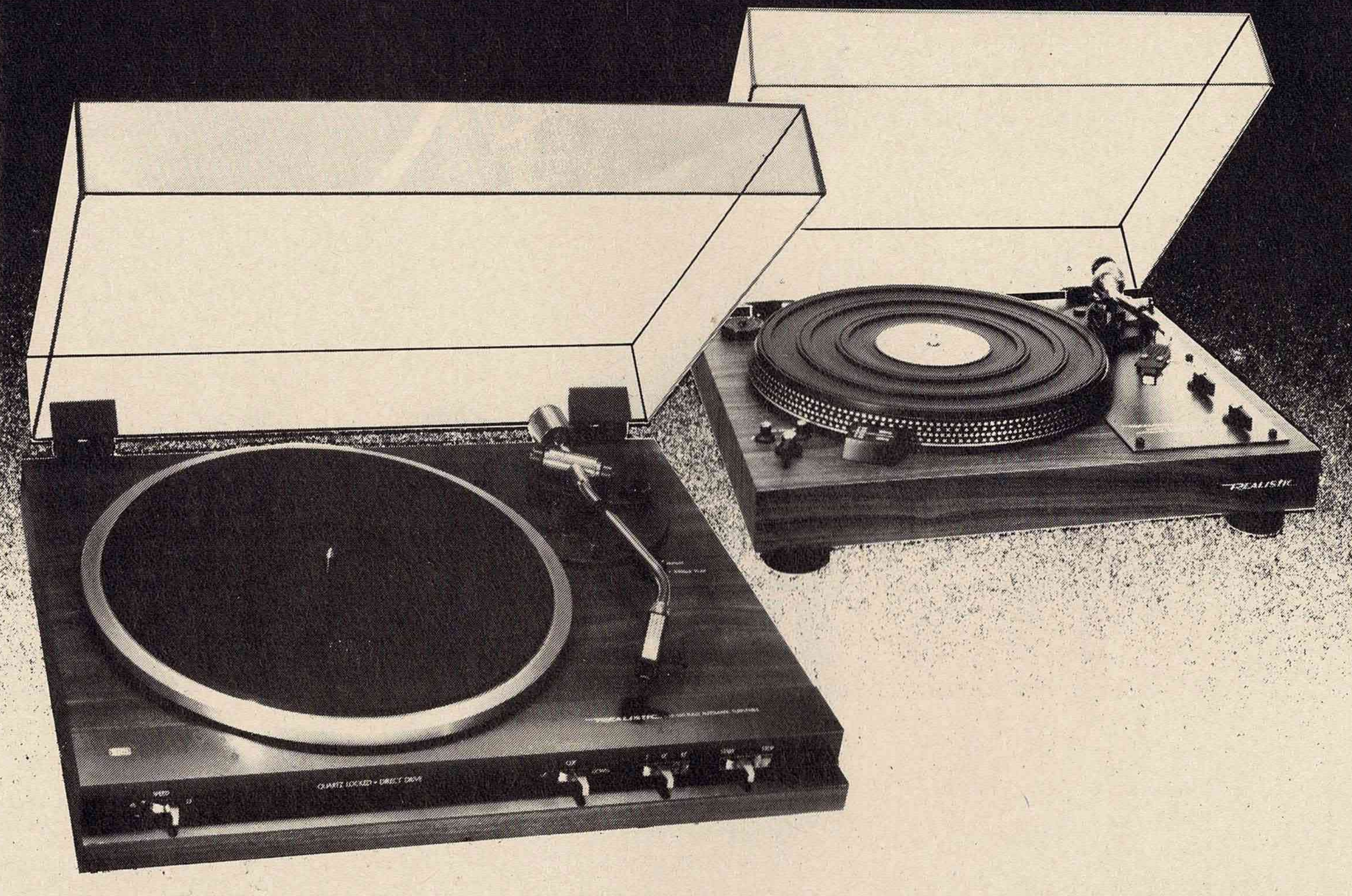

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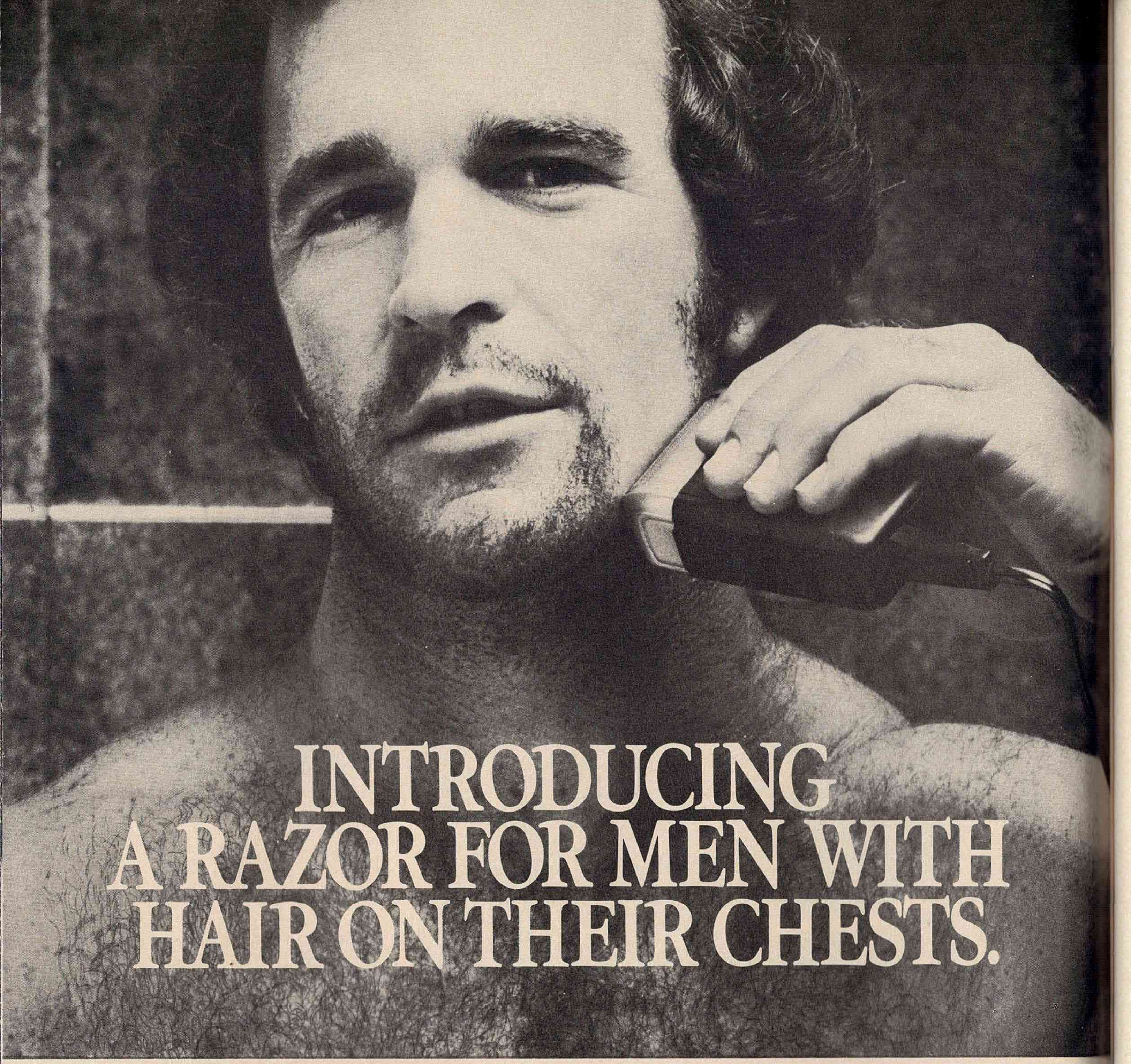

The fact that we make the world's best electric razors hasn't stopped us trying to improve ourselves. So now we've developed a new flexible screen razor for men with tough beards, who find that normal electric razors give a far from satisfactory shave.

Naturally enough, we've called it the Remington Tough Man and here's the way it works: the larger holes in our new flexible screen let in more of those big, tough hairs, for a closer, faster shave. Then we go in with Remington's famous 1-2-3 action the first head cuts close, the second head cuts even closer, then the exclusive Intercept cutter takes care of the longer neck hairs that most other electric razors miss. As you'd expect from Remington, there's a full-width trimmer for side-burns and moustaches as well. And, of course, the Tough Man has Remington's full money-back guarantee, so you'll never have to get tough with us.

REMINGTON
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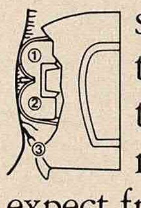
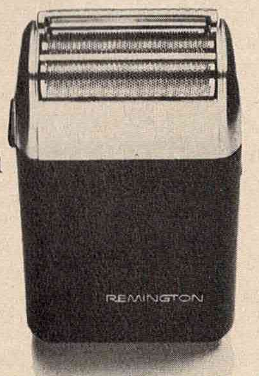




EXPERIENCE

anyone who thinks three's a crowd obviously isn't seeing double

In March we told of an Australian traveller who got conned in San Francisco, which prompted a businessman to tell us – anonymously, of course–of a much better deal he got in Manila.

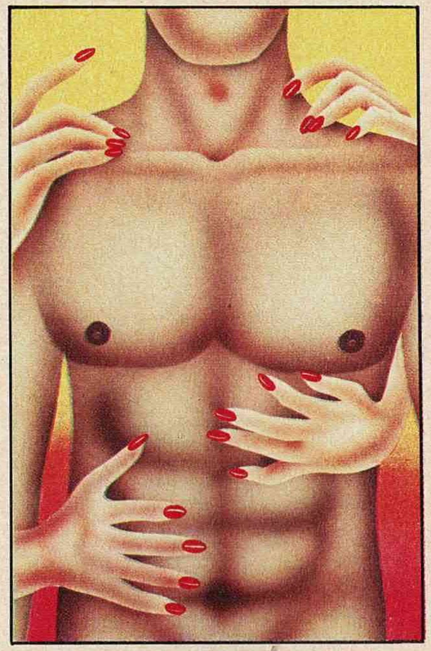
LAST year I went to Manila for the ASEAN Trade Fair, and at first it looked like being a fairly quiet stay. I hadn't intended going out much, but one night the other men at the fair were enthusing about the beauty of the Filipino girls, and my curiosity was aroused. I decided to try some of the nightspots and see for myself.

After going to a few bars and good-naturedly refusing all the young boys who approached me offering their sisters ("She lovely 15-year-old virgin"), I decided to return to the hotel. On the way back, however, I went into another nightclub for a last drink.

Standing on a large drum, dancing to the beat of an excellent five-piece combo, was a magnificent young creature – Jo-Jo, as I later found out. She was dressed in a tiny red bikini and wore very high-heeled black boots. The body movements she made were deliciously sexy and their variety, considering the size of the drum, was incredible. Each movement was wildly exaggerated by the changing colors of the disco lighting, and it reached a climax when she raised her arms above her head. Then her whole body became rigid except for her bottom, which wildly jiggled and gyrated, and I could not help but think of her muscle control, and wonder whether she had the same control over other parts of her magnificent body.

Just then, another beautiful girl came over and introduced herself. "My name is Lucy," she said, "and I'd like to dance with you." Happily I took her hand, and we moved on to the dance floor where we boogied together for about five minutes. Jo-Jo jumped down from the drum, her place was taken by Lucy, and Jo-Jo and I continued dancing. When the band had a break, I took Jo-Jo back to the table, where Lucy joined us. So, too, did a man with an American accent who told me he was their boss.

After an hour or so he leaned over and said: "The girls go out, you know." I asked for a further explanation, my excitement rising. "Well," he said, "if you'd like to take one of them out to spend the night with you, I can arrange it. It will cost you 50 pesos ($8) if I let her leave, and only if she agrees to go." I asked what the girl would charge. "I don't think she'll charge you anything," he replied. "But she'll want to have a grand dinner, and a shower and shampoo in a fancy hotel."



By now I was trembling with anticipation as I asked Jo-Jo if she would like to come with me. "Great," she said. "I'll just go and change." As she left, Lucy turned to me with tears in her eyes. "I wanted to go with you. Why did you ask Jo-Jo instead of me? After all, she's 20 – I'm only 18." And with that she left the table, sobbing. When Jo-Jo came back to the table, looking delicious, she knew that Lucy was crying. "Poor Lucy," she said, "why don't we take her with us?"

Immediately the alarm bells started ringing. Just like Western women, I thought, they want to stay in pairs for protection. So I put it on the line. "I want *you* to sleep with me," I said. "Three," she replied with a slow smile, "can have more fun than two."

I now realised that, at the age of 46, all my boyhood fantasies were on the point of being realised. I paid the owner 100 pesos, tucked a girl under each arm, and left . . .

As soon as they got to the hotel and into my suite, the girls said they'd like to take a shower. I tried to join them, but they laughingly pushed me out and shut the door. Impatiently, becoming more sexually and mentally aroused, I waited for them to appear. When they did, I was in for a shock. Both had only a towel wrapped around them, and they looked like two little, but laughing, bedraggled girls. Now, with no shoes or make-up, with wet hair and little-girl looks, my two beautiful women seemed to have changed into children. There, I thought, goes my fantasy. How wrong – oh, how marvellously wrong – I was!

After they'd eaten, I could contain myself no longer. I grinned at Jo-Jo and said: "You said three can have more fun than two. Now, show me how." And in a matter of seconds the three of us were together on that giant bed, naked.

Then they began stroking me, ever so lightly, with their long fingernails. Lucy started from the top of the head, and Jo-Jo from my feet. The feeling was wonderful and eventually I reached a shattering climax.

As the night wore on we showered together. The way my two bedmates soaped me all over was totally intimate, and I'm at a loss for words to describe that delight. Then, refreshed, we returned to the bedroom where again the loveplay continued. Sometimes it was wonderfully slow and gentle, on other occasions fast and physical. But never, not once, was it the same.

Finally, towards dawn, the three of us were absolutely sated. I begged them to let me rest and, in a tangle of arms and legs, we fell asleep.

I was the first to wake. I showered while they lay together, two sleeping innocents. But when I returned they were awake, laughing and looking mischievous. A shaft of sunlight through the partly-closed curtains fell on both of them, and I could feel my excitement rising.

"Now it's your turn to play with us," Jo-Jo said, and they rolled apart on the bed, lying on their backs. I knelt between them, running my nails lightly up the insides of their legs. As my right hand feathered the inside of the top of Lucy's leg she started shivering.

"Hey, don't forget me," Jo-Jo cried, as she grabbed my free hand and moved it up to her breasts. As my fingers skimmed over her nipples she screamed with obvious delight. And for the next 20 minutes or so we went on like that, all feeling one another and bringing each other to orgasm.

Never had I, nor, I'll wager, anyone, had such a wonderful experience. It wasn't satisfaction; it was total, absolute satiety.

Happily we showered and breakfasted and, when I finally dropped them off later that morning, they would not kiss me goodbye in public. But they both had tears in their eyes, and I felt really moved.

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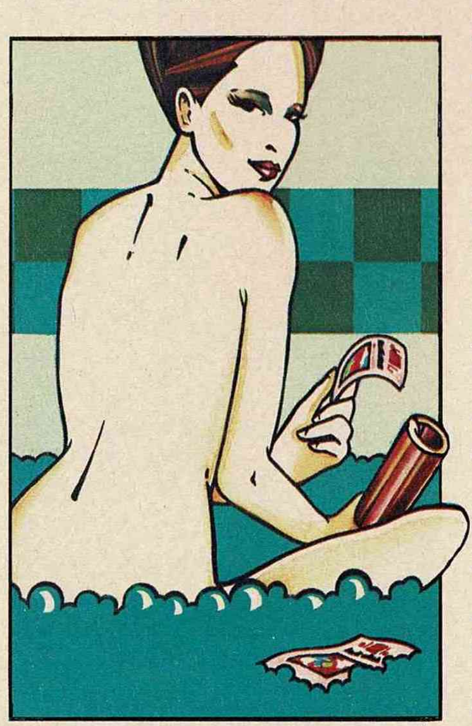
THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I know that West Australians are "sandgropers" and that Queenslanders are "banana-benders", but what are the nicknames for South Australians, Victorians, Tasmanians, New South Welshmen and people from the Northern Territory? – J.P., WA.

We refer you to G. A. Wilkes' A Dictionary of Australian Colloquialisms, *published last year, and some of the sources he quotes. The nicknames for the residents of the various States are: South Australia – "crow-eaters". The original reference to this name, according to Wilkes, was in 1900, when the term was described as "an epithet applied to the natives or citizens of South Australia". Frank Huelin, in his book* Keep Moving, *put it more succinctly: "South Aus. is the worst State in the country – bloody crow-eaters!" Victorians – "gumsuckers". The first written reference specifically applied to Victorians is in William Howitt's* Land, Labor and Gold, *published in 1855: "Bitten twice by the over cute 'gum-suckers' as the native Victorians are called." Other references to Australians as a whole as "gumsuckers" are made in Wilkes' book, but in general the term is more applicable to Victorians. Tasmania – "Taswegians, apple islanders and Vandemonians". All these terms have been, and are, applied to residents of Tasmania, although the first is most likely to be in common use today. Oddly enough the last, the least-used now, is the only one referred to in Wilkes' book. New South Wales – "cornstalks". In 1827, in his book* Two Years in New South Wales, *P. Cunningham refers to the colonial people of this State as "cornstalks" because of "the way in which they shoot up". Seven years later, in* Wanderings in New South Wales, *George Bennett wrote: "The Australian ladies may compete for personal beauty and elegance with any European, although satirised as 'cornstalks' from the slenderness of their forms." Northern Territory – "Territorians". In 1941, Charles Barrett, in his book* Coast of Adventure, *wrote: "Old Territorians, over a glass of beer at the pub or a pannikin of tea by the campfire, will tell yarns as long as you'll listen." Another great yarn teller, Frank Hardy, who spent years in the Territory, wrote in 1968 in* The Unlucky Australians: *"The old Territorian is a good bloke, rough as guts, but his heart's in the right place." To complete the record, the origins of the term "sandgroper" applied to West Australians are obscure, but the majority of informed opinion indicates its being used by easterners as a measure of their contempt for the comparative infertility of the West and the social backwardness of its early settlers. "Bananalanders", the term applied to Queenslanders, is first mentioned as early as 1887, when an issue of* The Bulletin *reported: "He made all the arrangements for being married on that day, and his friends rallied up to congratulate him and see him through, after the custom of the simple Bananalanders." Since then the term "banana-benders" has also come into common usage.*

Being an avid wine drinker, I have had some truly great wines. But I would like to retain their memory in some tangible form. As lack of space prevents my keeping the empty bottles, I decided to try to retain the labels. My problem has been that, in spite of extensive inquiries, I have not been able to find an effective method of removing the labels from the bottles. The conventional method of soaking has proved ineffective. Can you help? I am also trying to trace the history of an old Australian champagne: Seppelt Great Western 1954 Champagne Bin 47A. Can you help with some background and also give some indication of its worth? – F.W., Victoria.

Labels used to come off too easily, even in an ice bucket, so now most wine companies stick them on with a glue that won't be budged. The advice from the Wine and Brandy Association of NSW is to try soaking the bottles in very hot water. If they won't come off, write to the company involved. In most cases, we're told, they'll be delighted to send you a label. In regard to the '54 Seppelt Great Western champagne, it was a great wine. Produced by the legendary Seppelt winemaker Colin Preece, it's won a bagful of medals, most of them gold. But the bubble has burst. Any champagne, Australian, French or whatever, is inclined to lose its sparkle over the years, and that's probably what the Bin 47A has done. As a result, its value is questionable. The wine was made from the grape variety known as Irvine's White, named after the former winemaker at Great Western, Hans Irvine, from whom the Seppelt Company purchased the property. His memory lives on. Sadly, the wine – and particularly champagne – doesn't always do so.

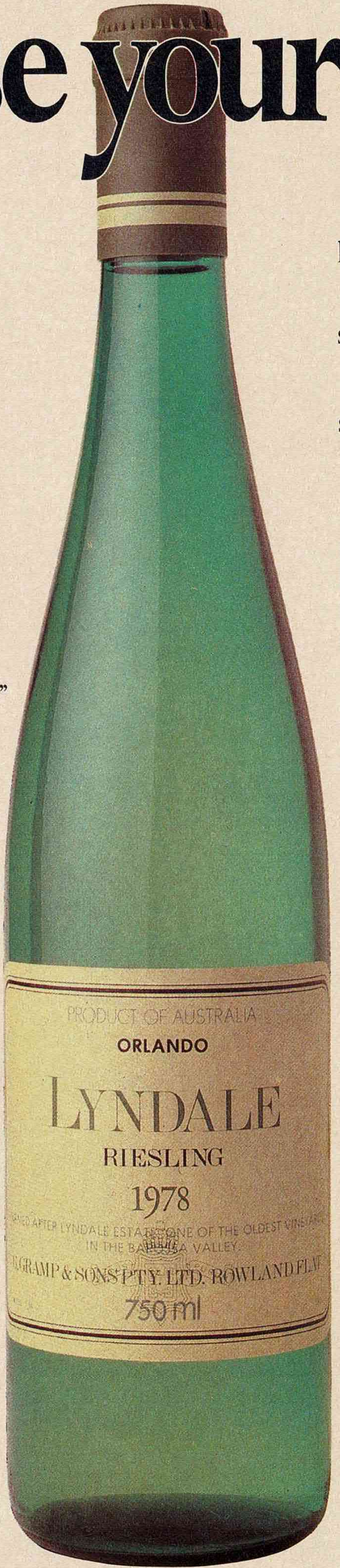


I am a healthy, athletic 28-year-old bachelor. I have led a satisfactory (although irregular) sex life for the past five years (I started late). However, in the past six months I've had difficulty in maintaining my erection to enable penetration. I thought the problem might be dietary, but I'm getting enough of all the main vitamins and minerals and I'm in excellent physical condition. Any ideas as to what might be causing this premature impotence? – L.C., Victoria.

Assuming there is nothing organically wrong, it would seem it's your mental approach that is affecting your performance. Your late start towards expertise may be causing you some mental embarrassment, with resultant physical shyness, in which case a visit to a sex therapist is indicated. But keep uppermost in your mind that women don't necessarily want men to be experts. After you've been out with the lady a couple of times and feel the bed situation is on the horizon, tell her, at the appropriate moment, of your bedroom anxieties. In most cases this honest approach appeals to women as it brings out the caring, supporting instincts in them. Once you're in bed, extend your foreplay, enjoy yourself and please her – after all, that's what sex is all about. You'll find that as your confidence increases your problem will decrease.

This is a medical-type query. However, I would appreciate some advice from you and perhaps some information from your readers.

For some years I have been a persistent bed-wetter. I have tried almost everything to rid myself of this complaint – hypnosis, tablets, alarm bells, the whole works. But seldom



Choose your critic.

"...crisp and dry with delicate fruit flavour"

"...just a touch of firm acid which nicely rounds out the style"

"...good lift of fruit character on the nose"

"...good big fruit"

"...some evidence of residual sugar"

"...a golden, light fruity impact"

"...a little negative on the nose"

"...remarkably well-made in the varietally uncommitted German style"

"...obviously well put together"

"...a clean crispness on the finish"

"...an elegant wine showing good fruit"

"...a good fruity nose"

"...some nose but no obtrusive character"

"...balanced with enough acid to give it a clean taste on the after-palate"

"...just a touch of sugar on the palate"

"...fullness more part of the structure of the style"

"...plenty of clean, fresh fruit"

"...light, delicate middle palate"

"...a good, clean drinking style"

"...a wine of considerable style, both inside and out"

You may not agree with all the critics. Certainly, we hope you won't agree with those few whose praise is a trifle faint.

But overwhelmingly, the critics rate Orlando's Lyndale Riesling as an exquisite wine.

Each year, the winemakers select the best from a variety of different grapes and blend them to reflect a true Riesling.

The 1978 vintage is no exception.

Elegant Rhine Riesling, fruity Crouchen, the rare but unusually distinctive Colombard and aromatic, spicy Traminer, all played their part.

While the blend may vary from vintage to vintage, the reviews you read this year, give or take a critic or two, will closely resemble those of former years.

AN ADMIRABLE CONSISTENCY.

ORL3330

does a night pass without a wet bed. The doctors agree it is not a physical problem, but one caused by a lack of relaxation of muscles whilst asleep following the rigors of daytime activities. Various tablets have been tried but they have only caused a lack of control of bladder and bowel during the day, and this can be most embarrassing.

I'm 28 and I regard myself as in pretty good shape and enjoy an active sex life. However, there are problems when sleeping with a girl and waking in the morning with saturated sheets. Interestingly, the problem seems worse after active coitus.

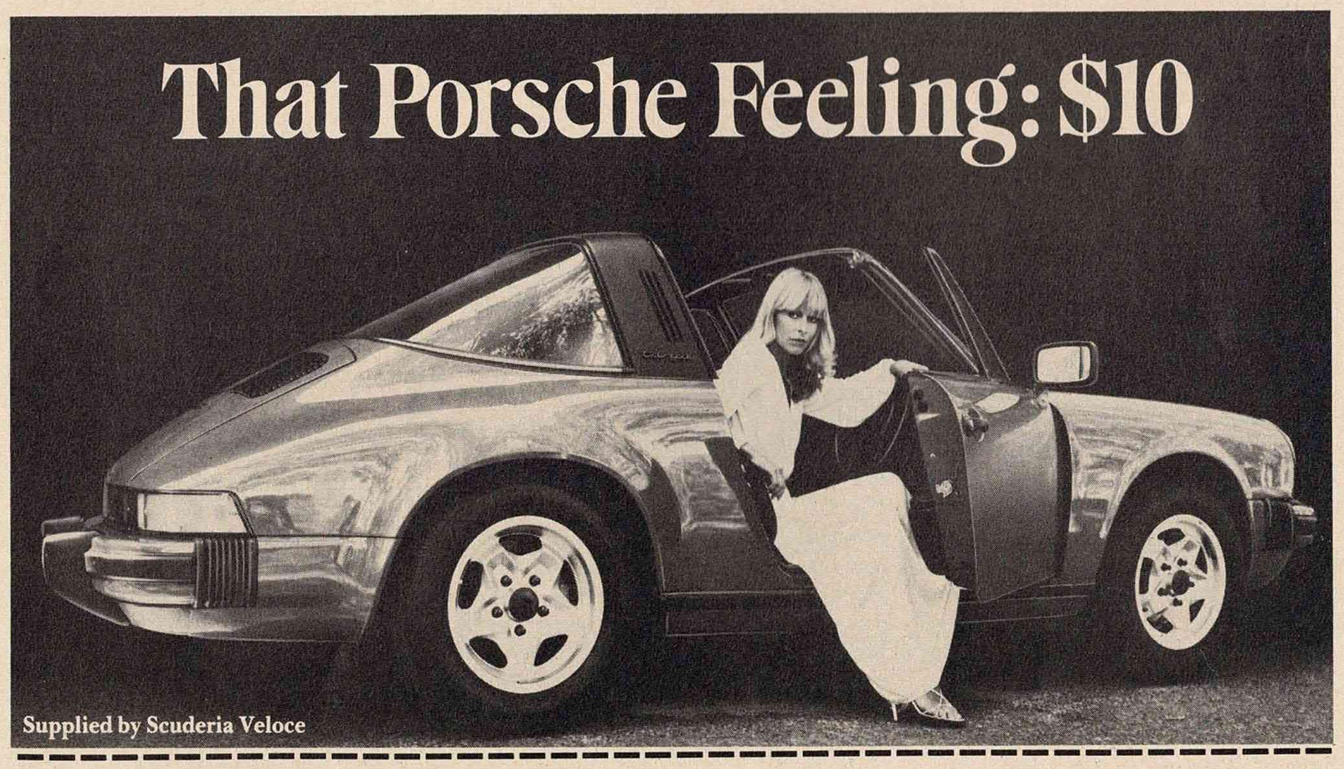
My doctor has told me incontinence is becoming common in young adults and that approximately 30-40 percent of adults are troubled prior to middle age. He also stated that most people returned to normal after varying lengths of time.

I would like to hear any advice you may have on this habit and would also be interested to hear how other readers have taken steps to combat the same problem. – Paul R., Melbourne.

We spoke to a prominent urologist about your case. He said that most bed-wetting among adults does appear to have a specific cause, and that in your case, and from your letter, it would appear to be organic. You sound as if you are the owner of what is rather ominously termed in medical parlance an uninhibited neurogenic bladder. In simple terms, this means that when the bladder fills to maximum capacity it empties itself on the spot, willy-nilly. Unlike most people, those suffering from this complaint cannot exercise cerebral control for any length of time over their bladders. During the course of the day the sense of urgency often gets them to the toot in time, but at night, particularly, in the deepness of sleep, the awareness and subsequent lack of control are heightened. And after sex, of course, that sleep is likely to be deeper than ever. The drugs you have been taking are likely to have been largely responsible for your lack of control over your bowels. They are not generally the answer to the problem, and even if they are, it means you are dependent on them for ever. Operations on the bladder, particularly in recent years, have been performed with varying degrees of success, from partial to total. Our medical informant suggests you see a urologist in Melbourne and discuss the matter fully.

My grandfather, who is 82, has been living with us for the past year. My parents were killed in a car crash, and we've accepted the responsibility of looking after the old guy. But his lack of hearing, which has led to querulous questions, his constant demands and his presence are starting to have a strain on our marriage. I don't want to dump him altogether, but is there some way in which he can be housed elsewhere, maybe with people who'll be more interested in his own thoughts and way of life? He's far from senile, and I feel that if he were with those of his own age group, with similar facilities, he'd be far happier. I know we certainly would be.– D.F., NSW.

The answer to your problem is as near as your telephone. In every State there is a branch of the Council on the Ageing (COTA), which can send you the necessary forms to house your grandfather in comfortable, congenial conditions. Each branch of COTA acts in an advisory capacity, and, for a token donation of $1 to cover costs of printing and postage, provides a comprehensive list of various homes, where they are located, who they are for, who is in charge and the phone number. There are three forms of retirement accommodation built with the aid of Government subsidy, and eligibility for them is as follows—Unit: The resident must be entirely independent of care, and able to do his or her own cooking and shopping. The weekly



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A 1330

maintenance or rent varies from $10 to $15. Hostel: Here an organisation provides a bed-sitter with toilet and shower facilities, though this will sometimes have to be shared with another resident. All meals are provided in a communal dining-room. To be eligible, the resident has to keep his/her room reasonably tidy, be able to bathe and dress without assistance, negotiate some stairs and get to the dining-room without being assisted or reminded. The average cost of this accommodation is 85 percent of the age pension, or a percentage of the resident's weekly income. Nursing home: Establishments where full nursing care is provided. Obviously your grandfather won't require the third type of accommodation. We suggest, then, that you and your grandfather discuss the alternatives after you've contacted COTA. Here are the addresses: Australian Council: 449 Swanston street, Melbourne. Box 1817Q, GPO, Melbourne, Victoria 3001. Tel: 347 9199. New South Wales: 34 Argyle place, Sydney, NSW 2000. Tel: 27 4857. Victoria: (Same as for Australian Council). Queensland: 1st floor, 230 Edward street, Brisbane, Queensland 4000. Tel: 221 5676. South Australia: 95 Fullarton road, Kent Town, SA 5067. Tel: 332 6299. Tasmania: 2 St John's avenue, New Town, Tasmania 7008. Tel: 28 1897. ACT: Level 4, Woden Churches Centre, Woden, ACT 2606. Tel: 82 3822. Western Australia: 168 St George's terrace, Perth, WA 6000. Tel: 21 7944. The Northern Territory: PO Box 2476, Darwin, NT 5794. Tel: 81 2239.

Just before I returned to Australia after a year in Asia, I posted a parcel of buddha sticks under a fictitious name to a country address in Western Australia. A couple of weeks after arriving back I cruised out to the address I'd given and tried to pick up the parcel. A Commonwealth police officer was waiting for me and I was charged with importing a prohibited import. At the same time, the house in which I was staying was searched by the State drug squad and a small amount of local grass was found, for which I was subsequently charged under State law. I was fined for each offence. Since the travel bug is still with me and I plan to head off overseas next year, can you give me any idea of my chances of getting a visa to enter the US? – R.L., Queensland.

They're still good because your convictions were for possession, not for trafficking. Had it been the latter, you'd have had no chance. It states on the US visa application form that "a visa will not be issued to persons ... with criminal records ... who are narcotics addicts or traffickers ..." You might think that the first conditions would automatically wipe you out. Not so. We referred your case to the visa officer at the US Consulate in Sydney and his advice was: Go to the nearest US consulate and fill in the application form. You will also be required to tell them about the details of your offences, the dates and the subsequent fines. The consulate will then check the information and, when it's verified by the Australian authorities, will make a recommendation to the United States Department of Justice to issue a waiver on your behalf. When we asked what chances of success such an approach might have, we were told: "With our recommendation, about 99.99 percent." It must be remembered that 11 of the 50 States in the US have now decriminalised marijuana, and Congress is considering Federal decriminalisation legislation. Not surprising when you realise that about half the population of the US is said to have smoked dope at least once. That makes 100 million people living in the country to which you wish to travel as "guilty" as you. While on the subject of travel, even in Australia pot smokers have to think twice before they cross State borders. Possession of a joint in NSW can bring two years' prison and/or a $2000 fine, while in Victoria the maximum is 12 months and/or a $500 fine. In Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia, it's also two years' jail and/or $2000, while Tasmania's maximum is two years and/ or $3000. The two territories under Federal jurisdiction enjoy the lightest dope laws in the land – a maximum fine of $100 for up to 25 grams in the ACT and a maximum fine of $500 for a first offence in the Northern Territory. But this is according to the statute books. In practice, many marijuana users are getting off lightly. In an increasing number of other countries, dope-smoking is now legal, or at least tolerated. Apart from the 11 States in the US where it's legal (and fines, generally, are very mild in the rest), dope is legal in Nepal, Ecuador and Yugoslavia; possession of small quantities is legal in Italy, Austria and Mexico; and small fines are the normal penalties in Canada, Chile, Finland, Cyprus, France, Afghanistan, The Netherlands, New Zealand and Thailand.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SEX POLL

Australians, with exceptions, are among the world's worst lovers (*Sex Poll,* February). Of course, sexuality is a rather intricate phenomenon on which to generalise but in the case of the Australian individual's ability to make love, I believe one can do so.

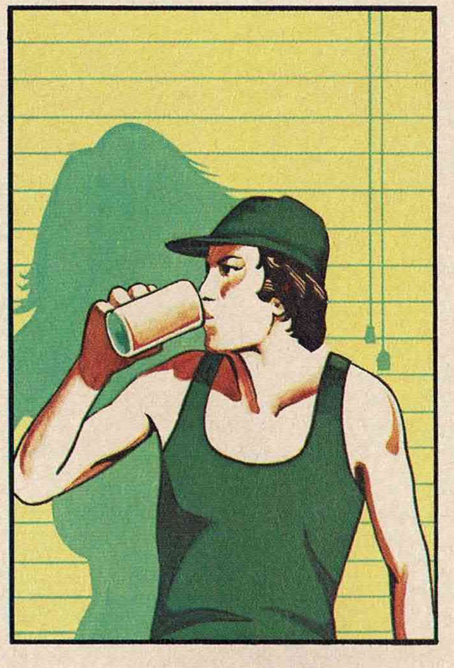
First, the Australian male has no real knowledge of "wooing". He fails to appeal to the femininity in a woman and his approach is most often quite callous and abrupt. He cannot with sophistication imply to a woman that he would like to make love to her; he simply has to come out and say it.

At the same time, the Australian woman is naive, ill-informed and generally holds, either consciously or unconsciously, to the idea that sex is something which has to be tolerated rather than enjoyed. In my experience – I'm English by birth and have studied psychology, by the way – most Australian women abhor, for instance, the thought of oral sex. Perhaps it is fear, embarrassment or ignorance.

In the case of both the Australian male and female, sex seems a purely physical outlet. There is no intellectual stimulation – no "mental sex". This might be the whole problem. Australian society on the whole is a working-class one. The man goes out to work five or perhaps six days a week and, on the weekend, he looks forward to his cans of beer, messing about with the car, the footy and the races.

The woman, meanwhile, has a seven-days-a-week job minding the house and looking after the children. Neither would think of spending a few hours together on a Saturday or a Sunday making love or being sensuous towards one another. Sex is left until the last minute at night, when the brain is overworked and neither can engage in mind seduction.

Name and address
withheld by request



I am an Australian male, 25, born and bred in an industrial area of Australia and I agree that Australians are among the world's worst lovers. The Australian male is obsessed with the size of his penis. The way some of my friends talk about sex, they are boring, their wives are boring and their love lives are equally boring.

The Australian female is just as bad on the lovemaking scale. Few Australian women can talk openly about sex and it is almost impossible to induce them to talk about their sexual needs and frustrations. The women I have known take their religion very seriously and their sex very religiously. It is a ritual for the bedroom only, and in the dark.

The reason for the Australian inadequacy in sexual matters is education. Most Australians tend to be uneducated and uncultured. Culture consists of downing half-a-dozen beers while watching the football on TV. This makes the outlook of the average Australian male an extremely narrow one. He cannot express himself and consequently does not have the necessary openness of mind regarding sexual matters.

I am married to a European woman and our ability to converse with one another on all levels of sexual experience makes me feel extremely fortunate. When I hear of the experiences of my male Australian friends with their Australian wives, my sympathy goes out to them. Their sex lives appear unstimulating and, to a great extent, unhealthy.

Ralph Sloan
Wollongong, NSW

I don't believe nationality has anything to do with whether a man is a good lover or not. There are good and bad lovers in every race and I think I know enough about men to say that Australians are quite able to stand up to their foreign counterparts.

Most men now realise that sex is for the satisfaction of not only themselves but also their partners. And most men I know get great pleasure in seeing a woman reach orgasm and in knowing that they have been able to satisfy her as well. Stand up and be proud, Australian men – you have nothing to worry about.

"Kamala"
Mackay, Queensland

DOWN HILL

Bob Bottom's article (PLAYBOY, February) on crime and, in particular, his reference to the Broken Hill BIC (I think that it stands for Buffoons Intimidating Citizens) is of bitter interest to me. Contrary to Bob's belief that he "bucked a system that no other individual had ever bucked", I, too, fell foul of the curious law meted out by this "secret society-like mob".

In 1967, as a 19-year-old born and bred Broken Hillite, I was appointed manager of one of the city's leading hotels. Knowing too well the local system of compulsory meetings for all union members, and the subsequent intimidation falling on management-type unionists' heads, I resigned my ticket of comradeship forthwith. The union, apparently disliking the prospect of a member straying from the fold, rejected my resignation, and the events which followed included a late-night phone call from John Penlington, then of *Four Corners,* requesting that they film my wife (then fiancée) and myself cooking and serving breakfast for our 80 house guests, as the union had decided to withdraw my staff.

This was the first of many of their own rules the union dishonored. (It was written in the "book" that a disputed party must be given 24 hours' notice of an intended strike. In fact, no notice was given to me.)

For seven days, my fiancée and I prepared and served "army-style" breakfasts and dinners, sold drinks in the bar, made beds and somehow did the dozens of other chores necessary to cater for 80 people on holiday. Our family, friends and any voluntary assistants were refused admission to the hotel by the pickets.

We are eternally grateful to the students from NSW who helped with the beds and set the dining-room tables each day, the jail warders from Victoria who operated the dishwashers, Roy the Rep from Adelaide who, while drinking as much as he served, kept the drinkers happy at night, and an almost totally blind local who manned the boilers each day without pay or complaint. Naturally, we were also most appreciative of the guests who paid full tariff at the end of their visits to give the hotel its first profit for nearly three years.

While we were having all this fun, the daily newspaper (owned by the BIC) ran several pages of smear reports and union representatives made veiled threats (usually at night). All deliveries to the hotel were stopped. A friend and former employee of my fiancée reported her for paying the hotel's newspaper account. This "sinister act" constituted working without membership and she was named in the paper as "black and banned for life from working in Broken Hill". A church organisation laundered our linen and delivered it under protection of darkness (presumably the pickets were sleeping).

An arbitrator was brought in from Sydney and the unions used my resignation as a vehicle for a 78-point submission against the hotel's owners. They were successful in 13 claims.

So, Bob, you were not the only man harassed and smeared since the early rough and tumble days on the Hill. I would not shed one tear should every stone and timber in the Broken Hill Trades Hall come crashing to the ground this very evening.

Name and address
withheld by request.

THE UNKIND CUT

There is still much medical controversy surrounding circumcision (PLAYBOY, March). In my experience most pediatricians are against it while most obstetricians (who usually perform the operation) are in favor. (I don't think I'm being too cynical if I say it helps to pay for the Mercedes.) However, some obstetricians, especially those who practise the newer methods of gentle birth such as the LeBoyer, do try to dissuade parents. The basic problem is that as "daddy has been done" parents don't want little Johnny to look different.

Ordinary hygiene will keep the normal male foreskin clean and healthy. Unfortunately, many mothers are over-eager to retract their sons' foreskins and use various objects such as cotton-tipped applicators to clean the area. The abrasions thus caused can lead to balanitis. The operation itself can lead to infection, haemorrhage and occasionally drastic complications.

If anyone suggested to parents that they should have their daughters circumcised, they would be horrified. Yet female circumcision is still practised in some parts of the world. In the male, circumcision is performed most commonly on infants only a few days old and no anaesthetic is used. Any parents wishing to have this operation performed should first witness a child screaming and clawing while a most sensitive part of his body is removed.

"Registered Nurse"
Address withheld by request

AIR SAFETY

While I agree with everything F. Lee Bailey says in his article on survival in air crashes, I would like to add that travellers tripping around places such as Asia and Africa should be extra cautious. Some countries in these areas do not have the rigid safety codes we enjoy here in Australia.

Twice on flights in Indonesia I have felt under my seat to check the position of the life vest, only to find it was not there. I promptly asked for and was given one on both occasions.

On another charter flight, in Indonesia, the emergency exit over the wing flew open. Luckily it was only an unpressurised DC-3, but it brought home the old rule about keeping on your safety belt at all times.

Ian Stiles
Slacks Creek, Qld

DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS

A comment on your article on Australian divorce laws (PLAYBOY, March): I would suggest that establishment figures such as the Principal Registrar of the Family Law Court and the Director of the Victorian Marriage Guidance Council can hardly be termed impartial.

A quick resumé of my experience: my wife suddenly left the family home with the children — 13, 11 and nine — and went home to mother, 1600 kilometres away. In a custody case occasioned by my son's desire to stay with me, the judge took a few minutes to read the affidavits, a few minutes to question my wife and a few minutes smugly to air his knowledge and explain why legally he did not have to listen to an 11-year-old boy. Without allowing me to speak, he gave custody of the children to my wife. He was striding out of the room when my lawyer blurted out the word: "Access!" "Half the school holidays," was the considered reply as the great man left the room.

I am a non-violent, non-alcoholic professional man working in a university, considerably better able to care for and educate my children than my wife. The impression I gained was that my principal problem was that I am a man and therefore have to be guilty of something. I have never been treated with such contempt in my life. I would suggest that men in our community need to be better informed about the workings of the Family Law Court.

Name and address
withheld by request

GOOD LORD

My congratulations on the quality of your first issue, with the possible exception of those pieces of semi-fiction where obscurity supposedly counts as art.

Might I, however, be allowed to take to task your film reviewer, who starts his first review for your first edition by pointlessly attacking Lord Olivier. The man is reduced to an incompetent *Homicide* villain before we are even allowed to know that he is in the movie under review or what the title is.

I'm sure this is deliberate and clever. What I take offence at is not the arrangement of the review or the attack on Olivier (not being a blinkered champion of the man), but rather the unwarranted-ness of the attack. It would seem to me that the critic is seeking to bolster his own power and credibility by showing that *he* can attack even the mighty, and I suppose he reasons that Olivier's reputation can stand the assault anyway.

That becomes obvious as we read the review and realise that the criticism of the man is illogical in the context. Olivier is accused of supplying a "slick performance ... flaunting his versatility ... and hamming it for all he's worth". Then the reviewer concludes that the film is a "slick, pacy, handsome, thoroughly professional thriller". Isn't the reviewer saying, then, that Olivier has supplied exactly the performance required of him?

B. Clark
Brisbane

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FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NOT FIT FOR USE

PERTH — Neville Gillan, 26, has what he claims is a sure-fire way of at least postponing an epileptic seizure: he lights up a joint. He argues that one marijuana cigarette every two hours for 24 hours can subdue his convulsions. And he claims the pot has no side effects, unlike other more conventional treatments for epilepsy which make him feel drunk and sick. Neville's arguments have failed to impress local courts. The last time he appeared — it was his third visit — he got 18 months' probation for possession of 25 cannabis plants. Equally unimpressed is the WA State Government. Neville's approach for marijuana to control his epilepsy was refused. Health Minister Ray Young said legal use of marijuana was allowed only for medical research.

HEAD TESTS

LONDON — A leading neurologist has suggested that all politicians and national leaders be given regular tests for brain disorders. Dr William Goody said modern methods would enable all MPs to be brain-scanned "to prevent maladministration". Psychiatrist Dr William Newnham agreed. He said ageing politicians were potentially dangerous "because they might be in a state of concealed brain failure while controlling the lives of thousands of people". Both men nominated Richard Nixon and Idi Amin as leaders whose actions might have been governed by psychological influences.

WHO IS CARING?

CANBERRA — More than 17 percent of Australian pre-school children are cared for during the week by people other than their parents, according to the Bureau of Statistics. They are the children of working mothers or single parents who have to leave their children with child care centres or relatives. The 258,226 children involved were uncovered by a question in the 1976 census. The figure is quite likely to have risen because of increased economic pressures.

FUN WHILE IT LASTED

SAN DIEGO, California — Three women, aged 18, 24 and 29, have been booked on suspicion of theft, fraudulent use of a credit card and conspiracy after they allegedly posed as PLAYBOY Bunnies arranging a slap-up party. During a six-hour spending spree, they rented a chauffeur-driven limousine, ordered $489 worth of food and booze and then stopped off for hairdos and beauty treatments. Tipped off by the suspicious chauffeur, arresting officers waited until the hair styling was finished, but one unfortunate suspect had to wear her unbecoming mudpack to the police station.

CHOPPING BLOCK

PARIS — The French National Assembly has voted 271 to 210 to appropriate the equivalent of $44,000 to the Justice Ministry for the upkeep of a guillotine and the salary of an executioner. Elimination of the funds would have ended the death penalty in France, where no prisoners are currently awaiting execution.

DRINKING MORE

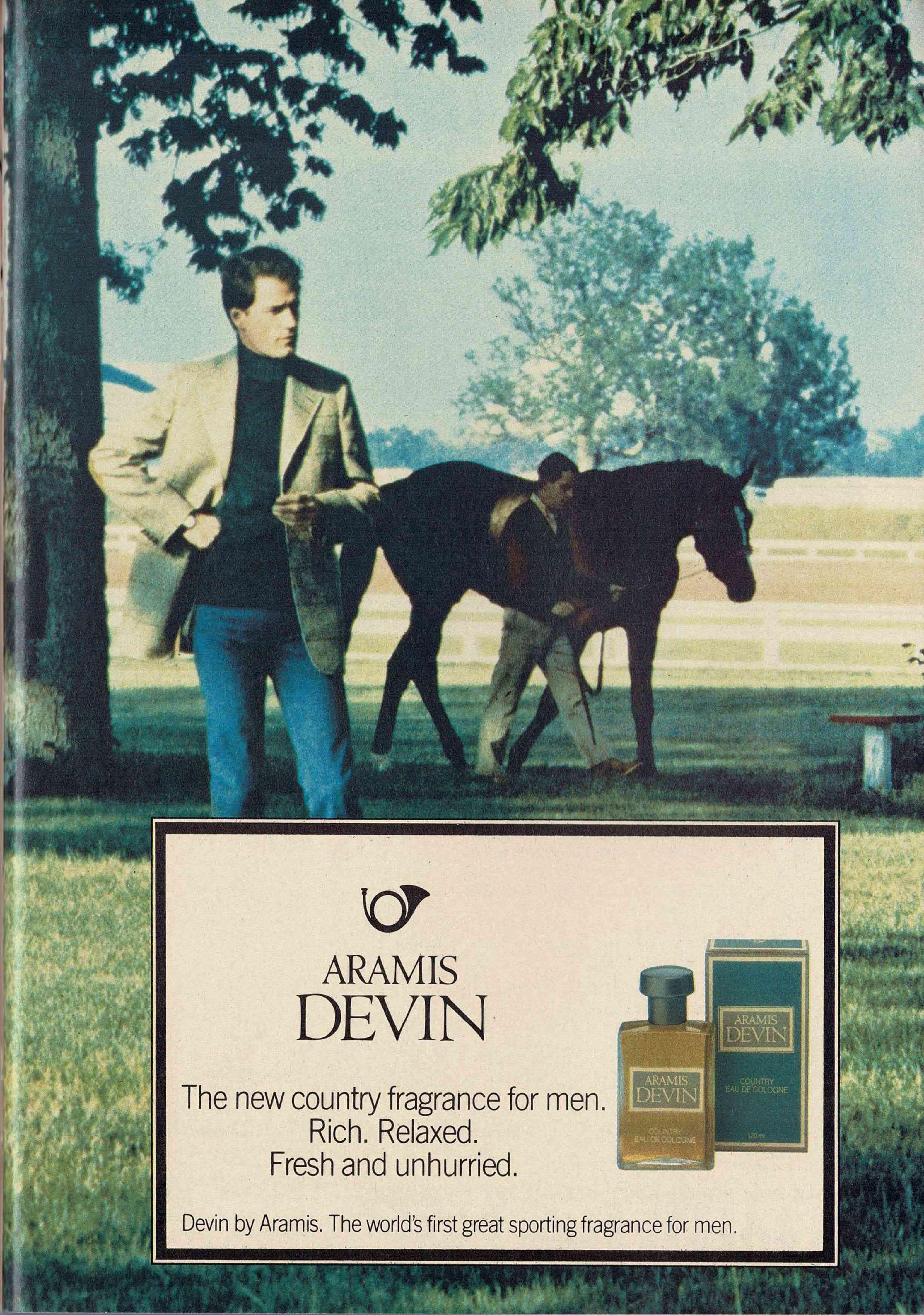
SYDNEY — Consumption of absolute alcohol in Australia had risen from 6.8 litres a person in 1946 to 13.6 litres a person in 1976, Dr James Rankin told a State liquor inquiry. Dr Rankin, representing the NSW Health Commission, said that if the same drinking patterns continued over the next 30 years, Australia could match French levels of drinking, now the highest in the world.

"WRONGFUL LIFE" SUIT

MONTGOMERY, Alabama — Holding that "there is no legal right not to be born", the Alabama Supreme Court has rejected a $500,000 damage suit filed on behalf of a deformed child conceived despite her father's supposed vasectomy. The court noted that the suit did not allege that preconception negligence on the part of the physician had caused the deformity but attempted to raise the novel issue of "wrongful life" — a variation on the right to collect civil damages in cases of wrongful death.

GENTLE GENDARMES

SYDNEY — Police represent a cross-section of the community and the popular image of a policeman as a brute or "pig" is unfounded, according to Dr Gerry McGrath, an education lecturer at the University of New England, in NSW. Dr McGrath recently spent three months interviewing and observing recruits at the NSW Police Academy. He found they came from a wide variety of backgrounds and often joined the police force for the noblest of reasons. Some said they had left well paid government jobs to join the force, because they wanted to do something worthwhile.



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When used in conjunction with this telephoto converter, the SP 70–210 mm Zoom develops new characteristics, not the least of which is the fact that its close-up capability is doubled while maintaining the original long working distance.

SPECIFICATIONS

Focal Length	: 70–210 mm
Aperture Range	: f/3.5–4 ~ 32, AE
Angle of View	: 34° ~ 11°
Construction	: 16 elements in 15 groups
Lens Accessory Size	: 58 mm
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Macro Magnification	: 1:2 ~ 1:10 (1:1 ~ 1:5 w/2X teleconverter)
Focusing Ring Rotation	: 162°21′ (40° from infinity to 2 m.)
Coating	: BBAR and Green multiple layer coating
Length (at infinity)	: 165 mm (6.5 inches)
Diameter	: 64.5 mm (2.5 inches)
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Lens Hood	: Built-in, retractable
Optical Accessories	: Flat-field 2X Tele-Converter Tripod mount ring

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TDM 534/79

WINE

like beautiful young women, the finest whites grow better with the years

WHEN it comes to white wine, we are a nation of cradle snatchers. We rape the gifts of the grape in all their tender youthfulness. Last year, in our frenetic search for the alcoholic elixir of life, we cut off in its prime nearly 77 million litres of adolescent white wine.

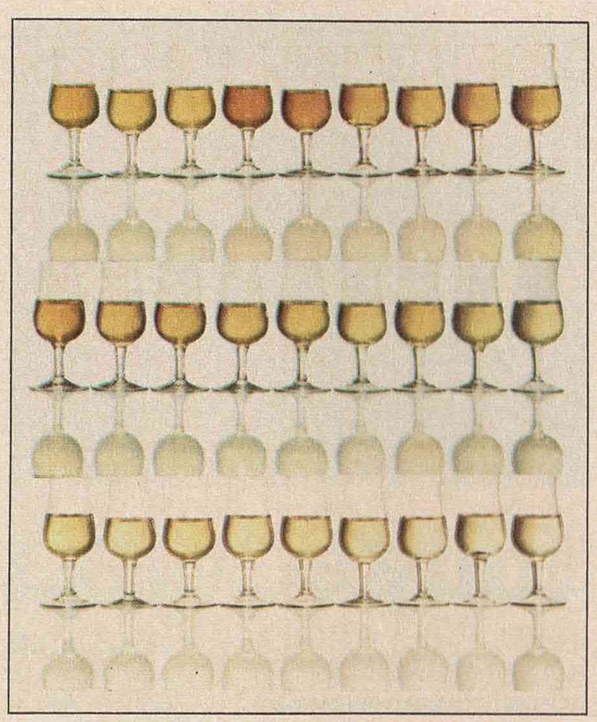
What folly! Encouraged by a white wine industry that can hardly keep up with demand, we succeeded in denying ourselves a level of pleasure that can come only with years. For as good women mature from creatures of passing passion to beings of bewitching beauty, so do good white wines. It's about time we dispatched the myth that all whites taste better when young. A few do. Others will never reach their majority, and the sooner you end their dismal lives, the better. But there is a select coterie of whites which needs careful nurturing, in cool cellars, for many years before it rises to bless the lips of man.

The same ageing process that brings depth and lustre to woman endows white wine with a quality that delights true lovers and confounds the chemists. It *is* possible to outline the maturing process in dispassionate terms. Having converted its natural sugar to alcohol during fermentation (the average alcoholic content by volume of Australian white table wine is about 11 percent), a top white may spend up to a year in oak casks. During this time it will, depending on the type, age and size of the wood, absorb some of its complex flavors. These will meld with the taste substances in the wine in accordance with the winemaker's skill and desires. On the other hand, the winemaker may decide that his wine doesn't need oak and leave it in stainless steel tanks. Either way, it's at the bottling stage that the maturing story really starts.

Most wine bottles – and certainly those containing premium wines – are stoppered with a cork. This porous tree bark allows wine's greatest enemy, air, to penetrate – but only at the right rate to aid maturation without spoiling the contents. (It is important to keep the cork wet – and therefore expanded, forming a tight seal – by lying maturing bottles on their sides.)

Just what goes on inside the bottle is still beyond the technology of the computer age. Certainly, a degree of oxidation takes place, changing the color and taste characteristics of the wine. There may also be precipitation of tartrates and, occasionally, deposits of polyphenolic compounds as subtle physical and chemical progressions emerge. But no one, least of all the laboratory technicians who have synthesised practically everything else, has yet come remotely close to the alchemy that transmutes leaden grape juice into liquid gold.

Predicting precisely what time will do with a combination of taste, acid, tannin and, perhaps, oak is still very much the winemaker's preserve. All his sniffing and slurping and spitting has a purpose. From his sampling he can determine, or at least do better than guess, what his wine will do with the blessing of time.



From '53 (top left) to '78: Orlando's Barossa Rhine Riesling. Wines two and three are different vats of '54.

I have been fortunate enough to have sampled some superb old whites during 35 years of wine drinking (my late mother introduced me to them some time during my first nine months). And I can say without equivocation that they have been every bit as exciting as old reds. The key is color: quite extraordinary changes take place as maturity is reached, maintained and passed.

A truly great wine I was privileged to try at the home of Sydney wine merchant Andrew Simon was '37 Yquem. This chateau, brightest star in the French Sauternes firmament, produces sweet whites of incomparable brilliance. After four decades of slumbering improvement, it was the color of two-day-old orange peel, yet bright and clear. It was also rather oxidised and reverently unforgettable.

That was very much a one-off. Of great interest to any serious white wine freak is the comparison of successive vintages, and I've sniffed along with the best of them at a couple of these occasions. One, with Sydney Yalumba executive Barry Gully as host, featured most vintages of his company's Pewsey Vale Rhine Riesling from 1966 to 1975. It was quite amazing to see how these wines, all very similar in construction and character when bottled, had changed over the years.

The '66 was deep gold and smelt like kerosene (I'm sorry if this description upsets you – it really is the only way to describe aged Australian rhine rieslings). With a couple of exceptions, due probably to light years, the 11 glasses exhibited an almost perfect color gradation from pale green-yellow ('75) to approaching brown ('66).

Undoubtedly the most comprehensive comparative tasting I've attended was staged in the Barossa Valley by the doyen of Australian wine PR wizards, Orlando's Bob McLean. Incredibly, the company conjured up 25 years of its Barossa Rhine Riesling – one of the standards of the Australian white wine scene – for the delectation and edification of a gaggle of wine writers and bon vivants. The tasting was, fittingly, held at the Weinkeller Restaurant at Rowland Flat – fittingly because the restaurant is owned by Colin Gramp, whose family founded and owned Orlando until it was acquired by Reckitt and Colman a few years ago, and because Johann Gramp planted his first vines in the Barossa only a kilometre or so from where we were enjoying these tremendous wines.

The line-up was a revelation and proved conclusively, if anyone really needed proof, that aged Australian whites can be superb. The '53 was magnificent. If it had been masked, I would have said it was eight or 10 years old and had a long way to go. Twenty-five years had barely put the nick of Father Time's scythe in its flawless complexion. Not a wrinkle, not a line – just glorious, fresh, fruity rhine riesling, imbued with the most regal shade of gold. There wasn't a

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lousy wine among them — an unreserved tribute to the company which pioneered cold- and pressure-fermentation techniques, now used by almost every wine company in Australia to extract the utmost in taste and delicacy from white grapes.

With minor deviations, you could have chosen the vintages from the colors, ranging from the deep, complex yellow-browns of the older wines to the typical light, greenish hue of the youngsters. The '57 vintage stood out as lighter-colored than its younger brothers, and further examination showed the wine to be high in acid. More time, please. The '67, on the other hand, was showing a darker color and will probably reach its peak fairly early. And the '78? Well, in keeping with public demand for fruitier styles, it retains a bit of sugar, and it will be interesting to see, in another 25 years, just how the wine has developed.

There are many other Australian whites which have assumed the mantle of greatness. In the early '60s, when we drank less than half the wine we consume now, there was little demand for the acidic Lindemans Hunter River Rieslings and White Burgundies. But now they are among the magnificent few. I recall vividly tasting the new Tyrrell's and Drayton's wines from the same area in 1965. Some have aged beautifully. There is something about the semillon grape grown in the Hunter that transcends most other wine styles when imbued with the character of age.

Thanks to far-sighted cellaring and marketing policies, Lindemans allow a few of these to trickle on to the market from time to time. Wines like 1960 Hunter River Riesling Bin 1616. It's won, at national wine shows, three championships, two trophies and 20 gold medals. It's superb, and will cost you about $19 a bottle. The company's 1956 Hunter River Porphyry is one of the finest sweet whites Australia has produced, having won three championships and 30 gold medals in an incomparable show career. You'll pay about $43 for the privilege of drinking a bottle of this nectar.

History on a round table: wine men gather to taste 25 Orlando years in the Barossa Weinkeller Restaurant.

But that's the past. What of wines to come? What can you buy now that will, with bottle maturation, allow you to reap the rich rewards of Bacchus's gift to humanity? Let's start with the Hunter, a complex, weather-frustrated area where no one in his right mind would plant a vineyard. From insanity springs immortality. Tyrrell's 1978 Pinot Chardonnay Vat 47 is a strong contender. Its fairly strong oak treatment will come together magnificently with the fruit of the chardonnay grape — which some believe is the potential white king of the Hunter — given the benefit of several years' bottle age. Tyrrell's '78 Vat 1 Hunter River Riesling, too, will repay handsomely the patient buyer, developing that glorious honeyed character of a well-made Hunter semillon (that's the correct name for Hunter River Riesling). Two splendid wines from The Rothbury Estate which any lover of whites would be ill-advised to miss are the '77 Individual Paddock White and the '77 Wood Matured White. Both made from semillon grapes, they exhibit classic Hunter qualities and damn for ever those whose favorite pastime has been to knock this great, idealistically-inspired winery.

Another chardonnay worth laying down is the '78 Bin 1 from Saxonvale. In the fashion of the day, it's carrying a fair bit of oak, but that will settle down with bottle age.

From Victoria, Brown Bros have a line-up of tremendous whites. I guess I'd go for their '78 Milawa Rhine Riesling — a giant of a wine with perfect balance that will undoubtedly go on to greatness. And if you can find any, their incomparable '73 Spätlese Rhine Riesling. From historic Chateau Tahbilk, '78 Marsanne — an unusual variety that seems to do amazing things in the Goulburn Valley — is well worth cellaring.

Near Geelong, a small winery called Idyll is turning out tiny quantities of some of the finest gewürztraminers I've tasted in this country. They lack the acid necessary for really long-term maturation, but will be superb in, say, five years. And at Great Western, our finest sparkling wines — and there's nothing like an aged champagne — still manage to find their way out of a depressing plethora of ordinary commercial bubbly.

Most of South Australia's top cellaring whites are grown and made in the Clare-Watervale area. Stanley Bin 5 and Bin 7 Rhine Riesling are great standards, and almost any vintage will mature to perfection if you can keep your hands off it for long enough. The same applies to the rhine rieslings made by Tim Knappstein at Enterprise Wines. They show the great depth of flavor which this variety seems to develop in the Clare Valley, and are beautifully put together. Quelltaler '78 Rhine Riesling is a good bet, as are Lindemans '75 Bin 4995 and '78 Bin 5595 Watervale Rhine Riesling. Any Leo Buring Rhine Riesling from Watervale/Eden Valley is well worth snapping up. This company not only doesn't make bad wines; most of its products can achieve greatness.

From the Barossa, you'd be hard pressed to better the top whites from Orlando. This company's '77 Spätlese (late picked) Green Ribbon Rhine Riesling has enormous potential. And if you can snap up a bottle or two of the recently released '74 Auslese (a wine made from bunches picked individually for their ripeness and quality), you're on a winner: this is destined to become one of Australia's great sweet rhine rieslings. Kaiser Stuhl, too, has cracked the jackpot with its '78 Purple Ribbon Auslese: a rich, full wine that will mature admirably. Hardy's '78 Bin D433 Sauvignon Blanc, a wine of an entirely different style, is another to aim for.

At Tollana, they're doing impressive things with rhine riesling, and the '78 will repay some years of cellaring. On a sweeter level, the grand old firm of Yalumba has recently released Private Bin Sauternes from the '68 and '69 vintages which will improve further.

In Western Australia, big things are happening down south. Sandalford '78 Margaret River Verdelho is very much a newcomer to the great white scene, but I believe it will grow into a wine of enormous character. North of Perth, near Gingin (a more unlikely name for a winegrowing area I couldn't imagine), Houghton is getting interesting results. One worth keeping is '78 Moondah Brook Estate Chenin Blanc.

None of these wines is cheap. And you'll find some of them extremely difficult to track down. But if you're genuinely after white supremacy, they're the way to go. — TONY REES

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Playboy Interview Peter Clyne

the disbarred barrister, tax rebel and tenant evicter who lives like a grandee

HAD Peter Clyne hung around the Lone Star State for Texan justice to be seen to be done, the chances are he would just be emerging from a Dallas jail. He would have been a lot slimmer and a lot poorer. But as the record shows, Clyne, faced with the daunting prospect of being an unwilling guest of Uncle Sam for three or so of his most productive years, chose not to confront his American peers. He jumped bail, posted by a client who preferred to forfeit his large bond rather than see Clyne in court, and crossed the border into Canada.

That Texan misadventure means that the US must evermore remain a forbidden land to Clyne, but that scarcely keeps the ageing enfant terrible of the Australian legal profession awake nights. The rest of the world is his oyster, and Peter Clyne has found the livin' easy since he bid American justice a fond farewell three years ago.

His return to Australia was hardly triumphant. There were matters to be settled. There was a bankruptcy to be discharged and a new passport to be arranged if Clyne was to resume his international commission as loan broker, tax avoidance consultant and launderer of black money. By Clyne's grand style, these problems were pecadillos which created only faint ripples in his elegant life.

Peter Clyne is a paradox. Through the first flames of the holocaust, precocity, the call to and divorce from the NSW Bar, the emotive tenant eviction issue, prosecution and studious avoidance of paying any income tax, Clyne has lived the life of a grandee. Indeed, the man born in Vienna in 1927 into a long line of tailors to the Hapsburgs admits he is an anachronism. Says the man who divides his time between gracious living in a hotel suite overlooking Sydney's Rushcutters Bay and a contrasting suite in the aristocratic old Sacher Hotel in Vienna: "I would have preferred to live in the 19th century. I have tried to recreate in Vienna, where it is still possible, the life of a 19th century nobleman. I go to the opera in a beautiful opera cloak and a horse and carriage, and have great loads of flowers delivered to my lady friends."

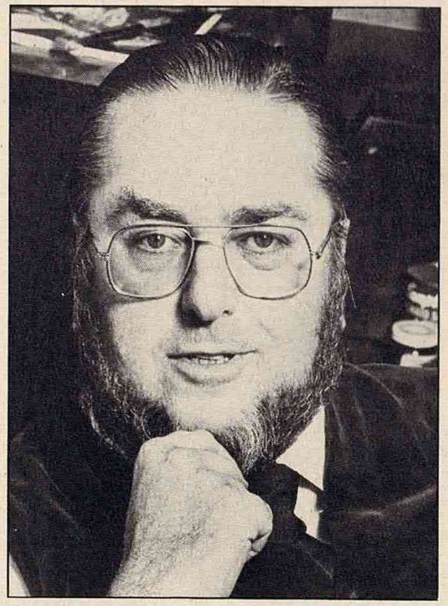
He certainly looks upon the poor and disadvantaged with the supreme arrogance of a turn-of-the-century count who has the innate Jewish respect for money. "I am," he says, "all in favor of Robin Hood's principle of taking money from the rich, which I do to the best of my ability, but I don't see any reason for wasting it on the poor."

By his list of titles, Clyne is a prolific author. He has written 13 books since 1969, and all but four advise their readers how to feather their nests – more often than not at the expense of the tax man. Titles such as Adventures In Tax Avoidance, How Not To Pay Any Taxes, How To Use Tax Havens *and* How Not To Pay Your Debts *are self explanatory.*

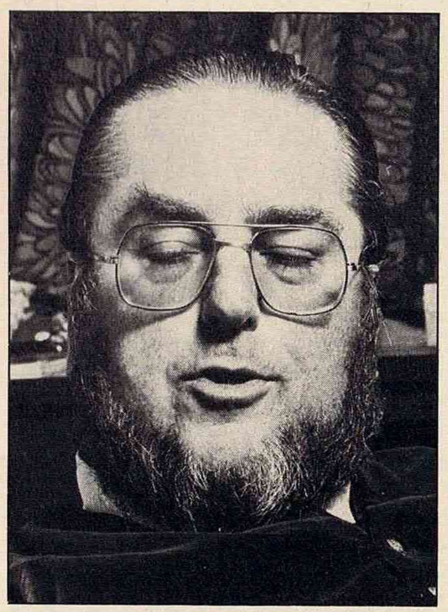
Clyne audaciously practises what he preaches. He boasts that he has not paid taxes for 15 years. Glibly, he fends off the Austrian tax authorities by saying that he is an Australian citizen who happens to visit Vienna now and again. And as he explained during one of the interminable test cases in which he and the Australian Commissioner of Taxation have been embroiled: "I'm naturally a resident of Austria who happens to be an Australian citizen, but not an Australian resident, and I just visit here and I'm not liable to pay taxes." He glories in his ability to frustrate the men he fondly describes as the fiscal fiends.

Who but Peter Clyne would have written the following dedication in his book How Not To Pay Any Taxes: *"To*

"I have used the law competently and perhaps you could say ruthlessly in many ways. But I have never used illegal tactics, and I'd have thought that my reputation was still fine."



"I decided to kick the taxpaying habit and I no longer file tax returns, I no longer share my income with the fiscal fiend – the Tax Commissioner – and my advice, basically, is to do that."



"You are perfectly entitled to cook your books in the sense of rewriting them so that they will reflect more accurately what it is that you want to tell if you have to go to court."

Hannes Androsch, of Vienna, the most charming Minister of Finances in the world . . . to whom, if one were to pay taxes at all, it would be a pleasure to pay them."

And when bankruptcy proceedings began against him in his absence from Australia in 1971, his creditors were promised 100 cents in the dollar. When he returned to Australia on the lam from Uncle Sam in 1976 to sort out his personal affairs, he was asked during his public examination: "What are you now doing for a living?" He answered: "I'm writing a book on how to go bankrupt gracefully." His creditors got the message. They accepted 50 cents in the dollar.

Behind the bankruptcy hangs another tale. The day he was made bankrupt in Australia he was trying a man on bankruptcy charges from his lofty perch as a senior magistrate in Lusaka, Zambia. As a purveyor of justice, he was kinder than his Australian examiners. The Zambian was acquitted.

In any other man, such stories would be apocryphal. With Peter Clyne they are inevitable. He has been out of step with the conventions since his early days in the solid, Jewish middle class quarter of Vienna. He has vivid recollections of March 11, 1938 – the day the Nazis marched into Austria. Clyne remembers the last time the Austrian chancellor addressed the people and the curtain being drawn on democracy to the strains of Haydn's Emperor Quartet.

Along with the majority of Austrians, the 10-year-old Peter Clyne – or Klein as the family was then known – welcomed the Nazis. He remembers making Nazi speeches from the balcony of his family's garden house, to the horror and disgust of his parents. To him it was a time of drums, marching and excitement. In November, 1938, the Nazi persecution of Austrian Jews began in earnest and Clyne's father was arrested by the police. It became apparent, even to the precocious son, that the family would have to flee.

Clyne and his mother were allowed to emigrate. His father had to take the hazardous escape route through the mountains. Australia became the family's new home purely by chance. Clyne's father, Otto, wrote to customers all over the world and decided his and his family's future would lie in the country from where the first reply arrived. That letter arrived from Brisbane, just one delivery before a reply from Shanghai.

In spite of the death of his father, Australia was good to the young Clyne. Thanks to an instant English language course through the pages of Alice in Wonderland *and* David Copperfield, *Clyne topped every one of his classes at Sydney Boys' High and breezed to his LLB at Sydney University, to which he returned in the late '60s to graduate with first class honors as an LLM.*

Neither the letters nor the Sydney High-Sydney University law school old boy network, however, did very much for Clyne the barrister. He admits that his career at the Bar was not only short-lived, but deadly dull. After several brushes with the courts, he was disbarred in 1969 on that blanket charge of "professional misconduct". In the subsequent 10 years in the legal wilderness, Clyne has often mused over why he was struck from the barristers' roll. He believes the real reason he was cast out of the temple was because he refused to accept the basic rules by which his profession abides. Four times this determined man has sought readmission, and four times he has been turned away. He now has a fifth application for reinstatement before the courts.

> *"I don't respect a law just because it's a law. There are good laws, bad laws and indifferent laws."*

He looks upon the possibility of being readmitted to the Bar with mixed sentiments. Readmission will mean he can once again feed his thirst for the theatrical by pleading before judge and jury, but permission to practise at the Bar will clip wings that have grown strong and independent beyond the pale. Certainly his career has been distinctly more colorful and controversial since his disbarment. It is unlikely, for example, that a bewigged and gowned Clyne would have so deeply immersed himself in such fields as tenant eviction and tax avoidance.

None of Clyne's crusades aroused more passion than his exploitation of the NSW Landlord and Tenant Act, by which he sought and won orders of the courts to have rent-protected tenants evicted. Strong and scathing words were hurled at Clyne from privileged parliamentary benches.

Today, he is as unrepentant as he was at the height of the storm. "I always used the law to evict tenants," he says. "I have used the law competently and, you could say, ruthlessly." To the oft-repeated charge that while he might have been on firm legal ground, he was on shaky moral ground, he says: "Does the Bengal tiger have any feelings of morality when he is eating the baboon?"

Clyne applies the same philosophy in advocating a tax rebellion in Australia. He argues that he is neither priest nor conscience to his clients. His charge, he says, is to show his clients a way around the law. In this he is a staunch disciple of the famous American advocate, Clarence Darrow, who preached that a lawyer's function is either to confuse or clarify, depending on the interest of his client.

He sees his rebellion more as a modern-day Boston tea party than a muffins and coffee matinee. All haste the revolution was the Clyne message to 220 doctors, accountants and small businessmen who paid $150 a head – $100 if they subscribed to the Peter Clyne monthly published by the Financial Crisis Centre, established and run by Peter Clyne – to attend what they called the world's first tax rebels' congress, held in Sydney in February.

"That congress was something of a tax-free financial bonanza for Clyne," says staff man **Russell Deiley,** *who joined the rebels as part of his research for the Clyne interview. "Clyne gave a truly theatrical performance. I don't know how many of those who attended were converted to rebellion, but they certainly got their money's worth in entertainment."*

As the interview progressed, Clyne developed his strategy for bringing the Australian tax machine to a halt. His reasoning is that no price is too high in fighting for a more equitable tax system that will ease the burden of the nation's middle and high income earners. We publish his views without prejudice or comment, other than to say that more conservative taxation specialists feel that, because Clyne over-simplifies his case for avoidance, caution should temper rebellion.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit that you have shown scant respect for at least some of the laws that you studied and practised?

CLYNE: Yes. I don't respect a law just because it's a law. There are good laws, bad laws and indifferent laws. The law under which six million Jews were exterminated was what you might call a legal law, but there is no magic that says that, because a thing is on the statute book, it is morally acceptable. I don't make a moral judgment about a law at all; my client makes up his mind about what he wants to achieve, and all I do is show him a way of achieving it as far as possible without breaking the law. The word for it is loopholing – taking advantage of the weaknesses of

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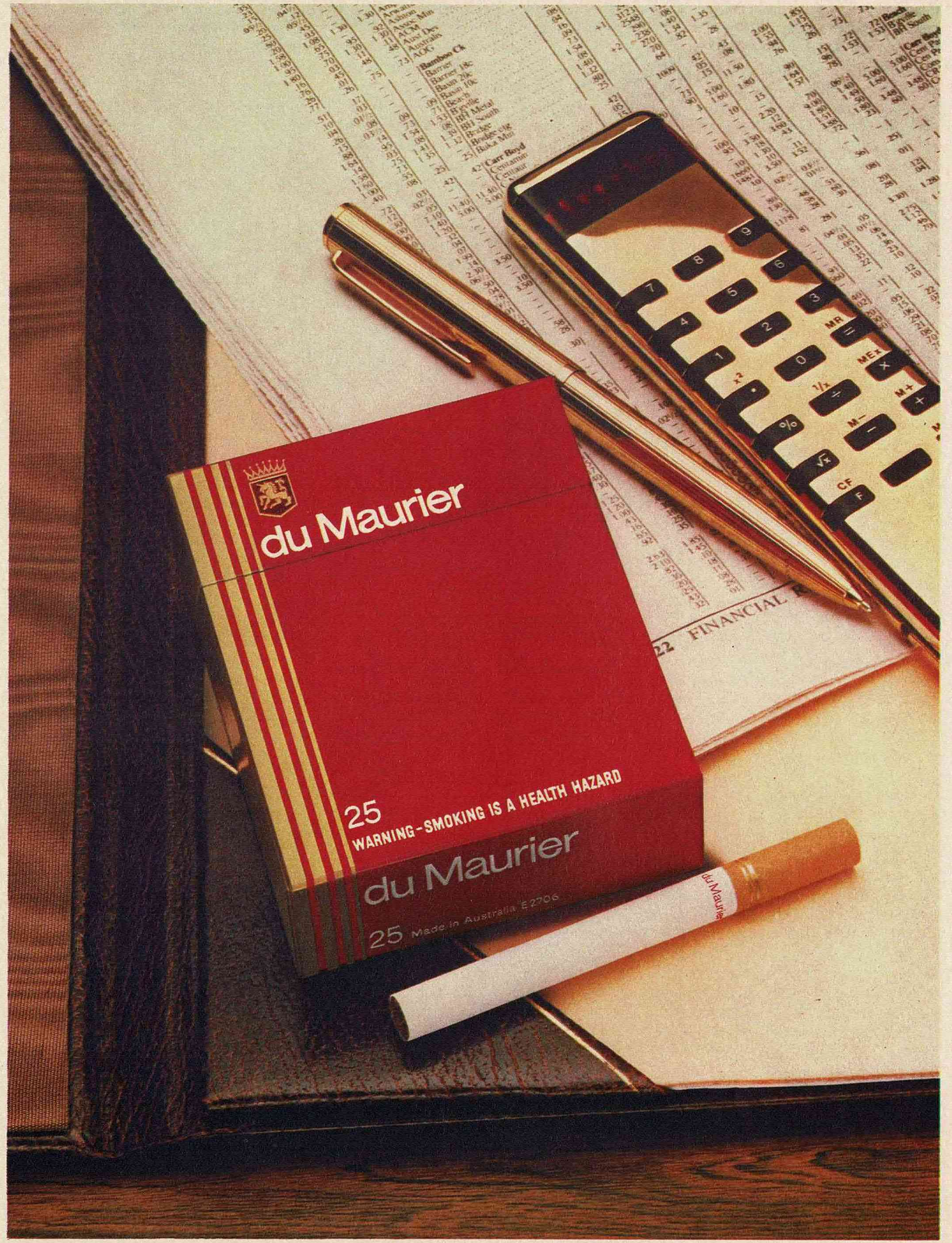
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the law to get what you want. Whether a client's objective is morally right has nothing to do with me. I'm not his priest, I'm not his conscience. I'm a lawyer.

PLAYBOY: Just a lawyer?

CLYNE: I think Clarence Darrow once said a lawyer's function was either to clarify or confuse, depending on the interest of his client. Mostly a lawyer, whether he is licensed or unlicensed like myself, is briefed by his client to achieve a certain object, maybe to get him off a criminal charge, or evict a tenant, or to minimise his tax or whatever it may be. A lawyer should know and understand the law involved. Most lawyers are much too negative. They take money for shaking their heads and telling people not to do it. I prefer to take money for showing them how they *can* do it.

PLAYBOY: None of the crusades, if we can call them that, in which you have been involved generated such feelings and bitterness as the eviction service you ran in the early '60s. You emerged as a Jekyll and Hyde figure, claiming your object was natural justice for the landlord and tenant, but publicity portrayed you as a heartless landlord casting pensioners and grandmothers into the streets. How did you see your position?

CLYNE: I established almost a new profession of tenancy advocates. I wrote a text book on tenancy law, I appeared in court for landlords – and occasionally tenants – and at one stage I had about 180 tenanted properties. I figured in 12 test cases on tenancy law in the Supreme Court, and I was never accused or charged, let alone convicted, of any breach of the Act for harassing tenants or bringing unlawful pressure to bear. The only conviction I have under the Act is a very recent one for advertising my ejection service, and that is under appeal. So all this really came from a vendetta between me and a State Labor MP who, in 1968, and under the cover of privilege, got up and responded to my statement that he was a drunken thug by calling me an axe man, accusing me of everything under the sun. Of course, when I invited him to step out from behind his cover of privilege so I could sue him, he refused. But some of the mud he threw in 1968 has stuck, and it lives on in the libraries of newspapers so that every time my name comes up they faithfully repeat these allegations. It is just not correct. I have used the law competently and perhaps you could say ruthlessly in many ways. But I have never used illegal tactics, and I would have thought that my reputation was still fine.

PLAYBOY: But even so, there must have been some people thrown into the street by your tactics.

CLYNE: I do not know of a single, authenticated case in the past 20 years where anybody has been evicted on to the street. People evicted by a court are always taken care of, usually by their relatives, who should have been taking care of them years ago instead of sponging off the landlord. Under the Landlord and Tenant Act, the magistrate, if ground for eviction is established, has to weigh the hardship which the tenant would suffer if the order were made. So under Section 70 of the Act, no tenant can ever be evicted without cause, unless after a full investigation of the evidence the court is satisfied that, on balance, the tenant's hardship is exceeded by the landlord's hardship. The whole concept of tenants being caused hardship by being thrown into the snow is quite unreal if you know how the procedure works. That old-fashioned idea of poor old widows being flung out exists only in the mind of the gutter press.

> *"That old-fashioned idea of poor old widows being flung out exists only in the mind of the gutter press."*

PLAYBOY: So you didn't lose any sleep worrying about somebody out in the snow?

CLYNE: Oh, gracious no. I was instrumental in helping people protect their own property. You've got to put this thing in perspective. Landlord and tenant regulations were introduced in 1939 as part of wartime controls. Rents were controlled, prices were controlled, petrol and manpower – everything was controlled under a wartime economy. When the war ended in '45, the High Court officially declared that control should end in '47, and every State except NSW has phased out tenancy controls. Through a succession of political accidents or acts of dishonesty, NSW kept this wartime control for 30 years after the war ended – quite ridiculous – and that's what I have been fighting against. Apart from losing any sleep over it, I think I was performing a socially healthy action. It got people back their own property – that was only simple justice. Rent control produced a second class citizen, a parasite who has become used to living on the State when there is no need for it. That's not a healthy sort of phenomenon. So, for reasons of justice and social welfare, and also because I made a lot of money out of it, I was perfectly satisfied with how and what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: You made $1500 for every successful eviction?

CLYNE: That's my present fee. Back then it was about $1000 per eviction, or something like that.

PLAYBOY: That's still quite a lot of money.

CLYNE: Yes, but I think the mistake I made was in going into business for myself. I did very well acting for other people – getting their tenants out and charging them for it. Then I went in for joint ventures where they'd put up the money and I'd buy the property, get the tenant out, do it up and sell it again and share the proceeds. That was all right, but the mistake I made was buying a lot of properties, by the hundred, with the aid of a friendly finance company which was quite willing to lend me 100 percent of the money required. I was able to buy as many as I liked, but getting tenants out legally took time – it might take two years – and I was paying about 18 percent interest. So the money I would have made was more than cancelled out by the interest payments. I finished up working just for the finance company, owing them more and more money, but when you're bouncing 28 balls, circus fashion, you've got to be there to catch them. I left Australia in September '71, and even in absentia I managed to fight off bankruptcy proceedings until March '72. But finally the house of cards collapsed.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you went to take up your appointment in '71 as a senior resident magistrate in Lusaka, Zambia?

CLYNE: Yes. That was rather funny. I answered an advertisement in *The Times,* not thinking that I would get the job. I have applied for hundreds of jobs, and I always disclose my disbarment. Consequently I never get a job, but I applied for this one, disclosing my disbarment, contrary to what the Zambians later claimed, and about six months later I got a letter to say I'd been appointed. Then I looked at a map to see exactly where Zambia was and discovered, to my horror, that it wasn't, as I had hoped, in white Rhodesia but was the most militant of black African nations. My friends were betting heavily on whether I'd last two days or get out alive, but I took it on for the adventure and I lasted nearly nine months. It wasn't bad.

PLAYBOY: Was your departure from the bench in Zambia because of the bankruptcy judgment in Sydney?

CLYNE: I don't know. I did my job according to law, not according to the

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Surname

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Occupation

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Please tick cover selected

		Yearly
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Office Use Only
Policy No.
Term
Initial Premium

Telephone No. Private Business

Height Weight

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Details of Policy Owner (Proposer) if other than Applicant.
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Address Relationship to Applicant

My cheque is enclosed for $ ________ in respect of the initial premium.

Please debit my Bankcard No. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐ Expiry Date ________

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whims of President Kenneth Kaunda, and I was constantly locked in battle with him and his attorney-general. I wasn't sacked – it was suggested that I should retire voluntarily for reasons of health which, translated from Zambian, means that you might be healthier if you retire voluntarily. I was constantly bringing down verdicts against the government, or adverse to the government, getting too much publicity, going my own way and raising some very interesting points of conflict between myself and the government.

PLAYBOY: What were some of the notable conflicts?

CLYNE: Their attorney-general was 22 years old. They pressure cook their lawyers – six months' law school and you become an attorney-general. And this young man found the nolle prosequi procedure, whereby you can stop the prosecution at any stage and start again. So he did something that the English director of public prosecutions would sooner walk naked down the Strand than do – he'd wait until the end of a three- or four-day trial, and as I was about to acquit a man, he'd file one of these nolle prosequi documents in court so he could try him again before some easier sort of magistrate. I ripped up one nolle in open court and delivered a judgment explaining in no uncertain terms what I thought of the attorney-general. I had to try a Minister of the Crown for drunken driving, and I got a message from the President that he thought I should send the man away for six months because it would be convenient to have him out of the way for a while. I wrote back and said I would happily send him away for six months if I convicted him, but it would depend on the evidence. Of course the evidence was such that I had to acquit him. A few things like that happened, and I began to feel that Zambia would have to struggle along without my expert help.

PLAYBOY: So next came the Texan affair. What went wrong in America? Did you underestimate American law, or were you simply arrogant?

CLYNE: Yes, I think it was arrogance, if you want to sum it up in a word. In 1974, I acquired a client, Anthony Francis Caterine, who's not quite a gangster, but most people think he's the leader of the Mafia in Dallas. He denies it without much vigor because it's a reputation which does him a lot of good in his debt collecting activities. It is normal practice for the Internal Revenue Service in the States, if they can't get a man they've been trying to prosecute for some time, to try to get his advocate. I should have known that, but I didn't. In the middle of '75, a reporter from the *Wall Street Journal* came to Vienna to do an interview and I gave him a lot of information, told him all the tricks I had got up to and quite a few tricks that I didn't get up to, just to make the interview more exciting. After all, I wasn't on oath. He printed a magnificent article all over the front page, headed The Artful Dodger, explaining to people how I'd spent my time smuggling money, turning black money into white money and teaching them how not to pay income tax. He went on to say that I was on my way to the US to spread the gospel and to teach them how to evade income tax, and he also made some mention of Caterine. You can imagine with what enthusiasm and joy the Internal Revenue Service must have read that article.

Two weeks later, when I arrived in the US, they were waiting for me. They spent months ingeniously working their way into my confidence. It was almost a play within a play. There was a man who claimed to be the accountant for a number of underworld organisations. He wanted to smuggle about $2 million into Switzerland and turn it into Swiss companies and Swiss accounts, and he had a girlfriend, a second in command, a bodyguard and a lieutenant, and we were like a little troupe of strolling players – only they

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1975
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turned out to be special agents. The exercise was quite simply a set-up.

PLAYBOY: They arrested you?

CLYNE: In February '76 I was indicted and charged with a breach of Section 7516 of the income tax code in that I had assisted Tony Caterine to prepare a false document. I'm the only non-American ever charged with a breach of their tax code. It's never been used against foreigners before or since. Quite an historic time. In essence, the crime I was charged with was telling a lie to a government agent and helping somebody else tell a lie. Apparently, if a private citizen lies to a government agent once it's a three-year felony, but if, during six months, the government agent tells 5820 lies to a private citizen, then he's doing his duty. It seems ironic, but it's accepted as quite normal in the States. Anyhow, that was the charge and I was lodged for a very uncomfortable night in Dallas County jail because even my gangster couldn't come up with $100,000 bail that quickly. It was the jail in which Lee Harvey Oswald died of lead poisoning. When you're a lawyer in prison, all the people you wouldn't normally meet come and tell you the story of how they're innocent and they've been railroaded and so forth. A little man came and talked to me. He said: "You must be awfully smart, being a lawyer." And I said, modestly: "We're not all that smart, otherwise, perhaps, I wouldn't be on this side of the bars." "Oh well," he said, "we've all been caught sometime." And that will be the title of my book about Texas. We all get caught sometime.

PLAYBOY: So rather than stay and face the prospect of three years in jail, you skipped bail and the country?

CLYNE: Not quite. I was released on bail and defended myself with my usual brilliance, with the result that I was convicted and sentenced to the maximum. I lodged an appeal, and I was then on the horns of a most interesting dilemma. If I refused to testify at all I'd be in prison indefinitely for contempt of court. If I testified the way Tony Caterine preferred me to do, I would be in prison for 15 years for perjury, which the Americans regard with some seriousness. And if I testified the way the State wanted, Tony Caterine, who is blessed with a pretty good sense of humor, might reach the edges of his jocular and I could find myself at the bottom of the Trinity River, clad in a cement overcoat. That being a dilemma that I didn't want to face, I said to Caterine: "What do you think I ought to do?" And he said he would like to see a postcard from Sydney. And I said: "If I do that you're going to be $100,000 poorer." And he said: "Well, that's sad, but that would be $100,000 well spent. Next time you give an interview to the *Wall Street Journal*, would you mind not involving me quite so explicitly?" That wasn't actually his language, it was the gist of it. He put it a bit more brutally than that. So anyhow, off I went. I crossed the US border into Canada, and here I am.

PLAYBOY: And at a time of the year when minds turn to ripping off the taxman, what is your general advice to the taxpayer?

CLYNE: Well, I personally kicked the taxpaying habit about 15 years ago. You know those stories written by reformed alcoholics which begin by saying they took a look at themselves in the mirror and saw the grey, shivering wrecks they had become and they decided to kick the habit? Well, I decided to kick the taxpaying habit and I no longer file tax returns, I no longer share my income with the fiscal fiend – that's the Tax Commissioner – and my advice, basically, is to do that. There are limits, of course, to what individuals can do about it, but by and large, if you have the guts to kick the taxpaying habit you can do it.

> *"I was released on bail and defended myself with my usual brilliance, with the result that I was convicted."*

PLAYBOY: You recently organised and chaired Australia's first tax rebels' congress. Has any positive action grown out of the congress?

CLYNE: I think the congress will turn itself into a tax rebels' association – a kind of protection union for people who are determined to fight.

PLAYBOY: Why do you describe the Australian tax system as confiscatory, savage, unfair, and a menace to our survival as a healthy and buoyant society?

CLYNE: The Australian tax system works as follows: the first $4000 per annum is free; the next $12,000 leads to a 33 percent tax, so up to $16,000 per annum you pay a maximum of $4000 tax. The average person, the so-called worker, is therefore taxed an average of 25 percent or less, and there's nothing wrong with that. On the other hand, our tax then increases by very rapid steps from 33 percent to 46 percent, and from 46 percent to 61 percent, and you can even get to 80 percent. If you have a one-man company, it's possible that on each $100 earned, $46 can go in corporate tax, leaving $54 which has to be distributed. If the shareholders pay the maximum 60 percent on the $54, that is another $32. You are now paying $78 in $100 – that's nearly 80 percent. The people who pay this tax are those with high incomes, but not quite big enough to build tax shelters into their corporate existence, such as the multinationals do. Who are they? They are the people with energy and drive, creativity, entrepreneurial courage; they are the type who get to the top by drive, by sense of adventure and by working hard by being good at their jobs. They are the ones, obviously, who, if they had to pay $80 in $100 to the State (which is straight out legalised theft) would be driven on to the golf course or to the side of their swimming pool or into premature retirement. So you tend to lose or to immobilise or to inhibit, at least, the very people on whose work the buoyancy and health of the country depends.

PLAYBOY: But while what you say may technically be the case, isn't it true to say no one actually pays 80 percent?

CLYNE: There is an element of truth in that, yes. I have always said that income tax is an optional tax. You pay it because you choose to pay it or, to be precise, you pay it because you are too timid and too stupid and too mean and too lethargic to re-organise yourself so as to pay less. A person who pays 80 percent tax is stupid because he could quite easily reduce it to 20 percent.

PLAYBOY: So some of these energetic, entrepreneurial, hard driving, adventurous people are also stupid? A contradiction, surely.

CLYNE: It is an extreme example, but you would be amazed at how foolish people are. I have a case where an idiot taxpayer, aided and abetted by an accountant who was even more idiotic than the taxpayer, had thrown away $100,000 simply by co-operating with an investigation by filing an objection which was completely incompetent, and by entering into a deed of compromise with the Tax Department which was a straight-out capitulation. I often think that our kind of taxing system is actuated by a sub-conscious death wish, a creeping egalitarianism which tries to bring everybody down to the most common denominator. Remember those lines from T. S. Eliot: "This is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends, not with a bang, but a whimper." I can see the world ending not in a cloud of dissolute atoms, but just in a greyness where the mediocrity of things overtakes all the rest of us and we gradually disappear into the slime. It is against this greyness that I am fighting.

PLAYBOY: What you are suggesting

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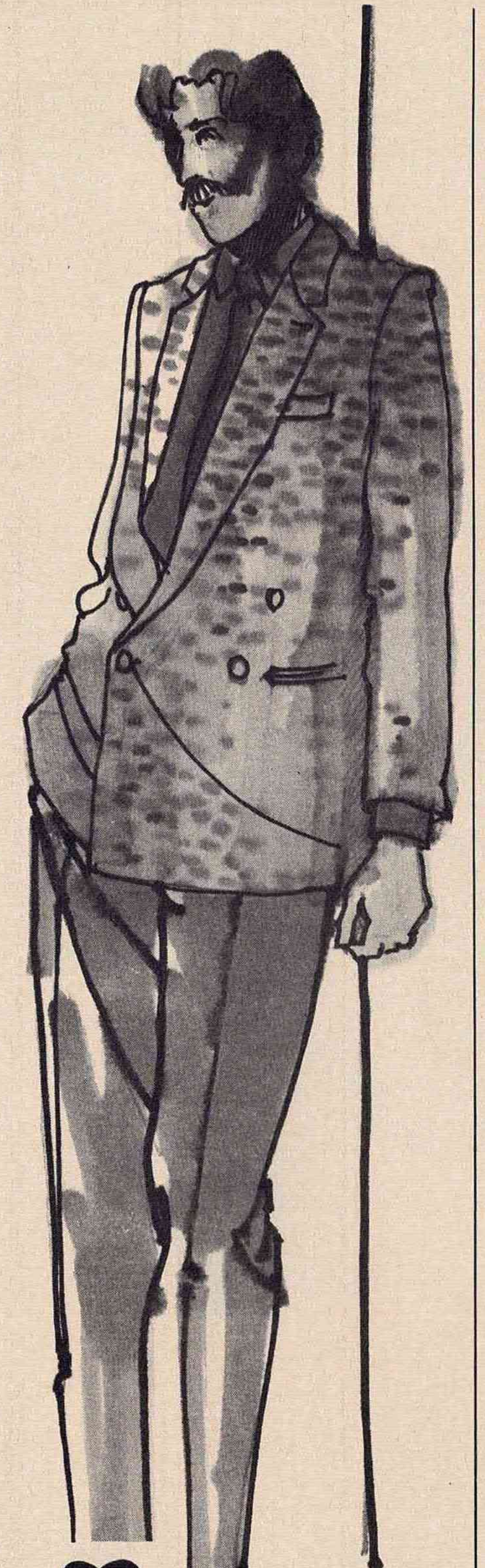

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strikes me as being anarchy. How in all conscience can you advise all Australians to pay only the amount of tax they choose to pay?

CLYNE: People have a fair sense of responsibility, and it's my experience that they would quite voluntarily pay the tax they think is appropriate. If you think the rate you pay is reasonable, observes some form of social justice, reflects what you really get for your tax money, there is no reason why you wouldn't pay a fair share of the cost of running the country.

PLAYBOY: Pay conscience money?

CLYNE: Money which we consciously feel is a fair thing. The average person doesn't spend his time plotting and planning how he can get out of paying his bus fare. We are all quite ready to pay for what we get. The problem here is that we're not getting anything for what we pay. Money is taken out of your pocket every week or every year and wasted on extravaganzas. Quite deliberately, most of this burden is imposed on a relatively small group of people and the consciousness is dawning that this isn't tax at all. It is tax gone mad. This is exactly the sort of tax that the barons and the Norman kings used to impose in the bad old days. You begin to resist it. Nobody is prepared to be robbed weekly, even under the cover of legality, and that's what the tax rebellion is all about.

PLAYBOY: What do you suggest that the ordinary wage-earning Australian can do to cut down his tax?

CLYNE: I'm not interested in the ordinary wage-earning Australian. As I said before, the ordinary wage-earning Australian pays about 20 to 25 percent tax, and I don't see any reason why he shouldn't. I'm not interested in him. I think he's got it made. That 25 percent comes back to him more than doubled in terms of social security payments, unemployment payments, pensions and all the rest of it. He doesn't enter into this problem. In relation to my people, it is the law of the jungle.

The State takes as much as it can. If it can get away with it, it takes 80 percent. My clients, once I've stiffened their sinews and injected a little backbone into their timid souls, can then reduce that 80 percent to whatever they consider to be fair and equitable. Some of them are a little too greedy and they try to reduce it to nothing, but when they realise that involves them in too much hassle, they soon understand that they ought to pay something. What's wrong with my clients saying: "I'm willing to hand over 25 percent of my income like everybody else, but over and above that I will fight and I will use every technique — preferably, but not necessarily, legal — to avoid handing over the other 55 percent of my income to the bandits." And what's wrong with that?

PLAYBOY: What's your recipe for avoiding having to pay tax?

CLYNE: There are three basic methods of tax rebellion: 1. File no return. 2. Don't co-operate in any investigation. 3. Re-organise your commercial existence so as to shift the centre of gravity of your affairs legally to Switzerland or Leichtenstein. I have not put in a return for 15 years. About 15 months ago the fiscal fiend decided to ask me for a return, and that became bogged down in a legal battle of gargantuan proportions where we're down to our fourth final-final notice and our second prosecution and we haven't really got off the ground. After the present matter is decided against me, and after I've appealed to the District Courts and after I've appealed to the Supreme Court and after I've appealed to the High Court, which will be about 1984, I will, of course, finally lose. Then I will go along and congratulate the enemy as a gentleman should. I will bring him a magnum of the best French champagne, take him by the hand, congratulate him on his victory and, with the Dom Perignon, there will be a *nil* return tied to the bottle with a little pink ribbon. Now, that doesn't do very much for anybody, but it's a sort of an engaging, entertaining legal battle. But just imagine what would happen if all 5000 members of the Tax Rebels' Association did the same thing. If they fought having to file a return and fought having to pay any taxes and they fought each step right to the High Court, the whole tax collecting machinery would grind to a halt. They're not even geared for chasing Peter Clyne, so they're certainly not geared for 5000 people, all ready and willing to brief the best QCs and fight them.

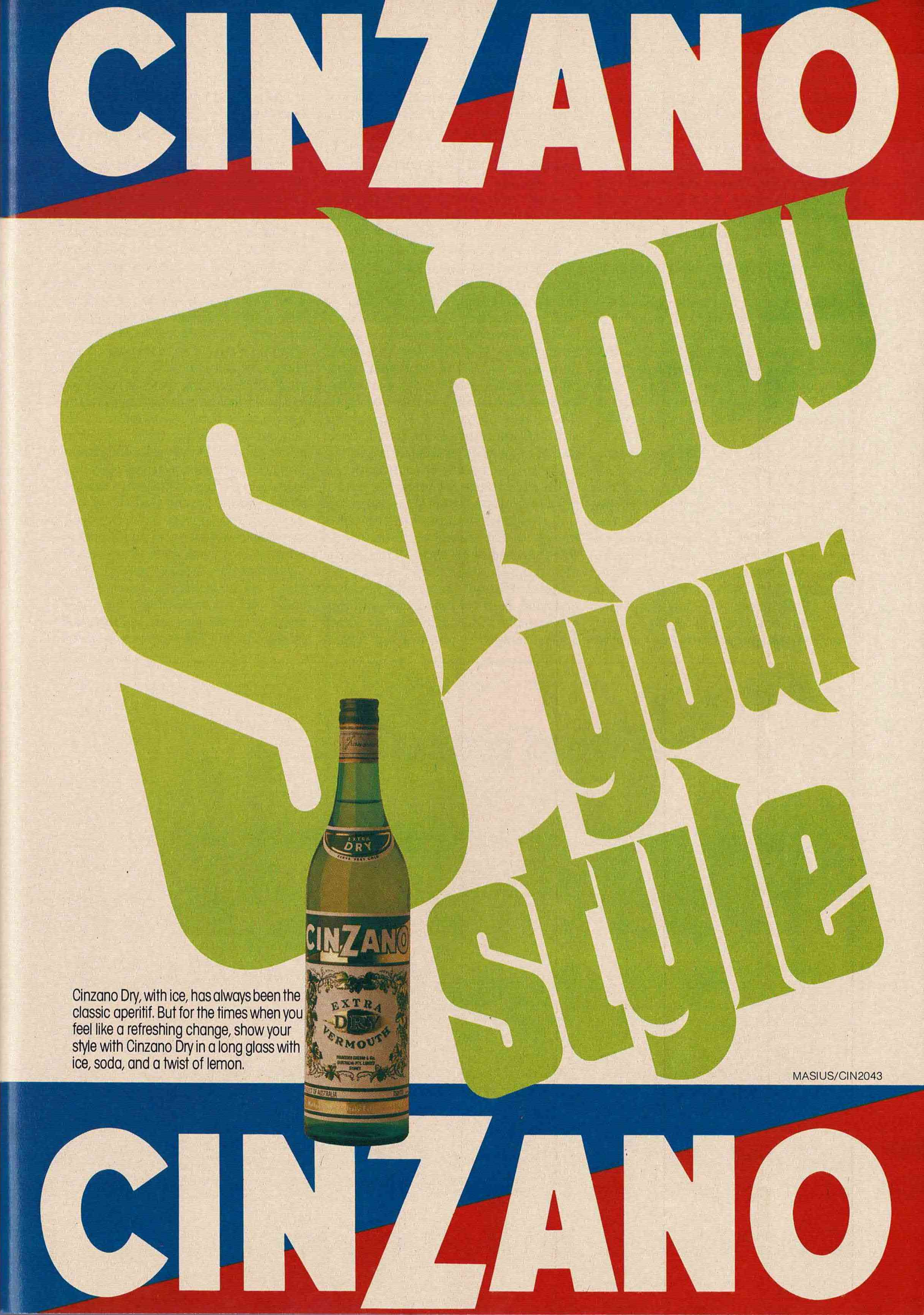
PLAYBOY: Don't you get fined for failing to lodge a return?

CLYNE: The maximum fine for not filing a tax return is $200 — obviously money well spent. You can resist any attempts to make you do it for some years.

PLAYBOY: What way can you resist?

CLYNE: The same way I did. During the five years that you're either not coming to notice or fighting about a return, you should re-organise your whole business structure so it becomes a Swiss company and isn't liable to pay tax. It's quite likely that we can backdate documents in such a way as to cover the past as well as the future. Back-dating documents can often be done legally, if it's done in a certain way. I don't mean forging documents, I mean entering into agreements which are so expressed to be operative over the past as well as the future.

PLAYBOY: On what grounds are you



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fighting the Commissioner's demands that you lodge a return?

CLYNE: About a year ago, the fiscal fiend sent me a final notice asking me to file a tax return for the year 1975-76, or something like that. The notice required me to produce a return within 14 days of the date of the notice. The notice didn't reach me in Vienna until well after the 14 days had expired. I wrote back and said that as I didn't possess one of Mr H. G. Wells' time machines, I couldn't comply with a requirement that asked me to do something yesterday, so I wouldn't. He seems to have accepted the validity of that proposition so, in due course, there arrived a final-final notice of the same kind. It was too late, so I wrote back and said I was sorry but I still hadn't been able to acquire one of those time machines and still couldn't do it. At the time, the computer disregarded my specious arguments and issued a summons, charging me with not complying with that notice. Obviously, no legal member of the fiscal fiend's legions had had an opportunity to look at the situation, or they would have known that there was no way of winning that one. They woke up much too late, but came into court and asked for an adjournment while they briefed counsel. They were told they didn't have a snow flake's hope in hell, so they withdrew. Very graciously, I said I wouldn't be asking for costs for, who knows, they might win a round one day. Then they served a second final-final notice as I left the court. I wrote in and said that 200 years ago the Court of Exchequer Chamber had decided that serving a notice of this kind in the precincts of a court room constituted contempt of court, but on the other hand the Court of Appeal in England decided 158 years ago that it didn't necessarily constitute contempt. I said that a fascinating point of legal history had been raised. I explained I was looking forward to debating that point in the High Court some years from now. Apparently the fiscal fiend isn't all that interested in legal history, because he then allowed the final-final-final notice. That one I resisted on more substantial grounds. I challenged the whole validity of this tax collecting procedure, and argued that no one has to file a tax return because a tax return involves self-incrimination in the sense that it exposes you to a forfeiture. So, in effect, I'm pleading the so-called Fifth Amendment and, if I'm right, nobody in Australia needs to file a tax return until such time as the laws are amended. Now that procedure will run on for years. What with appeals, I will not be compelled to file a tax return until about 1984. If 5000 other people followed in my footsteps, you can imagine the chaos it would cause.

PLAYBOY: Okay. So you don't file a return. What happens when they come to investigate you?

CLYNE: The fact is that the fiscal fiend has virtually no powers in the area of investigations. What you need to do is to be clearly aware of your own rights and the weaknesses of the little man on your door. He has a right to ask you questions, but you're not obliged to answer. He has no right to come in, and if he does come in and you ask him to leave and he doesn't leave, you may put him on the footpath. You ought to tell him that if he sends you a letter, signed by the Commissioner and setting out specific questions, giving you a couple of months to answer, then he will have done the right thing. But you won't answer those questions, either. You might as well tell him that first, not lead him on with any false hopes. Tell him you will refuse to answer on the ground that the answers may incriminate you. You may decide not to and just not give him the information even then, because the maximum fine is $200 for not telling him what he wants to know, and that could be $200 well spent.

PLAYBOY: What else will the man do?

CLYNE: He will ask for your books. He has full and free access to your books. That just means you can't stop him from looking at them. But you don't have to tell him where they are. You don't have to explain them, you don't have to answer questions about them and you don't have to let him take the books away. So his position there is pretty difficult. It's important to remember that it is perfectly legal to cook your books, or even to destroy them – to a point. The tax Act says you must keep, for seven years, in the English language, certain records, sufficient to show your income and expenditure. It doesn't say where you should keep those records – a safe deposit box in Zurich would comply with the law. You could keep them on top of the Matterhorn in a little hut. You could keep them more conveniently at the bottom of a 100-metre well, as one of my clients in North Queensland prefers to do.

You're perfectly entitled to cook your books in the sense of rewriting them so that they will reflect more accurately what it is that you want to tell if you have to go to court. You are entitled to destroy part of them, so long as what survives shows your income and expenditure, and you should consider leaving them with your solicitor because legal privilege has been held to overcome the rights of the fiscal fiend. But I think the best thing to do with your books, if you're worried about them, is to feed them into a shredder and to plead guilty to not retaining them. There again, the maximum penalty is $200, and if you're talking big money a $200 fine is neither here nor there.

PLAYBOY: The way you talk, it does sound extraordinarily easy to beat the tax man.

CLYNE: It does, doesn't it?

PLAYBOY: Why haven't other people done it?

CLYNE: They haven't got the courage. They have a sort of superstitious fear of the tax man. I don't know why. It's a primitive, atavistic sort of terror in which they hold him. They invest him with supernatural powers. You call the bluff of the little man on the doorstep and he'll go away and bully some other idiot who allows himself to be bullied. Because the inspector is conscious of his having no powers he relies too much on bluff, and you'll hear of many, many cases where he stands over people, particularly foreigners.

PLAYBOY: That seems to be a pie-in-the-sky situation. Peter Clyne, whose legal background is honors, can, of course, do what he preaches. But how does the ordinary Joe, whether he's a wage earner or a boss, go about it?

CLYNE: I'm not interested in the ordinary Joe. Let's get this straight – when a person comes to me for advice I charge him $500 for the first afternoon's discussion. Without that $500, I don't even write down his name. I charge him another $2000 for an intense, two-day discussion and analysis of his affairs, and I charge up to $25,000 to set up a tax-free system of living. Now those fees are such that the ordinary Joe, much as he may like to, doesn't come to see me, and it's just as well, because I don't think I could do much for the ordinary Joe. On the other hand, a gentleman whose company is about to waste $200,000 on one year's income tax is interested in having my advice. Self-employed people on taxable incomes between $50,000 and $100,000 – the average doctor or dentist, psychiatrist, lawyer or accountant – are really the backbone of my practice, and they are the people for whom I can do a lot of things. Failure to file a return is not normally the solution. In the ordinary course I advise quite a different solution, and it comes under the heading of international tax planning. It's difficult to reduce international tax planning to a nutshell – I've written about eight books describing what that's all about, so it would be like reducing brain surgery to a nutshell. But I shall make the effort. First thing, you form a Swiss

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company. You choose Switzerland as the apex of your pyramid because, firstly, it charges five percent income tax providing the company is formed in either the Canton of Glarus or the Canton of Zug, and secondly because Switzerland offers a completely impregnable curtain of secrecy for your financial affairs.

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That example is, of course, a gross oversimplification. Many, many aspects have to be watched. A doctor would go in for the same basic technique of draining income into a tax-free company, but the methods would be totally different. With a doctor, the Swiss corporation usually acts as a service company and it runs his practice, pays his staff, provides his car or his private aeroplane and engages locum tenens for him. He pays that Swiss service company whatever it spends, plus about 100 percent markup. That 100 percent is, of course, the amount that you are draining away into a tax-free setting and, therefore, you are saving the tax on that. Service companies have been used by doctors for many years, but they've been Australian service companies. The result is that the service company itself has been highly taxed, so you didn't gain much except a bit of income splitting. The fiscal fiend has found it quite easy to control the mark-up because he's found it easy to establish what's actually being spent. The Swiss company is totally outside his jurisdiction. It can't be supervised. He can't even attempt to look at its records, so you can get away with a much bigger mark-up. All these procedures have to be used with care, with discretion, with some sense of responsibility. If you make things too hot you'll get into more trouble than you are getting out of. But if your plan is carefully designed and carefully executed, there is nothing that the fiscal fiend can do about it.

PLAYBOY: How easy is it to get money out of Australia into, say, your Swiss corporation?

CLYNE: Basically there are two ways. The first is to acquire a secret, numbered account – even the bank doesn't know who owns it. You then send money out in envelopes, no more than $500 or $1000, in case an envelope is lost or confiscated. In each one you put your money, wrapped in plain paper then covered with two sheets of carbon paper to stop detection, ie X-rays to detect the metal thread on the money, write the number of the account on it, and send it away. I have never heard of one being lost, though theoretically it's possible. If one were opened, there would be no way of proving where it came from, but you would lose that money, and therefore you minimise the risk by not putting too much in the envelopes. That way, if a client sends out $1000 a day for a year, he will get out $360,000 in perfect safety. The second system is for larger sums that need to be transferred quickly. It is done through a Hong Kong bank represented in Australia. The money doesn't leave Australia at all. The bank credits your Swiss account with the money you deposit, minus a bit of percentage, and then, in due course, when somebody wants Australian dollars, they sell him those Australian dollars which are still here. That is a procedure which is developing and which is perfectly legal. The envelope system, of course, is a breach of the law.

> *"If your plan is carefully designed and carefully executed, there is nothing that the fiscal fiend can do about it."*

PLAYBOY: Is there an enormous amount of money going out of Australia?

CLYNE: It often comes back again, because it's really being laundered. People want it here and they need it for their business. In recent times, I have decided this is going to an awful lot of unnecessary trouble – if you are really trying to turn your black money into white money, there is absolutely no need to scrabble it out and then borrow it back again, because one of the things your own Swiss company can do for you is to act as an investment company. It can establish a subsidiary here and lend you your own money.

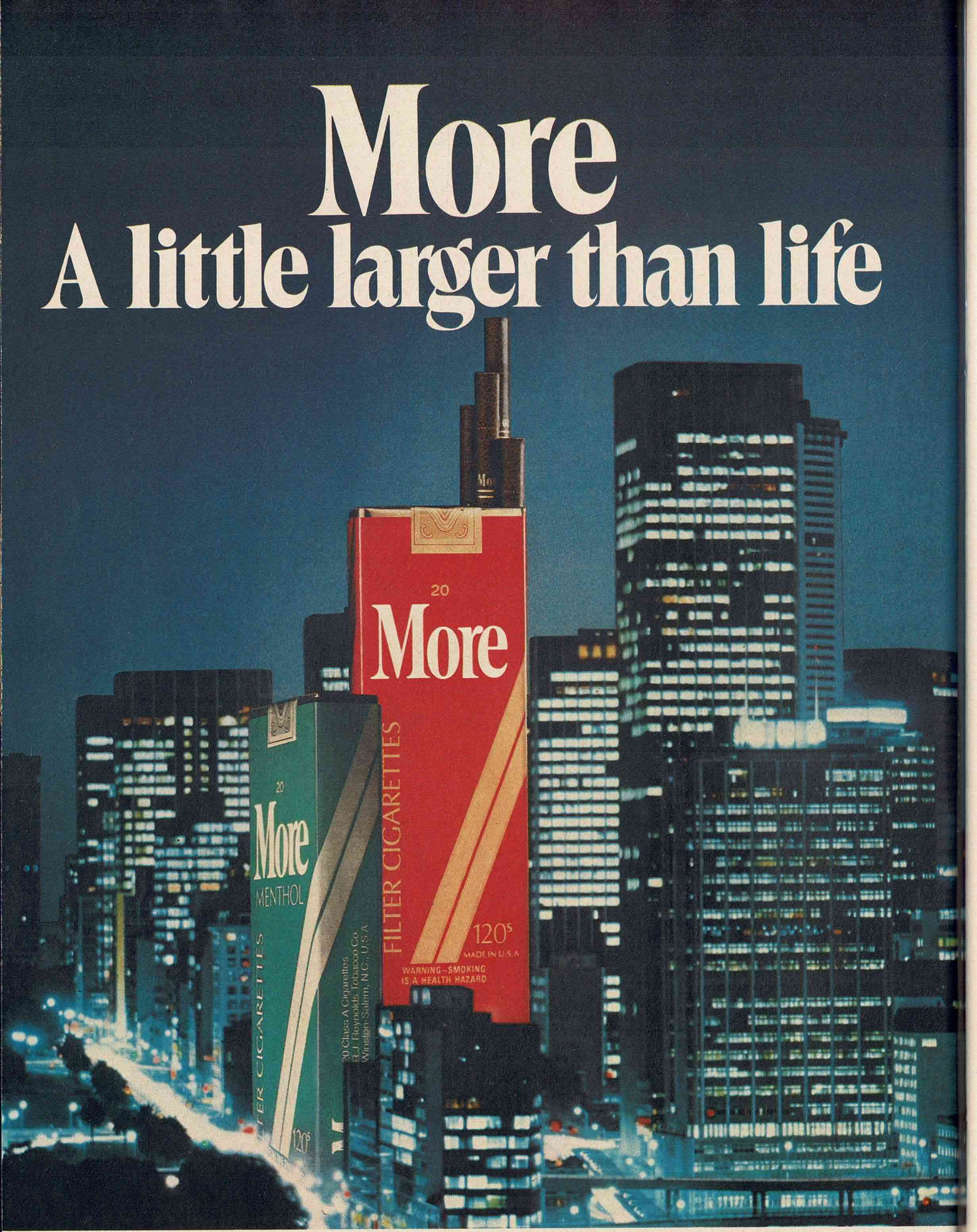
Swiss companies are quite secret, and the directorship is not on record. The fiscal fiend couldn't possibly prove that you have borrowed it from yourself. Although he may suspect you are involved, he can't prove it. I can create the sort of documentation required to make black money into white money without it ever leaving the country or your pocket, which is an important aspect. A lot of people are very much happier if you offer them a procedure where they bring in their money in cash – no doubt after wiping off the earth from under the apple tree, or the blood, or whatever they have on it – and I issue them with the necessary documents to show that they are borrowing funds from a Swiss merchant bank for whom I act. They get their money straight away, minus 10 percent. I usually charge for this. They get it in the form of a bank cheque and a loan agreement, and they will actually get receipts for the interest for the next five years, as if they had paid it, and they will get an antedated receipt for the principal. To stop them being afraid that I could sue them for their own money, they get a receipt dated five years ahead to show that they have repaid the money. That documentation won't fool anybody, and not for a moment will this convince the fiscal fiend, who is by no means an idiot, but there is no way of proving that's what happened, even if he has read PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: But to all intents and purposes, the documents are false?

CLYNE: I don't know. Would you say that? False documents?

PLAYBOY: Well, perhaps misleading documents?

CLYNE: Why are they false documents? They do, in fact, invest with the bank and they borrow back from that bank, and I suppose that's what banks do all the time. A bank doesn't normally, or shouldn't, cross examine them about whether they have paid tax on their money, any more than I would ask them questions about their love life or their religious convictions. And they wouldn't ask the bank whether the money being borrowed is their own money or somebody else's. The only document you could conceivably describe as false would be the antedated receipts. Now they are not necessary unless the client is afraid of being sued by the bank. But even there, the more I think about it, the more I am inclined to think that they are not false. That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they are documents to protect them on a particular transaction.

PLAYBOY: By pointing out the frailties of the law, aren't you virtually putting yourself out of business?

CLYNE: It doesn't work that way. I've found all my life that I can combine business with pleasure. I can point to weaknesses within the law which I genuinely believe should be rectified, and yet, at the same time, I can exploit those weaknesses on my clients' behalf. I don't see a contradiction. In my book, *How Not to Pay Your Debts,* I had a chapter which was headed "For the Angels", in which I set out a sane, sober, tight, debt collecting system by which a sane society should operate. That would have invalidated all the tricks and stratagems and gambits and scams that I was advocating in my book, but what happens in practice is that a government doesn't work that way. Thirty or 40 years go by and little reforms are made and more weaknesses are exploited. Gradually, over a long period, the law does become more rational. Meantime its irrationalities can be taken advantage of by those who have a good lawyer.

PLAYBOY: If your appeal to join the tax rebellion attracts many people who want to save money, won't that then force the Government to take some reformative action?

CLYNE: Tax avoidance is a perpetual game. It takes half an hour to think of a new loophole. It takes the fiscal fiend about three years to think of an antidote and brainwash a large number of deadheads into understanding his antidote before he can get it into the statute book, and then he closes the loophole. Mr Howard does it a little more competently than his predecessors by making that retrospective to the date when he announced his legislation, but that's still a two-year delay between the loophole and the beginning of the end for that loophole. In the meantime, we have plenty of time to read the writing on the wall and to design a new loophole. So it's always a David and Goliath situation. We're always at least two years ahead of competent and agile fiends like Mr Howard, and we're about four years ahead of incompetent and clumsy fiends, like most of Mr Howard's predecessors.

I try to reduce the target by teaching my clients to involve themselves in a highly individualised and complex scheme. Each is different from every other scheme. It costs Howard almost as much to understand and shoot down one man's tax plan, which would yield him perhaps $50,000 a year if he's lucky, as it costs him to shoot down the Cullen scheme, which yielded him about $500 million a year. So by reducing your target through individualising your tax planning, you make your plan much less vulnerable. That's point number one. You can reduce the fiend's incentive to attack you still further by advising your clients to be moderate in their planning, and to pay some tax. There is a clear divergence here between what I practise and what I preach. I go in for way-out things like filing no returns and challenging the validity of the income tax Act, as I did at one stage, but that's just advertising myself.

My clients, on the other hand, infinitely prefer to save two thirds of their tax bill and never get involved in any kind of challenge and litigation. That's what happens. I've never once had a client of mine challenged, let alone successfully challenged. I do that by insisting that they pay a moderate amount of tax.

PLAYBOY: How moderate is moderate?

CLYNE: You should pay around about the tax which is appropriate to your obvious standard of living. If a client has a fleet of Cadillacs and another fleet of mistresses, and a villa on the Mediterranean and another one on the Gold Coast, and he manifestly spends $50,000 a year, and he adopts some smart alecky scheme for reducing his taxable income rather well below that $50,000, the fiscal fiend will respond by serving him with an arbitrary assessment which says, well, you're spending $50,000 therefore you are getting $50,000, and I'll just ignore your Swiss company and your trusts and everything else and tax you on what is obviously coming in. He would have very little defence to that. On the other hand, if he lives a spartan sort of existence, that's his obvious standard of living, he can reduce his tax to just about nil. When I say you should become your own tax assessor, I think you should do it in a logical way. You should reduce your taxable income from what it really is to what is more in line with your standard of living.

> *"It takes half an hour to think of a new loophole. It takes the fiscal fiend about three years to think of an antidote."*

PLAYBOY: You mentioned mistresses. Can a man claim his mistress and the apartment in which he has set her up as tax deductible items?

CLYNE: Men often do. I have a client who keeps a very beautiful mistress in an equally beautiful apartment, but he has set up the apartment as an office as well. The lady types a letter for him once a week in that beautiful office, which he can also make available for interviews with people. So that's one way she can be a secretary. You realise, of course, that you can still pay tax on an illegal business. An illegal business is still taxable. Burglars can pay tax on their loot and even claim the storage of jemmies and acetylene torches as a deductible business expense. So if you had a string of call girls at your home – not one mistress but two or three – whose services are shared among your friends, you can claim the whole thing as a deductible expense for your call girl operation. Of course, you can keep your mistress as your own personal call girl and hire out the others. You have to make the mistress part of a commercial organisation. But you must exercise caution. Take the case of a Sydney businessman whose head secretary was his mistress. She was running his office. Trouble is, he fell out with the lady and she explained certain matters to the police. So you must be careful. If you involve your mistress in business, you must keep on good terms with her.

PLAYBOY: If a person decides to do a Clyne and take a case to the High Court, how much is it going to cost?

CLYNE: At the moment, very little, because he could stagger along quite comfortably in my footprints. A test case is now before the Special Federal Court in Sydney. So, for the next three years, this whole question of whether people are liable to file a tax return is an open question waiting for the ultimate decision of the High Court. While that is so, any other citizen could simply write in when the question of a return arises and say "Dear friend", or "Dear fiend" as the case may be, "I'm waiting for the outcome of Clyne's case, because until that case is ultimately decided I don't know, and for that matter you don't know, whether there's any legal obligation to file a return". I would imagine that the Court of Petty Sessions, faced with a list of 5000 prosecutions for not filing a return, would simply have to adjourn them all pending the decision in Clyne's case. It's either that or 5000 fines and 5000 appeals, and the whole machinery of the courts would slowly grind to a halt.

So what will happen, in practice, is what always happens in these situations where a basic legal point is under debate: the court does not proceed with similar prosecutions until the point has been decided. Consequently, this doesn't cost the citizen anything. My proposition is that all he needs is a bit of courage, or he could join a tax

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rebels' association, and let us do it for him. He doesn't even have to go to court. We would have a standing army consisting of the best six QCs and the best six solicitors we can find to defend any cases where the fiscal fiend is actually going to force it into court. As I say, I can't imagine him doing it. That's why individuals don't fight. Not so much for financial reasons – they're scared to fight. They hate to be out on a limb. If they had a fairly powerful organisation behind them, they would have the backbone to fight as well as having the money to fight. Five thousand people contributing $100 each would give you a fighting fund of half a million, which is enough to brief every QC in Sydney for some time.

PLAYBOY: All right. We have heard your advice. John Durack, in the *National Times,* described the recommendations in your latest book as being based on fantasy. What do you say?

CLYNE: My books on tax planning have been published by the most reputable business publishers in Australia. In addition, *Rydges Business Journal* has published about 100 of my articles along the same lines. You'd think that if these were fantasies and weren't working my readers would have formed lynch mobs. They would have lynched the publisher, if not me. My schemes might be new to Mr Durack, but they are not new to people who know what they are talking about. They have been practised, written about, adopted and accepted for many years. So my fantasies have been getting people out of trouble for 10 years. My overseas fantasies have been getting people out of trouble for six years. The second point I would like to make is that Mr Durack obviously had not read my book beyond Chapter I. You have evidence of that. He says I have overlooked the obvious fact that a Swiss company would be taxable in Australia. On pages 122 and 123 there are four separate schemes set up precisely to make sure the Swiss company would not be taxable in Australia. You can agree or disagree with those schemes, but you can hardly say I have overlooked them. Had he penetrated as far as page 122, he wouldn't have written what he did. So it is a question of who is overlooking what. He also comments on my style. He says I make coy use of expressions such as "your humble and obedient servant", "gentle reader", and "esteemed publisher". I do call my publisher esteemed and I do call my readers gentle. He has a point with "your humble and obedient servant" because humility and obedience are not necessarily my best qualities.

PLAYBOY: What about morality? Does what you do ever worry you? It must cost Mr Howard hundreds of thousands of dollars to fight the legal battles you institute. That's *our* money. It is all very well for you to use yours as you wish, but he's using ours and you don't even contribute.

CLYNE: I thoroughly enjoy the thought of Mr Howard spending hundreds of thousands of dollars trying in vain to collect my taxes. But that's just my personal view.

PLAYBOY: Doing what you're doing, don't you sometimes feel that you're fighting in the streets – a sort of fifth columnist?

CLYNE: I don't think so. I think a society becomes healthier and better for having people like me in it, constantly challenging the Establishment and challenging the assumptions on which the Establishment is based. We live in a world where there is a constant threat of the State becoming too powerful because the urge for power is a universal and primitive one. What prevents them is the will to resist in all the people like me – even if we're exaggerated, jester-like figures. Resistance is a healthy thing. I'm honestly not very interested in the social implications of what I do, but if I were, then I'd say I'm a good thing. I'm something that keeps this country buoyant and alive, and helps prevent

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Australia from going the way Nazi Germany went.

PLAYBOY: Surely whether a law is good or bad, or a tax fair or unfair, law-abiding citizens have a moral duty to abide by that law until it's either repealed or amended.

CLYNE: There are limits to that proposition. The People's Tribunals of Nazi Germany and the courts of Uganda did their work. Legally. But we aren't talking about breaking the law here, we're talking about challenging the law. What I do is for the benefit of my clients, and for no other purpose. You will find that a consistent campaign by a substantial number of people to challenge a law actually produces a reform of that law in time. If you insist on giving a moralistic tinge to the discussion, I'd say that what I do could, ultimately, produce a better income tax Act, a more sensible one, a more rational one. It may lead to the investigatory arm of the commissioner being given more powers, which I think it should have. It may lead to a fairer distribution of the tax burden, and it may also lead to a bit less waste of what is collected in taxes. But I don't claim to be a social reformer. I'm after the money.

PLAYBOY: Are you an unscrupulous scoundrel?

CLYNE: No, I don't think so. I wouldn't regard myself as a scoundrel at all, because I give more than fair value for what I'm paid. But you do have to be unscrupulous in this area. Tax avoidance — tax rebellion — is a war, it's not an afternoon tea party. You have to be quite lacking in scruples in the way you fight that war.

PLAYBOY: But it seems to me that you, educated in the law, spend most of your working life trying to find ways around the law.

CLYNE: I am not ashamed of it. I do my job as well as I can. And I do it better than most.

PLAYBOY: After all these trials and tribulations, are you a rich man today?

CLYNE: I don't think so. I made a New Year's resolution to be a millionaire by April next year. The first million is the hardest to make, and if I can prevent it from sliding through my fingers . . . I would say I am on the way to it.

PLAYBOY: How swish is the Peter Clyne lifestyle?

CLYNE: Oh, well, I try to lead a very comfortable one. I am what is called a Lebenskünstler — a person who makes an art of living. I try to enjoy my life. I have always been used to travelling first class unless there is a better class, and if I can't afford to travel first class or my client doesn't feel like paying first class, well, I just don't go. I have a comfortable apartment here and I have an equally comfortable suite in Vienna. I have tried to recreate in Vienna the life of a 19th century nobleman. Vienna is one of the few places left on earth where it is still possible to live in a castle, maintain a private box at the opera, bring flowers to one's lady love, and so on. I am all in favor of Robin Hood's principle of taking money from the rich — which I do to the best of my ability — but I don't see any reason for wasting it on the poor.

PLAYBOY: What have you got against the poor?

CLYNE: I have nothing against the poor, but the poor, as you call them, hardly exist any more, and certainly don't need protection. The people who need help usually are the middle classes. They are the genuine underdogs.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so rebellious? Is it your Jewish upbringing, or a contempt for asinine laws?

CLYNE: I have had no personal experience of anti-semitism, except indirectly when I was a child in Vienna. I know what can happen to a nation which is prepared to obey orders blindly. That tendency accounts for the disasters that overcame Germany. That is the way to destruction. And I think it is a reaction against excessive obedience that has built up in me a tendency to excessive and instinctive disobedience. If I see a sign that says "don't walk on the grass" I will immediately walk across the grass to inspect the sign. And I will ask who wrote the sign, by what authority was it put there, was the town clerk who signed it properly appointed, do his powers extend to telling you to keep off the grass? People learn to obey from the cradle to the grave. I try to teach them to disobey from the cradle to the grave.

PLAYBOY: If there is a heaven, will you get there?

CLYNE: I don't know. That reminds me of the anecdote about a border dispute between the Almighty and Lucifer over where exactly hell ends and heaven begins. And Lucifer said that the line ran this way, and the Almighty said that it ran that way, and Lucifer insisted on his position and the Almighty insisted on his position. Finally the Almighty lost his patience and said: "Look, if you don't accept my point of view, we'll go to court." Lucifer laughed and said: "Where are you going to find a lawyer?" So it may be that I will be more inclined to go the other way.

PLAYBOY: The devil's advocate!

CLYNE: The devil's advocate. Well, isn't that the part I play in society? If that's right, I ought to get a good welcome from my client when I get there.

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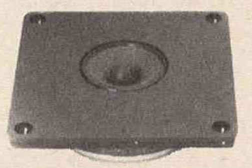

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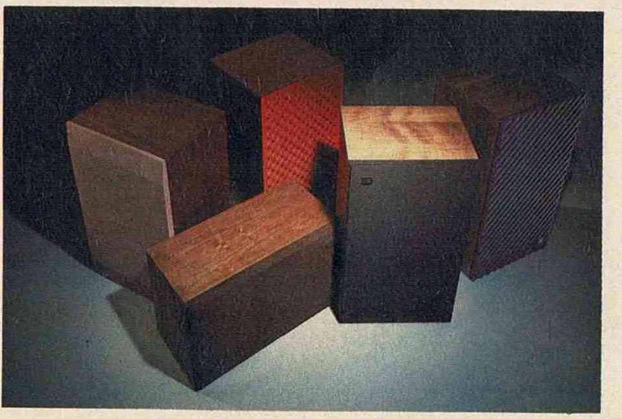

Shown on the left: the L19, L40, L50, L110, L166. Others not shown: L65, L220, L212, L300 and the Paragon.

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LIVING IN THE '80s

is the age of aquarius a bad joke, or is something going on out in the bush that will benefit us all?

article By PHIL JARRATT

Oh we ain't got dough
and oh, oh, oh,
There ain't no paint on the bungalow
What of it?
We love it.

– Nimbin folk song

WELCOME TO
TUNTABLE FALLS
COORDINAT ON
COOPERAT VE
FLORA AND FAUNA PROTECTED AREA – NO GUNS NO DOGS
HAMLET
CIUDA
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Sign of the new age, held aloft by Sri Richard, a resident of the country's most publicised commune.

Photography by Peter Crawford

WHAT, the tribal council of Tuntable Falls commune wanted to know, was PLAYBOY going to publish about them? Would we tell the truth? a guy with an Indian headband on asked. Forty or so tribespersons, sitting on the rock-hard floor of an old milking shed in the heat of the day, waited for an answer. Weary from a month on the road and a hundred similar interrogations, I shuffled to the approximate centre of the gathering and said, you know, cool as I could: does the bear shit in the woods? Of course I'll tell the truth.

But back in the city – maybe it's the smog – the issues don't seem so black and white. The assignment was simple enough: jump in a kombi; drive up and down the east coast of Australia and see what the hippies are up to. Whatever happened to the counter-culture? Is there life after Nimbin? Will Jim Cairns lead us not into temptation in the 1980s? Or has the cultural upheaval of the past decade all been in vain? In fairness to the tribe at Tuntable and all those other people concerned about our findings, I should state at the outset that I believe it is neither one nor the other. After more than 10 years of life outside the structure of mainstream society the counter-culture cannot be written off, but it is too early to clearly define its legacy for the eighties. What is clear is that up there in the hills and rain forests something is happening.

The notion of a new social order borne out of a rock festival is still faintly ridiculous, but the pimply white hordes who greeted the dawn of the Age of Aquarius by fleeing campus and donning gum boots have contributed something which is bound to affect us all.

It is probably true that had there been no Woodstock, no Stephen Gaskin, no Nimbin Aquarius Festival and no Down To Earth Movement, we would still have discovered wholemeal bread, naturopathy, solar heating, home birth, wind generators and marijuana in our own sweet time. But the counter-cultures, the hippies, the alternative societies (or whatever misnomer you care to apply to all those individuals who dared to be different), have performed their greatest service to society at large by offering themselves up as guinea pigs in the laboratory of social change. This, the first of two articles about Australians who have taken up life in the bush, looks at how they are faring.

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On a Sunday morning at Tuntable Falls the first man-made sound you hear is the hammering of nails. That and the water running down out of the mountains make up the soundtrack of the valley. It is a peaceful place, as beautiful as any in the Rainbow Region of north-eastern NSW. There is a television tower up on top of Mount Nardi, directly above the Falls, but once you hit the dirt road that leads down to the commune it is obscured by tall trees. Since 1973 900 people have paid $400 each to a company called Co-ordination Co-operative to share in the communal 810 hectares of near-virgin bush. Now only about 250 people live here, of whom perhaps 50 are approved "visitors". This morning we are so far unapproved visitors, and even as we pull into the paddock which is reserved for parking, a guy wearing a steel-framed back pack is hurrying down the hill to inform us that we are trespassing. He eyes Peter Crawford's camera bag suspiciously and points out that the shareholders have recently voted to ban all press from the commune. This, as it turns out, is not quite true, Tuntable's process of law being somewhat more democratic, if a little arbitrary. But right now he is adamant. We must go. Media paranoia is something we got used to on this assignment, but it was never more evident (nor more justifiable) than at Tuntable. Here in the space of only six years there has been a major dope bust (since thrown out of court), a violent death (still before the court) and a rape (details are sketchy). Publicity has tended to be negative.

So now as our early morning hiker disappears up the side of the mountain we're faced with a crisis of conscience. "When the sun comes up over the ridge the light will be perfect," says Crawford, and we plod on up the path to the home of David d'Elyan Spain, a barrister-at-law and one of the commune's founding fathers. If we're not wanted here best to hear it from the horse's mouth. Spain, a worried, bedraggled man in his middle thirties, gives the impression he's been waiting for us, fearing the worst. Rather like Livingstone, waiting for the bumbling Stanley to come crashing through the last clump of vine.

Spain is an intensely serious person, an idealist given to despair at the imperfections of the society he has helped create. Friends say there is a black streak of wit lurking within – he recently suggested the establishment of a Tuntable Falls CMF battalion which would refuse to take orders and thereby bring down the warlords – but Spain conceals it well, preferring his role of disillusioned hip philosopher.

He lives with his family in a simple but comfortable house he built himself. In his garden he grows lemon grass tea, beans, tomatoes and celery. From his balcony – although others say that his is one of the least productive of Tuntable's 16 hamlets – you can see all about you the fruits of communal labor. In stark contrast is his attic, which has all the freedom of a ship's hold. Up here Spain keeps his mimeographed sheets of philosophical outpourings, such manifestoes as "The Construction Of An Aquarian Age City-State". It strikes me as slightly ironic that here in an attic as musty as any in Glebe or Carlton lies one man's dream. "Here, take them," says Spain. "I might just as well throw them to the wind." David Spain makes no secret of his disillusionment with the concept of communal living as practised at Tuntable Falls. It is easy to see why he is regarded by his New Settler peers as being extremist to the point of being counter-productive. (Maybe even counter-counter-productive.) "There were so many things we could have done here to show the rest of the country that there are social and economic alternatives," he says. "We could have made this place a showcase for alternative lifestyles, but very few people could be bothered contributing at that level. Most of them just want to sit up here and smoke their dope and do nothing. Well, okay, I've decided that I might just as well sit up here too, and read and study and write my essays," says David Spain.

But Tuntable Falls commune, Nimbin town and the New Settler movement of the Rainbow Region limp along without him. His spiritual leadership having been rejected, Spain has also withdrawn most of his physical participation in the affairs of the community. Such anti-tribal behavior would never have been tolerated in the primitive communities upon which modern tribalism is based, but tolerance, as we were to learn, is the watchword of the Aquarian Age.

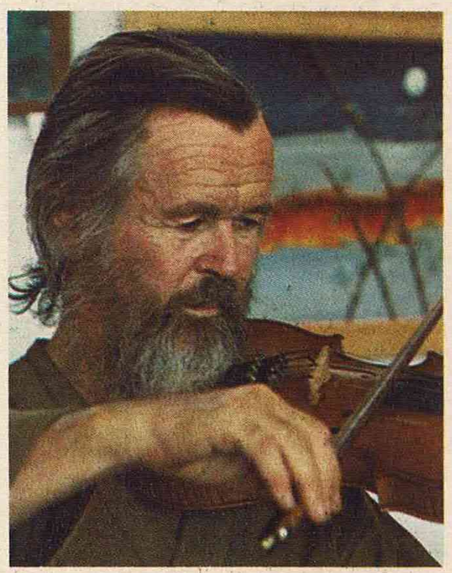
We wander down the hill from the Spain residence taking pictures and soaking up the morning sunshine. We have asked for permission to do this but Spain has told us that there is no real sense of community here, and that individuals will have to make up their own minds as to whether our behavior is offensive. The sunshine has lured people out of their homes. A quiet, gentle, bearded resident (who later introduces himself as Sri Richard), is hanging over his fence (yes folks, a fence) yakking with a neighbor. Bare-bummed kids are playing in the mud and the hammering has reached mid-morning crescendo. It's kind of like Santa Claus's workshop. Over there, beyond that rise, they found Manchester Bob near death, his head stove in from karate blows.

Bringing Nimbin to life: Terry McGee (far left), pragmatic realist; Jenny Dell on her FM program; the local editor pedalling to an assignment; and the music is everywhere.

The vicious assault on Manchester Bob, and his subsequent death in a Brisbane hospital a week later, were very hot topics when we made the first of three visits to Tuntable Falls commune. Later, as you shall see, we came to a better understanding of the ethical and social questions raised by communal living. But then, on that beautiful Sunday morning less than a week after the kung fu attack, it seemed to us a strange breed of people indeed who would close ranks behind the killer of one of their own, flying in the face of the tribal traditions they were striving to emulate.

We couldn't find out much about Manchester Bob, our questions being met with the backwoods suspicion reserved for outsiders. The front page of the February 5 edition of Lismore's *Northern Star* revealed that his real name was Robert Edward Langton, and that he was 27. Any other information we were able to glean independently was prefaced by, "but we don't want you to write anything about that. It doesn't give people the true picture of what is happening here". And it doesn't. Whatever good and ill the counter-cultures have bestowed upon us, our homegrown alternative society has never preached violence. KILL THE COPS was a placard penned by city anarchists. Jim Jones and Charles Manson were just plain weird and in another country anyway. Nonetheless, what grabbed us by the energy beads was the fact that after six years the chickens of tolerance had come home to roost. An outsider had been allowed to walk into an allegedly communal society and exercise his freedom to attack other people.

"I'd been keeping an eye on this guy for a while," said Gerry, a lean farmer's son empowered by the tribal council to act as peace officer. "He'd threatened a few people and it was getting to the point where we were going to have to tell him to move on." But tolerance won the day and Manchester Bob lost his life. The *Nimbin News,* a sheet distributed around the area's various communities, reported in its issue of February 12: "And – is the suspect, currently being held, lonely and frightened, in Lismore. The matter being sub-judice, not much can be written about it at this stage. The case comes up again on Monday. If Bob dies, – will face a murder charge. Whatever happens, he is facing a pretty horrible time, and would probably appreciate some loving kindness, non-judgmental visitors, and tobacco." As it turned out Manchester Bob died. At the time of writing the matter is still before the court.



Roger Hopkins greeting a new day from the doorway of his art gallery.

Manchester Bob's death could have happened anywhere, but it happened at Tuntable Falls, bringing to light the question of whether after almost a decade in the bush the New Settlers have created a truly alternative society, or merely another society. In search of an answer we drove 13 kilometres back into Nimbin, the hub of the New Settler movement.

Nimbin was a dying town when the hippies moved in, a victim of the rural recession. Milk quotas had forced the small dairymen out and the cattle industry was failing. While tourism boomed along the coast the hinterland was slowly sinking. Then, with the Aquarius Festival of 1973, came the new breed of settlers, fuelled by American dreams of a rural resurgence, a simpler way of life and an answer to the increasingly hectic mental and physical demands of life in the cities.

They knew all about Woodstock, an American visionary called Stephen Gaskin and his dream of an entirely self-sufficient alternative society which could at once turn its back on the nuclear age and demonstrate to the world a better way of living. They knew something of Buckminster Fuller and the principles of basic shelter. Their philosophies incorporated Eastern religion, the tribal mythologies of the North American Indian and the Australian Aborigine, and the fundamental Christian belief of the God in everything. And they sought the freedom from city inhibitions to try it all out.

In Nimbin's run-down main street they set up a healing centre, a health foods cafe and a media and information base. The townsfolk were wary, but they played along with the game. These kids might wear funny clothes and use bad language, but they sure as hell put some life back into the place. Giant psychedelic murals appeared on the shop awnings, and as weeks turned into months the hardware shop did a roaring trade in basic building supplies. The hospital re-opened and the baker made a killing with a new wholemeal bread recipe the kids had given him.

The population influx gradually levelled off, but those who stayed bought small plots of land at recession prices, or paid for a share of communal properties like Tuntable. The tepees and surplus store tents that dotted the hills made way for more permanent structures – simple A-frames or banana-box bungalows, and here and there an adventurous Bucky Fuller geodesic dome. The new community slowly began to structure itself. There were concerts and folk nights and dances and lectures from visiting gurus. Vegetable gardens sprang up on what once were cow paddocks. And the Lismore dole office had to put on more staff to cope with the influx.

Terry McGee arrived in Nimbin shortly after the festival began. A stocky Sydneysider with some experience in the theatre, he joined the Tuntable Falls commune and set about co-ordinating Nimbin's cultural activities. Now, at 29, he is the closest thing the community has to a leader, a position he has reached with considerable criticism and compromise.

If David Spain, the hillside philosopher, represents Nimbin's extremist left, then McGee stands for the pragmatic right wing. He has shaved off his beard, but he still generally carries a couple of days' stubble. He is the town swimming coach and serves on the Lismore City Council as alderman for the Nimbin ward. He made it on to the Country Party dominated council with Labor Party support, but he believes that the majority of his people (he refers to them as "the freaks") made the effort to enrol and vote for him. McGee defines the "freak" population as those who at one time or another have used marijuana. It's a very loose definition, free of the "unity of purpose" rave one might expect from an alternative politician, but it is in keeping with McGee's studied low profile in a community which is suspicious of anything vaguely institutionalised, and yet desperately in need of a leader.

In the US, Stephen Gaskin's establishment of the Tennessee Farm and the inspiration he gave to other similar communities left no question about alternative leadership. Gaskin has even performed marriages along the road to his current exalted state. But in Australia the freaks have retained this much of their parents' values – they distrust politicians. And in the absence of a born leader they have preferred no leader. Some of them even regard the concept of leadership as dangerously straight, a fact about alternative life which Dr Jim Cairns, the former Labor deputy prime minister, is slowly learning.

So Terry McGee plays it pretty cool, working quietly on the council towards social, land and economic reforms which will enable the New Settlers to live in harmony with the locals and, he hopes, eventually assimilate. After all, when straight society embraces the alternatives there will be no need for an alternative society. Right? Well, maybe, but more of that later.

McGee estimates there are no more than 2000 "freaks" living in the entire Richmond-Tweed area, with possibly another 1000 transients passing through at any one time. If that is the case, then their influence far outweighs their number, but McGee says that tourism and retirement housing are largely responsible for the population regeneration. He doesn't see the freaks ever upsetting the balance of power, and regards as more important their role in demonstrating workable alternatives. To this end he has spent the past two years working simultaneously on two projects. The first concerns the future of Tuntable Falls commune. Ironically, pressures of business have forced McGee to move from Tuntable into town, but he plans to return when the bulk of the work has been completed.

In council he has fought for official endorsement of hamlet development, a financial necessity for many of the Tuntable's shareholders. Hamlet development means the approved construction of groups of houses using communal laundry and toilet facilities, and a number of houses on land previously designated for only one. Opponents of the developments call them "model slums", but Lismore City Council gave its provisional approval for trial developments at Tuntable some time ago and has so far given no indication that it will change its mind.

For the owner-builders of Tuntable, victory is in sight. The second of McGee's interests is the Bush Co-Op, a renovated butter factory on the outskirts of Nimbin which is fast developing into the first countercultural country club. "We wanted to create our own employment opportunities within this area," says McGee, straddling a swivel chair in his office at the front of the factory. There are schedules and rosters on the wall and a filing cabinet filled to the brim. McGee's files include such diverse subjects as "Council", "David Spainisms" and "Dope Busts".

The Bush Co-Op, jointly owned by 20 shareholders, houses an almost complete theatre (rehearsals for the first production, *Tommy,* were under way), a natural foods wholesale business, a newspaper office where a news sheet is prepared for the local tourist authority, a photographic darkroom and film editing room, and a carpentry workshop. Also planned are a squash court and a sauna bath.

But McGee's plans go far beyond this. "I can see this place one day not only helping to provide employment, but focusing attention on all the positive things the freaks have done in this area. I'd like to have a restaurant attached to the theatre and a model alternative village up there on the hill displaying all the new forms of architecture and technology we're using here."

But McGee's vision of a Disneyland for freaks is not shared by the entire community. Many regard him as a sellout, willing to manipulate the New Settlers in order to create a position of influence for himself in the society he was thought to have rejected. Says McGee: "Some of the freaks are pretty self-righteous, still a bit cosmic. But the realists survive here. We're doing what we set out to do: to set up a community space where a lot of people could live and work together."

It is too early to gauge the success of the Bush Co-Op. Everyone looks very busy but, according to sources close to its financing, the venture is still very much in the red. A $10,000 grant from the NSW Government helped cover early accounting costs and $2000 from the Arts Council goes to subsidising concerts, but many of the people involved in its projects are still on the dole. Its main function so far seems to have been in creating a variety of roles within the alternative community, a vital contribution because the freaks have learnt that not everyone can be a farmer in the new society.

Jennie Dell found that out early in the piece. A softly-spoken, self-assured Englishwoman, she came to Nimbin with a young child, and another on the way, determined to uncomplicate her life. "I was going to be a real earth mother," she says. "I was going to bake my own bread, fetch water from the creek and rear my children in the purest possible environment. Then I found that I wasn't really cut out for that sort of life at all. The great thing was that I discovered I could put my particular abilities to valid use within this community."

Jennie Dell, who left big city journalism behind in England, now conducts a fortnightly, four-hour radio program on the FM station which operates from the Northern Rivers College of Advanced Education. In it she probes issues of local concern – such as home birth – and gives airplay to the wealth of local musicians who gather at the Nimbin Folk Club on Sunday nights. In addition she types and contributes to the *Nimbin News.* All these jobs are voluntary. She draws a supporting mother's pension. Jennie is a well-respected person in Nimbin, both for her radio work and for her total commitment to better human understanding. She regards the development of individuals within the community as far more important than lofty ideas about wind and solar power schemes.

"Communication here is the most important thing," she says. "Working out relationships in a graceful and gentle way. It doesn't sound like much of a study, but it really is. I think if there's anything special about Nimbin it's the way people relate to each other, the incredibly supportive atmosphere that exists. It all starts from there, and if we're not seen to be making great waves it's not because there's nothing going on; it's because people have gone back to the small points of how to change the world. It starts right inside each person."

Nimbin is not only paranoid about the outside media, but obsessed with its own internal communications system. The word "media" is affixed to almost everything. The editor of the *Nimbin News* (and the position is about to become vacant at $10 a week if you're interested) pedals to his far-flung assignments on a bike set up with CB radio, tape deck and quadrophonic speakers – all run on pedal power. The *News* sells about 600 copies fortnightly at 20 cents each, and carries community announcements, profound raves on such matters as the coming apocalypse, and a fair share of parish pump politics.

Its basic policy is not to edit anything, editing being tantamount to censorship, which makes for a long but honest newsletter. Copies are devoured within hours of publication, and it's not uncommon to see New Settlers sitting under trees in the park happily reading about themselves. The curious thing is that the communications system seems to produce very few tangible results. It is the concept of homegrown media, rather than its content, that seems to be the thing.

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We picked up a young hitch-hiker on the Tuntable Falls Road one day, and drove him into Nimbin. It was a Saturday afternoon, he was 10 years old and he was going to Nimbin to "hang out". He told us he'd lived at Tuntable for six years, that his mother was "out of it" and that on his 16th birthday or shortly thereafter he intended to steal a motorcycle and run away to the city. His mother, father and stepfather all lived on the commune, he said, but for the past three days he had been living in a house by himself. "Hippies give me the shits," he said. "Ever rolled this thing (the kombi)? Let me out at Daisy's, will ya?"

Juvenile delinquency is a brand new problem for the freaks. The first arrivals are now nearly all in their thirties, and many have children who will soon be teenagers. A backlash seems inevitable, for just as their parents chose an alternative way of life, so too will the new generation.

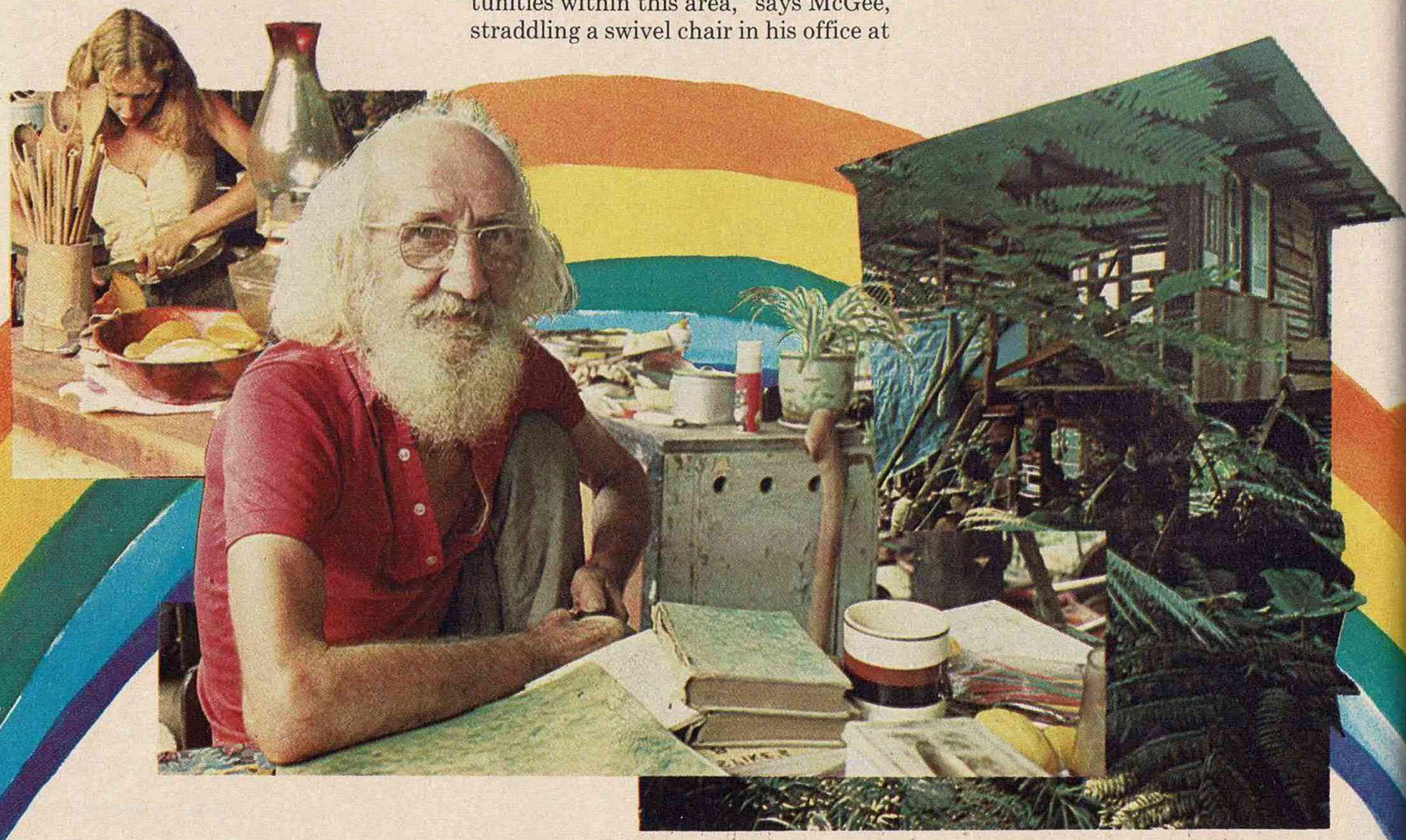
Since the beginning of 1978 the tiny township of Nimbin has had two schools – the long-established State School on the low side of the road, and the Community School in a converted house almost opposite. We turned up at the Community School at a bad time to visit any school, a steamy Friday afternoon. Our request for a group photo in the front yard was greeted with a wild scramble.

The kids, who range in age from five to 11, hammed it up for the camera. Then two uniformed State School pupils walked by, and all hell broke loose . . . "You fucking poofters," screamed a six-year-old. The teachers looked at each other and laughed. But the road which separates the two schools is not as clear a dividing line as it seems. Many of the New Settlers still send their children to the State School, believing that a formal education is a good foil for their home lives. And some of the Old Settlers have expressed interest in the new school, but have not yet enrolled their children.

"The eventual result of this will be integration," says John Geke, co-ordinator of the Community School. Geke, who has taught in progressive schools in Sydney, is down-to-earth about his project. "I'm really the headmaster, I suppose, but co-ordinator is the 'in' word."

Geke says that the school was born of dissatisfaction with the options offered by the school over the road. "We wanted to have a school that was tailor-made for us. We didn't want any sort of system." So the school kicked off first term last year with 40 pupils and a solid core of parents and volunteer teachers. Fees were kept to a minimum and based on government child allowances. The basic idea was for the learning process to evolve naturally, with those possessed of knowledge or skills wandering in to teach. But like so many ideals of the alternative society, success couldn't be achieved without compromise.

Says Geke: "We soon found that it was impossible for parents to



Dropping out in the Far North: Spike, 78, and his bush hut. He has seen hippies come and go a few times over the years. Inset: tranquil scenes at Rosebud Farm, near Kuranda.

contribute unless they had a role. It didn't matter whether it was cleaning toilets or teaching them how to read, everyone had to have a specific task." Now the school has a timetable, teachers are rostered on and off and there is a curriculum, albeit a loosely constructed one.

"The main differences are the variety of things they learn here," says Geke, "and the continuity we maintain between home life and school life. We've tried to do away with that alienation that develops between parent and teacher and parent and school age child."

The freaks of the Rainbow Region are never more in evidence than on market days. Two Sundays a month they set up a variety of stalls in a picture-book valley called The Channon and behind the old church hall at Main Arm, dealing in herbs, pottery, leatherwork, beads, jewellery, clothing and natural foods. There is invariably music, trance-dancing and the sweet smell of marijuana. The latter seems to go unnoticed by the clean-living townsfolk of Lismore and surrounding districts; dope smoking has yet to turn the freaks into human vegetables, and a good bargain beats a social prejudice hands down anyway. Town matrons hand over their money to wild-eyed long-hairs without so much as a murmur. And in Nimbin itself craft has become even more of a social catalyst.

Decorated coathangers made by the ladies of the town hang alongside freak wares in Roger Hopkins' Nimbin Gallery. Hopkins, a small, bearded man in his fifties whose enamelling work ranks amongst Nimbin's finest art, sold a home unit in Ashfield, Sydney, to finance his gallery. Now he wears batik house-coats and stands in his doorway playing the fiddle as Nimbin comes to life each morning.

The gallery takes no percentage and he lives from the sale of his own work. "To call it a hobby you have to assume that there is also work," he says. "Up here we seem to have done away with all that. The word work has almost lost its meaning."

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We'll come back to Nimbin later in this saga, but now let's press on, into the Deep North. Let's hang out with some real freaks. On our way to Cairns and points beyond we stopped off at Nambour, in the hinterland of Queensland's Sunshine Coast, partly to settle the dust of the road, and partly to reaffirm our belief in alternative decentralisation.

It's important to note that while we centred most of our attention on Nimbin (because it's the biggest) and to a lesser degree Cairns (because it's the last outpost), there are similar scenes all over the country. New Settlers are everywhere. Better go check your lantana patch.

Near Nambour we drove up a dirt track into the rain forest and discovered the Yandina communities, 40 or 50 families who have quietly established an independent lifestyle on communally owned land less than 20 kilometres from the State's fastest growing tourist resort. Starting four or five years after their Nimbin counterparts, the Yandina settlers have avoided many of the common teething problems. Their homes are well-ordered affairs with wooden name-plates at their gates. Although we couldn't pin anyone down to a statement of religious belief, the community newsletter revealed a common spiritual base in Christianity. We spoke to Steve ("just Steve"), a Brisbane-born carpenter who refused to confirm or deny that God was lurking nearby.

"I know people seem to think there is a Christian element here, but it's not heavy," he says, "I guess most of us believe in the God in everything." Spiritually based or not, the Yandina settlers have gone about their business with a sense of purpose and unity that would have cheered as joyless a pioneer as Brother Brigham Young.

The men of the community have built a huge and solid community centre, where on Sundays they gather to barter. Most families have basic gardens supplemented by a few rows of whatever grows best to trade. On Sundays the hill people bring down papaws and bananas and exchange them with the valley residents for vegetables. The more able farmers supply produce to the restaurants dotted along the coast, while the community leather shop employs up to a dozen people with piecework.

There are further prospects of employment from within following a recent alternative energy seminar. With town electricity too expensive to connect, the community is looking at projects involving solar and wind power. Steve, for his part, is nearing completion of a two-storey cabin, workshop and garage for his farm machinery. The house, his first project using round timber, was built with logs he cut and hauled from the forest with his tractor. He and his wife have started a vegetable garden and orchard, and hope to do well with avocados in a few years. "There's a sunny vibe around here," he says. Too sunny to be true? Who knows? But if there is seething discontent and mayhem about to errupt at Yandina, we couldn't find it. Something was keeping the spirits high.

"A few years ago there used to be a turd behind every tree around here," says Spike, looking out at Kuranda from the kitchen of his mud-floor hut. At 78, Spike has seen the hippies come and go several times. "Not many people know this, but Dame Mary Gilmore lived in a commune just up the road here in 1902. That was before they all left and went to Paraguay. Never could understand why they went – probably reckoned suburbia was closing in."

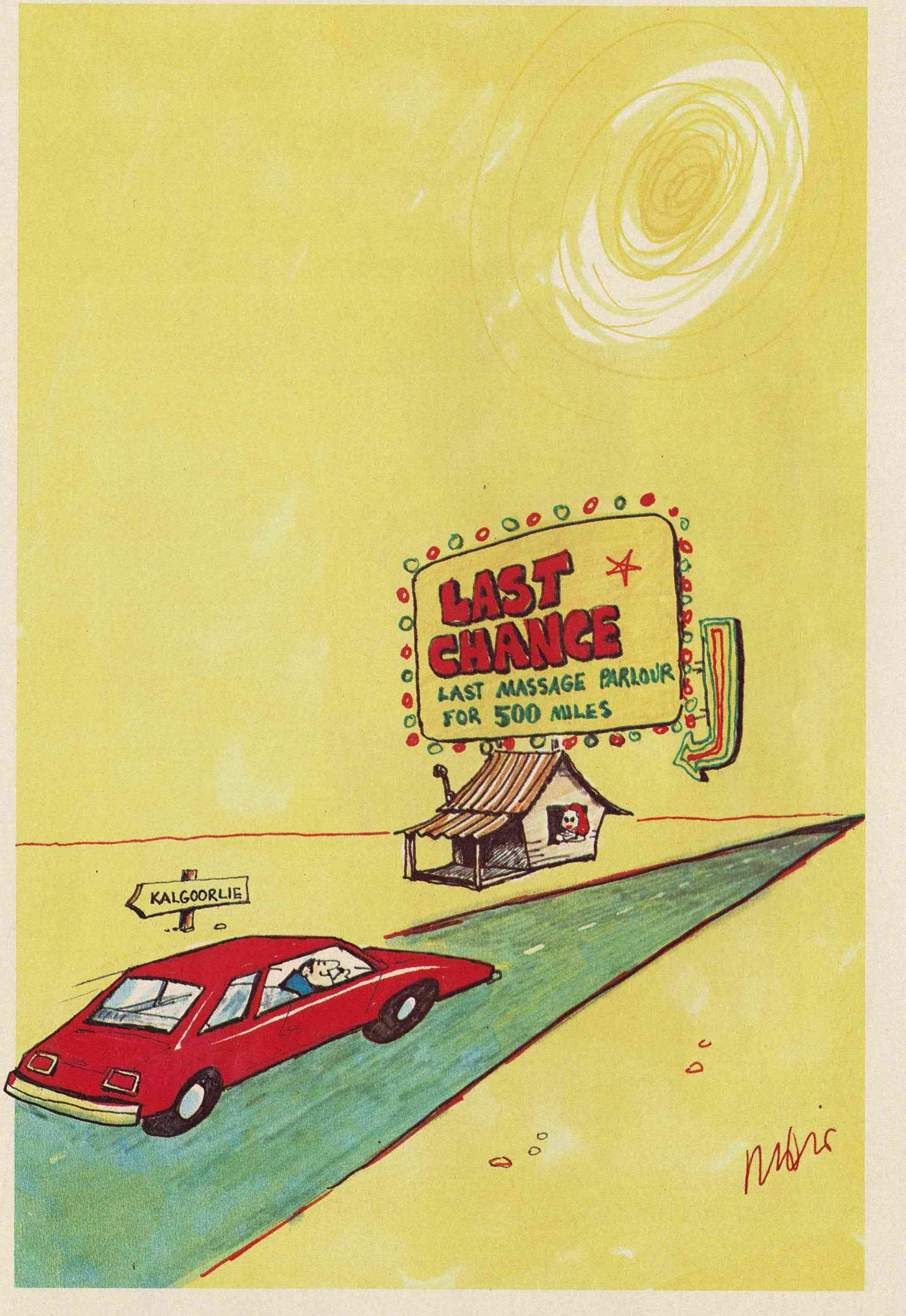
Seventy-seven years later suburbia really is closing in on the town of Kuranda, high in the Atherton Tablelands overlooking Cairns, and like Gilmore's mob, most of the New Settlers have fled. Those who remain have adjusted to the restraints of living in a country town.

"It was more or less get straight or get out," said Margie, a weatherbeaten mother of four who came to the North with the late sixties influx. Now a devotee in Guru Maharaj Ji's Divine Light Mission, she told us of some of the changes she'd been through in the last 10 years.

She'd dropped out with her husband and lived first in Kuranda, then further north at Mossman. There the people she lived with cultivated marijuana and were continually hassled by the police. Eventually her home was burnt down during a raid. Her marriage broke up and she moved back to the tableland and shacked up with a naturopath, having two children by him. The naturopath enforced a strict diet of tropical fruit and coconut and the children got sicker and sicker. Eventually one died.

Heartbroken and suffering from malnutrition, she moved her family back into the township of Kuranda. And after a long period of despair she turned on to Maharaj Ji. According to Margie, things started to fall into place. "The trouble up here was that this is the end of the line," she said. "Sooner or later all the crazies find their way here because it's the last stop. Everything gets taken to the point of extremism, and basically good things like natural foods, herbal remedies or whatever tend to blot out the reality."

Margie's embittered version of events in the North is shared by many of Cairns' more solid citizens,


LAST CHANCE
LAST MASSAGE PARLOUR FOR 500 MILES
KALGOORLIE

particularly policemen, who evoked sordid images of hippie fanaticism during the much-publicised Cedar Bay trials of 1976 and 1977. But it is only part of the story.

The townspeople have come to associate the whole New Settler movement with what they regard as the squalid, inferior lifestyle of the mission Aborigines, and Cairns is a very racist town. Their worst fears are confirmed by police reports from Bloomfield Mission, and the other settlements around Cooktown, of hippies taking to bootleg plonk with great relish.

In fact there are a great many desperate, bewildered young people living in the rain forests north of Cairns, sitting in the jungle allowing their tropical ulcers to fester, somehow missing the entire point of the alternative society. But for every desperate you'll find a genuine, head-together dropout, pursuing his chosen lifestyle and harming no one. The onset of the wet season and Cyclone Kerry kept us out of Cedar Bay, but from all reports the dwellings of North Camp, rebuilt since that brutal and senseless raid, are more beautiful than they were three years ago, when an ABC TV crew revealed the truth about Cedar Bay's "squalor".

The real problem the New Settlers face is employment. The vagrancy law is strongly enforced and there are very few job opportunities for long-hairs, even in Cairns. Many a southern hippy has come north to comb deserted beaches and wound up in a light plane headed for Karumba, on the Gulf, to work long hours on a prawn trawler to support his freedom habit. Young girls, in particular, are much in demand from trawler captains to wash and cook. The prawn workers come back to town with money and a yen for high times. And heroin and alcohol abuse are growing problems in Cairns.

Against this not altogether happy backdrop, we were ejected from Rosebud Farm, near Kuranda, and denied a close look at perhaps the area's most productive New Settlers. Founded as a smallish commune by two young Americans almost 10 years ago, Rosebud has developed into a kind of experimental tropical orchard. The six or eight people who live there work long hours planting and tending their crops, which include exotic fruits imported by the founders from the jungles of South America. The experiments seem to be working, and Rosebud will probably one day figure in botany text books, but right now the owners feel that they have been burnt by bad publicity once too often.

We walked into the farm just before sunset one evening, had a cuppa with the workers and took some pictures in the last light of the day. But when we returned the next morning we were met at the gate by an angry owner. "You're drawing a barrier between people like me and the rest of the community and that's just plain wrong," he said. We argued the toss and then left him sitting on his tractor at the edge of a new development called Freedom County, its kerb and guttering stopping abruptly at the old bridge which leads into Rosebud Farm.

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Sri Richard had asked us to come and Gerry, the peace officer, had agreed that it would help us get the "full picture" of life at Tuntable Falls. But obviously, nobody had informed the chairperson of the tribal council, who announced to a somewhat dismayed tribe that members of the press were present and that a vote had better be taken. Gerry spoke on our behalf, saying that we seemed to be of sound mind and body and not overly committed to sensationalism.

A pretty girl in a straw hat said we'd have to go, but the vote was grudgingly in our favor, on the condition that I summarised my observations for the benefit of all present before leaving. I agreed, and business proceeded.

Since my return to the big smoke I have recounted this episode to normally tolerant friends and they have invariably cracked up laughing. "Tribal council! What were they gonna do? Tie you to a stake?" And I guess the image of a room full of migrants from the city self-consciously laying down the laws of the jungle is pretty funny. But it was at least democratic, and people spoke their own minds.

People strode out of the building from time to time, muttering "bullshit" and "what a wanker" and other un-Hansard-like phrases, but decisions were reached on a number of important issues.

I waited patiently through a noisy debate about the introduction of a septic system into the valley, then almost stood to attention when a matter was raised which encompassed the entire dilemma of alternative communal living. Freedom, tolerance, privacy, the whole show. A model for a better way of life or just a cop-out from society? I pushed my way closer towards the speakers.

A psychiatrist had sent a letter requesting that a patient, a screwed-up drag queen, be accepted into the community, there to get his/her head together again away from the prejudices of straight society. This brought to light a number of ethical questions about just how free and loving a free-love community can afford to be. Someone suggested that a swap be made. Another speaker said that Tuntable was not a suitable environment for someone on the brink. Yet another questioned the right of a psychiatrist to choose a lifestyle for another person.

But the general thrust of the argument was that Tuntable was never intended to be a half-way house for weirdos and that the psychiatrist had mistaken its function. A motion was passed that a letter be sent to the psychiatrist defining the commune's real function. Then, if the drag queen happened along he/she would be judged on his/her merits. It seemed fair enough, but as an outsider I was left in no doubt as to the general mood of the community. With a murder barely two weeks old and the taste of scandal still on everyone's lips, they'd had enough crazies. Even at Tuntable, freedom to live the way you choose is not achieved without some degree of compromise.

●

So there ain't no paint on the bungalow, and what of it? They love it. But what does it all mean to us, we who live with our mortgages, train strikes, smog readings and fights with the boss? Somewhere in this maze of conflicting philosophies, mixed-up ideologies and uncertain people, is there emerging a blueprint for a better way of living in the 1980s?

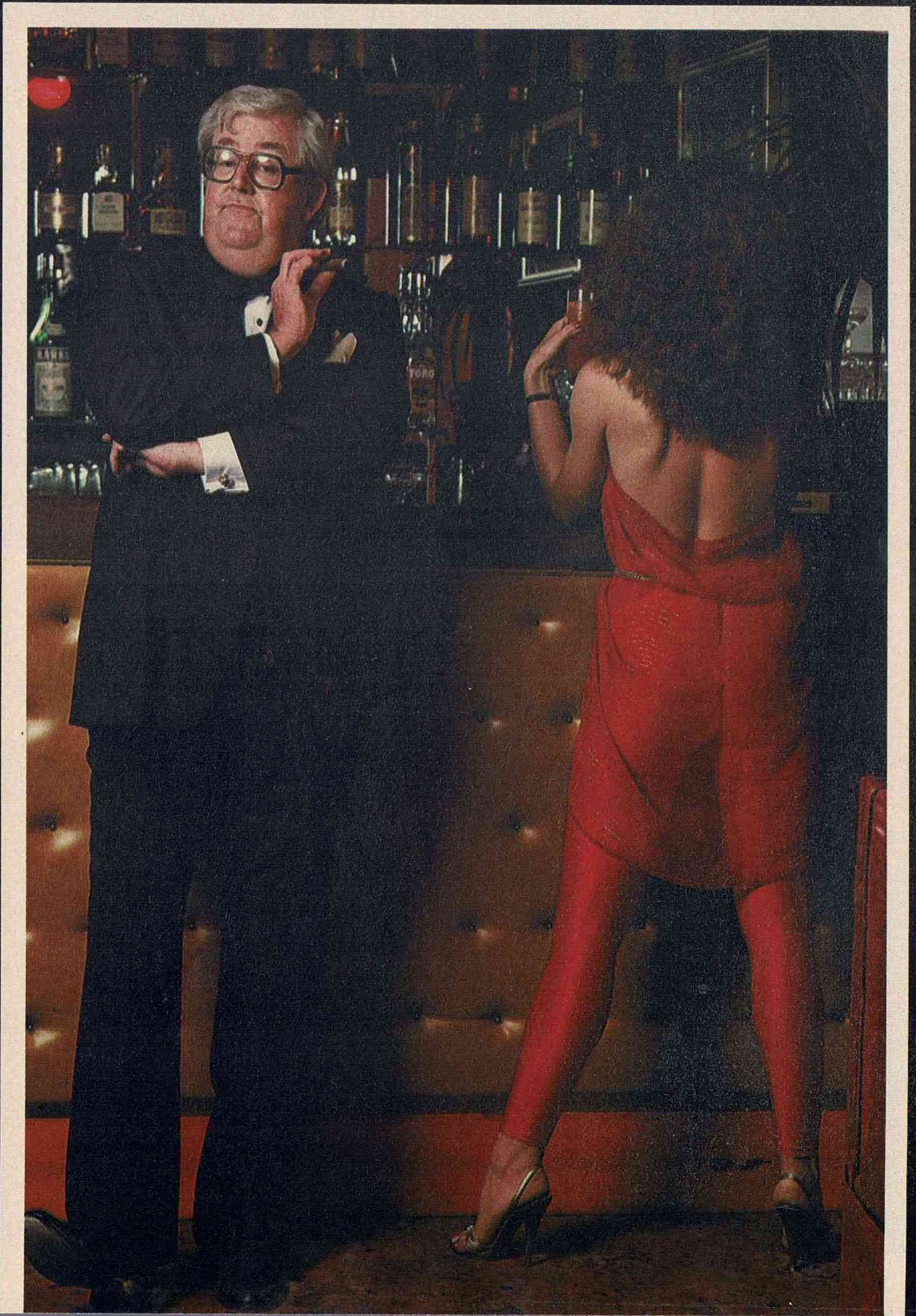
As I said at the beginning, it is still too early to evaluate the true legacy of the counter-culture, but part of the answer may lie in the fact that the term "counter-culture" is no longer really applicable. Of the people I spoke to, those whose achievements will most likely influence the rest of us were almost unanimous in their rejection of such shallow typecasting. "Counter to what?" was a typical response.

These people believed that a truer picture would emerge when complete integration had taken place, when the drop-outs had dropped back in, bringing with them the knowledge gleaned from a decade of separate existence. According to those who have delved into Aboriginal lore the word "Nimbin" means "a place of learning". And what good is learning if it can't be shared with those who need it most?

Of course the integration has already begun. The ideas which have evolved from the New Settler Movement have already been taken a step beyond the geographical and philosophical borders of hippiedom. All over the country creative and free-thinking people have adopted a lifestyle which encompasses the best features of both freak and straight worlds. Next month, in the second part of this series, we'll be meeting some.

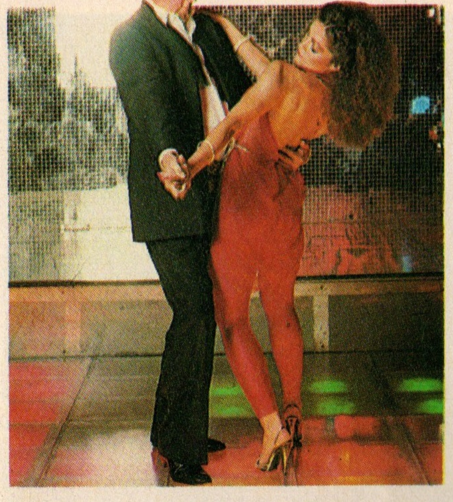
NO MEAN FEET

mr noel ferrier shows how to slip into disco

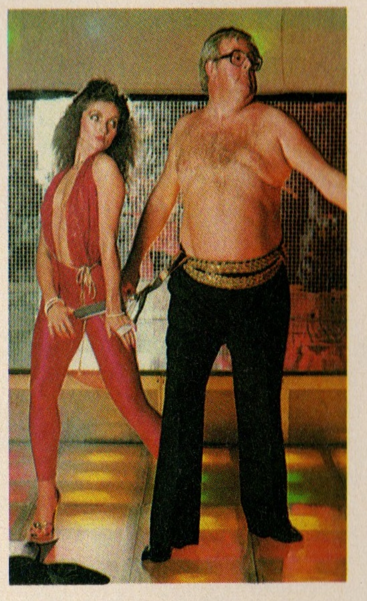


DISCO, the art of making an attack of St Vitus Dance look like the ultimate in terpsichorean achievement, is a breeze. We have this from no less an authority than Mr Noel Ferrier, renowned bon vivant, gourmet, thespian (his morals are his business) and danseur, who speaks with the backing of an impressive list of credits. A truly formidable exponent of the Pride of Erin, Schottische and Gypsy Tap, he also spent two years performing in *Irene*, a stage highlight which, apart from elevating Julie Anthony to building society TV commercials, also proved that Mr Ferrier expended more energy in each show than an Aussie Rules footballer does in one-and-a-half games. (You want trivia? We have trivia.) At great expense (one cigar and a Big Mac) we persuaded Mr Ferrier to perform at one of Sydney's discotoria with the lovely Marie Ploski. Who needs Travolta?

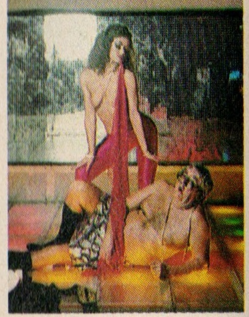
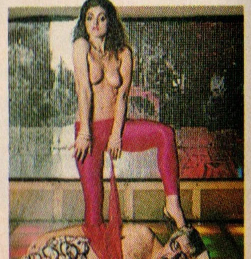
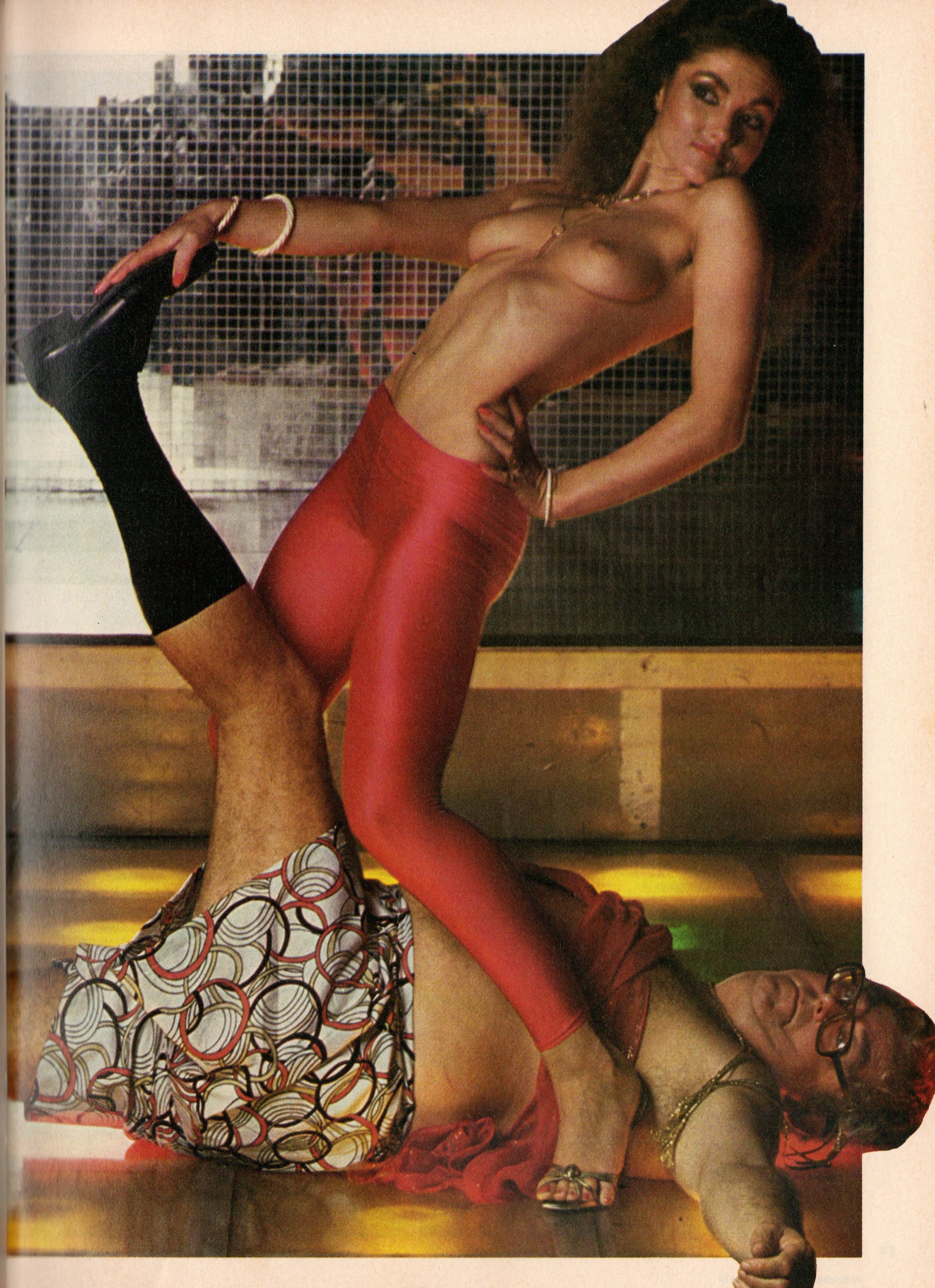
"I might not have danced with Pavlova but I've eaten her products often enough to appreciate that first you have to get your bird. With that in mind, I recommend the three basic Ferrier approaches: scintillating wit, threats of suicide or on-the-knees desperation. However, if none of these is successful, you can always resort to bribery. Note my style, both in dress and deportment. The cummerbund is an optional extra but you must adopt a supercilious look which suggests you don't really need to do this for a living; there are always television commercials."

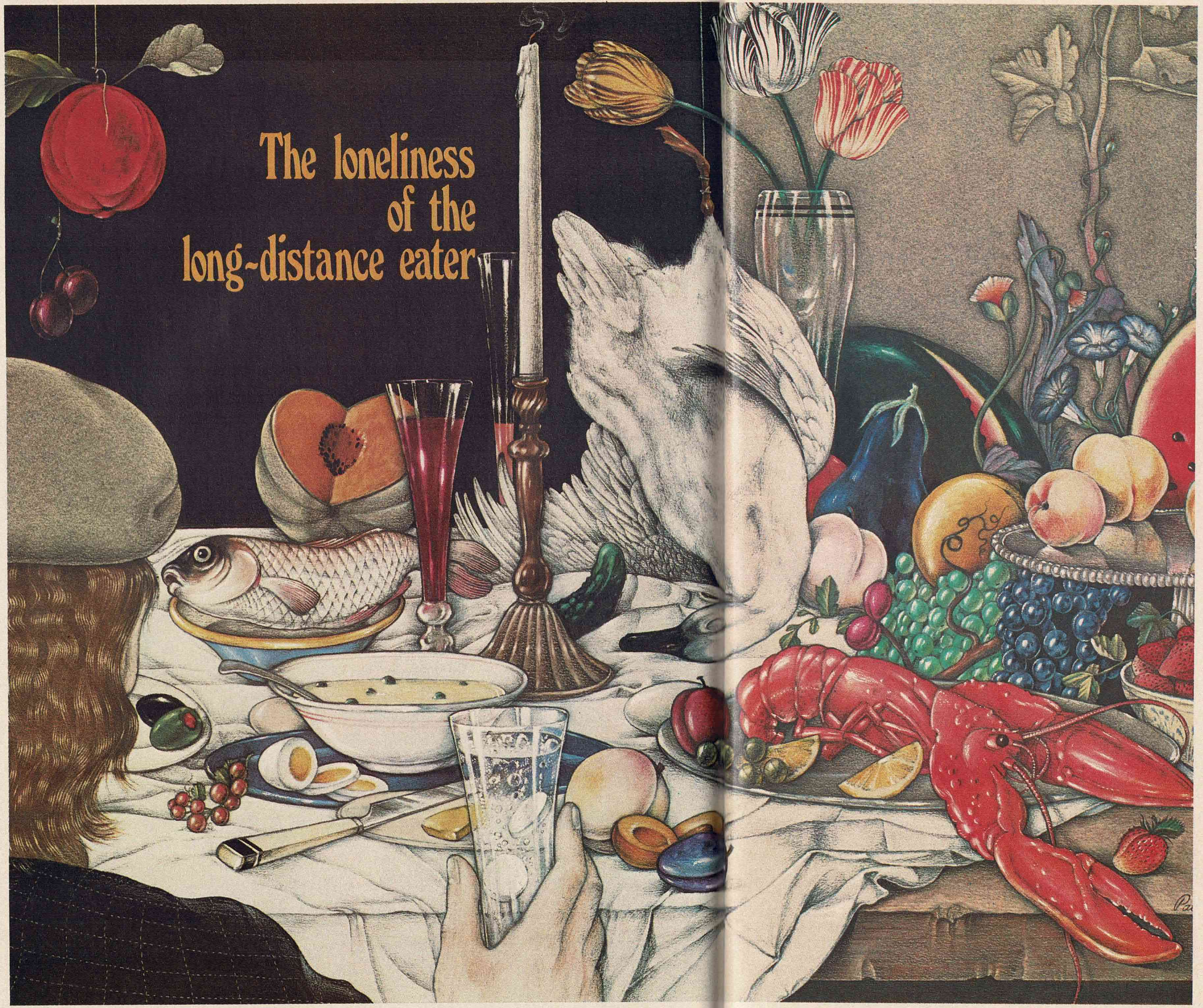


"Once you have astounded the lucky young woman with your twinkling toes, she undoubtedly will begin pleading with you to display your macho manly physique. By all means accede — and to hell with the dry-cleaning bills."



"You will notice that everything I do is done with flair and panache. Every part of me moves in complete harmony; arms, legs, bottom lip. And, inspired by my representation of epic poetry in motion — not to mention my sensational new line in undergarments — my partner feels constrained to match my uninhibited capitulation to the muse. This is the true spirit of the dance; the joyful abandonment of man's earthly shackles. And if you *should* happen to fall over, you can always ask the young lady if she would like to make it the best two out of three."



The loneliness of the long-distance eater

you can have too much of a good thing if you eat out exquisitely for a living

article **By Rudolf Chelminski**

Illustration by Palladini

JEAN DIDIER sits at the wheel of his orange Lancia, resting briefly, composing mind and stomach. It is noon Friday. He is in Valence, a pleasant town halfway between Lyons and Avignon. To his right are the immaculate stucco walls and the big oaken front door of Pic, one of the greatest restaurants in the world. He has really been eating since Monday. Now, on the fifth day, duty calls again, but he isn't hungry.

Didier is a professional eater. A French professional eater, to make matters worse. The peculiar trade he exercises takes him several hundred times a year into the temples of gastronomy, the fabulous dining places that most ordinary mortals only dream about. For Didier, they are the stuff of routine, like middle-income houses for door-to-door salesmen. Not only does he have the opportunity to eat like a prince every day; he is *expected* to. It is his job to ingest the most exquisite creations of the best cooks on the face of the earth.

He feels the numbing anguish of satiety as he sits in his parked car. He has already been spotted, he knows. The Lancia Spider isn't exactly a discreet car in the first place, and when it is bright orange the top restaurateurs in France instinctively snap to attention because it means the *Guide Kléber* has arrived. Didier is founder, editor-in-chief, guiding genius and still the number one eater of the *Kléber,* the blood rival of the famous old *Guide Michelin.* Both are offspring of tyre companies, but the *Michelin* had enjoyed a virtual monopoly on the restaurant-guide business in France since its first publication in 1900. Then, in 1954, Didier founded his guide and has been steadily eating into (pardon) the mighty *Michelin's* lead.

Didier sighs, slides out from behind the wheel, carefully locks up, squares his shoulders and marches into the restaurant. Now, as he walks into the beautiful, flower-laden dining-room, past the respectfully smiling *maître d'hôtel* and the respectfully inclining waiters, into the welcoming arms of Jacques and Suzanne Pic – *"Mais, quelle surprise, Monsieur Didier, et quel plaisir"* – his athletic digestive tract is stalled, his appetite extinguished. Pic makes a quick imperious gesture, mutters a few words to Alex, his sommelier, and within seconds, a bottle of Billecart-Salmon has appeared on the corner table. A man of impulse, Pic has chosen a rosé champagne, even though he knows that many gourmets and food snobs disdain all rosé wines. But he has confidence in Billecart-Salmon's magic. Didier smiles graciously, sips and almost immediately falls to discussing with Monsieur Pic the composition of his lunch menu. It is the professional reflex of the eating trade. As the moments pass, as the delectable possibilities flash past his mind's eye – a young guinea perhaps, or an orgy of truffles in a flaky pastry shell, or a lobster, or maybe a stuffed pigeon, or a saddle of lamb – the champagne begins its subversive work, tickling his guts, building the base of yet another nascent euphoria. Didier feels his stomach juices coursing again. His appetite is coming to life. At length, after much scholarly examination and comparison, Monsieur Pic and he agree on a menu that will offer him the chance to judge a wide range of the specialties that, naturally, Pic himself will prepare:

Fisherman's salad (lobster, scallops, crayfish tails and green beans in a vinegary mayonnaise).

Feuilleté bohémienne (truffles and *foie gras* in a flaky pastry shell, topped with a *Périgeux* sauce)

Filet of sea bass with caviar, with a champagne sauce

Artichoke hearts with baby asparagus tips, accompanied by a light hollandaise sauce

Saffron veal sweetbreads on a bed of fresh spinach

Cold breast of duckling cooked with raspberry vinegar, served with fresh peas and cucumber mousse

Turbot with fresh morel mushrooms

Salmon *filet* with leeks

Fricassée of lamb with basil

Cheeses and desserts

Pic suggests that a small *filet* steak might be indicated after the lamb, but Didier doesn't feel he needs any beef. The menu seems good enough as it is. He takes a sip of champagne, nibbles on a grilled almond and waits. He is feeling better. Luckily, that's the way it usually happens with his meals.

Didier began his eating trip (he calls it a *tournée*) at 6.30 Monday morning, wheeling south out of Paris toward Lyons. He breaks up his *tournées* by regions and subregions of France, following a pre-established calendar that by year's end will have taken him into virtually every corner of the country. The point of each trip, and each meal, is to double-check restaurants' quality against the rating he has given them in his guide: a crowned red rooster (The Best Restaurants in France), a crowned black rooster (Great Restaurants, Comfortable Surroundings), a crowned stewpot (Great Restaurants, Simpler Surroundings) and uncrowned roosters or stewpots (Fine Restaurants). If he finds them better, or worse, he will change the symbol in the next edition. The recital that follows tells of just part of a professional eater's week of work.

Didier is comfortably installed on the sunny terrace of Alain Chapel, formerly La Mère Charles in Mionnay, drinking a cocktail of champagne and raspberry syrup. Once a modest bistro (it was painted by Utrillo in 1929), the restaurant is now a monument to the cooking talent of Alain Chapel. Naturally, his restaurant sports a crowned red rooster in the *Kléber* and three stars in the *Michelin*. Antoine, the headwaiter, suggests a series of several entrees.

It begins while Didier is still out on the terrace with the champagne: deep-fried whitefish and baby sole hardly bigger than artichoke leaves. It is what the French call an *"amuse-gueule"*, or "snout amuser", their equivalent of a palate tickler. He moves inside for the serious stuff, opening the hostilities with a salad of sautéed fresh morel mushrooms (the season is only two or three weeks long, and he is in luck with his timing) over crayfish tails with a buttery sauce accented by a tiny point of anise. With it he drinks a cold Brouilly, one of the best of the Beaujolais growths. A ragout of sea bass and red mullet follows, the two *filets* sitting on a bed of chervil, spinach and Swiss chard. The sauce for the sea bass is based on white wine, the sauce for the mullet, on red. Chapel is having fun playing with colors. Didier devours them with a flat spoon, making little guttural noises of contentment.

He continues chewing. Now it is tender white asparagus, lukewarm, between delicate rectangles of flaky pastry, with rooster kidneys and thick slices of truffles. At this moment, his entire world – his person, his aspirations, his life – is concentrated into this *feuilleté d'asperges* and its hollandaise sauce, into each savory explosion of taste when he bites through another rooster kidney. You take your sensuous pleasures as they come.

Gérard, the sommelier, pours a superb red Burgundy, a Bonnes Mares 1971, into his oversized snifter-style glass, taking care not to agitate or bruise it. Didier destroys a duck-liver steak with sweet turnips. When the cheese table is rolled up, he opts for his sophisticated-peasant act, ordering a plate of green leeks to accompany his fresh goat cheese.

The next big project is lunch at La Pyramide, in the city of Vienne, south of Lyons. The almost legendary Pyramide is the temple founded by Fernand Point, the giant of French cooking who taught most of today's great chefs much of their kitchen grammar. Although Point has been dead for years now, his intractable tradition of respect for proper food properly eaten is faithfully maintained by his 80-year-old widow, Mado. Elegant and assured, Madame Point greets Didier as soon as he enters her restaurant.

"A bottle of Dom Pérignon, Louis," she tells the sommelier. She takes a symbolic splash in her own glass and sits down to talk with Didier as he plans his lunch. Wealthy food fanatics would pay dearly for the honor of having Madame Point join them for a drink. Didier likes the idea of fresh morel mushrooms, but Madame Point raises an eyebrow.

"I'm afraid you'll have to have them *en casserole,"* she says. "We had problems this morning with the flaky pastry, so there's no *croustade."*

The pastry chef probably caught hell for that. Didier sticks with the morels, nonetheless, but first prepares the ground with an old Point specialty, *pâté* of thrush flavored with juniper berries. After the mushrooms, Madame Point sends over a tart pear sherbet to clear mouth and stomach for the rich, creamy *cassolette* of veal kidneys that follows.

Shortly after, Didier allows that it is his birthday. "I would be tempted to order a vintage from my birth year," he says to the sommelier, "but then, of course, that would have to be a Bordeaux, wouldn't it?"

"If you're fatigued, you can call for a Bordeaux," says Louis, the 69-year-old sommelier, with feigned innocence. "One likes Bordeaux after a certain age." Didier compromises and asks him to choose a good Côtes Rhône for the main course.

Louis uncorks the red wine without going through the ritualistic display of

"Like a rattlesnake, they reckon."

the label. Didier has been challenged. Louis fills his glass and places the bottle at the far end of the table, its label facing outward. Didier sips.

"Goddamn!" he fairly shouts. "That's a truck! That's a bulldozer!"

The powerful, sun-nourished wine is of a red so deep that it borders on blue.

"I think it's a Côte Rôtie," he ventures, "but I'm not sure."

Louis turns the bottle: Côte Rôtie.

Another high point of the trip is lunch with the Troisgros Brothers in Roanne. Roanne is an undistinguished and not particularly gracious middle-sized city on the banks of the Loire River, whose only attraction, unless you have a lover there or some textiles to flog, is Hôtel des Frères Troisgros. Along with Alain Chapel's place, and Paul Bocuse's in Lyons, and a handful of others, it is one of the front-runners in anyone's theoretical sweepstakes for the world's greatest restaurants. Both brothers, Jean, 51, and Pierre, 49, are former disciples of old Fernand Point, and both are venerated by the eating establishment as high priests of equal stature in what has come to be known as the new school of French cooking.

Jean Troisgros isn't around today; he has gone down to the town of Pauillac to do a little party cooking for Philippe de Rothschild. Over in a corner booth, Pierre's wife and daughter are just finishing their lunch of soft-shelled lobster.

"If you had come half an hour earlier I would have given them to you," Pierre says.

Didier consoles himself with an appetiser that is a little invention of Pierre's: a salad of baby eels smothered in crushed tomato, oil and vinegar. To his thorough satisfaction, he finds that he is starving. He races happily through the famous Troisgros vegetable terrine (artichoke hearts, green beans, celery, carrots, asparagus tips and truffles bonded together by a *foie gras* mousse), thrush *pâté* with a spinach-and-potato salad, oysters lightly poached in champagne and four fish *filets* on a bed of green vegetables, washing it all down with cool red Burgundy. With the main course, a pigeon cooked with whole garlic cloves, the choice of the wine is trickier.

"I'm more Burgundy than Bordeaux," says Didier, "and more Côte de Nuits than Côte de Beaune," spontaneously coining an unbeatable bit of one-upmanship for the vocabulary of future wine snobs.

"Why don't I give you a 1973 Bonnes Mares?" suggests Gilbert, the sommelier.

"Bravo!" cries Didier. "He remembered—my favorite wine!"

Shortly after the arrival of the beautiful, plump pigeon and its side order of sautéed mushrooms, Pierre saunters out of the kitchen to see how things are going.

When the waiter, Michel, proposes the vast Troisgros cheese platter, Didier brings forth another nice bit of didactic expertise. "Young man," he says, "I'd drinking the Bonnes Mares '73, so I will choose my cheese in consequence. I will take one goat cheese only, and not too young. Never two women in my bed at the same time, and never two cheeses on my plate."

That night, back in Lyons, he has his first failure: he cancels a restaurant and stays in the hotel.

Driving back to Lyons late one afternoon, Didier has to fight off the waves of sleepiness generated by lunch-time wine. He knows that night's dinner is at Paul Bocuse's, Lyon's most famous citizen and the most famous cook in the world today.

But Didier isn't hungry, and that is bad show, bad show. They have been waiting for him at Bocuse's restaurant. Once the word got around that the *Kléber* was in the region, they knew very well he had to drop by the emperor's place sooner or later. Didier is greeted at the door by Françoise, Bocuse's beautiful daughter, and, a few seconds later in the dining-room, by Raymonde, his equally beautiful wife. Bocuse is out of town, tending to Rengaya Paul Bocuse in Tokyo, but with wife and daughter in the room (his mother, Irma, is there, too, writing out the bills at the cash desk), and his top chef, Roger Jaloux, in the kitchen, things are under control.

As soon as Didier takes a seat, a champagne and raspberry syrup cocktail appears before him, along with a plate of *amuse-gueules*. Secretly, he wishes he could just have a salad and go to bed, but when you are the *Guide Kléber* you don't play the wilting virgin. You are expected to eat. Bocuse's famous truffle soup is a must; it is a fairly recent creation and Didier has never sampled it. He follows with a hot *pâté* in a pastry shell and a luke-warm salad of lobster with vegetables and herbs.

In spite of Didier's mild protestations, Kiki the waiter gives him a second helping of *pâté chaud.* Kiki has been serving Didier for 15 years. He knows he is a sucker for the *pâté* and pepper sauce. At 9.20, Didier pops a bile pill. He feels hot and uncomfortable.

The lobster is fabulous, of course, but now Didier is truly laboring. He feels as if he were onstage – which isn't too far from the truth, in fact. By an act of sheer will, he chews mechanically through the lobster, enjoying it as much as if it were cardboard.

Next morning he feels better and remarks: "The dinner last night was of a great finesse and elegance. That *pâté chaud* was sublime."

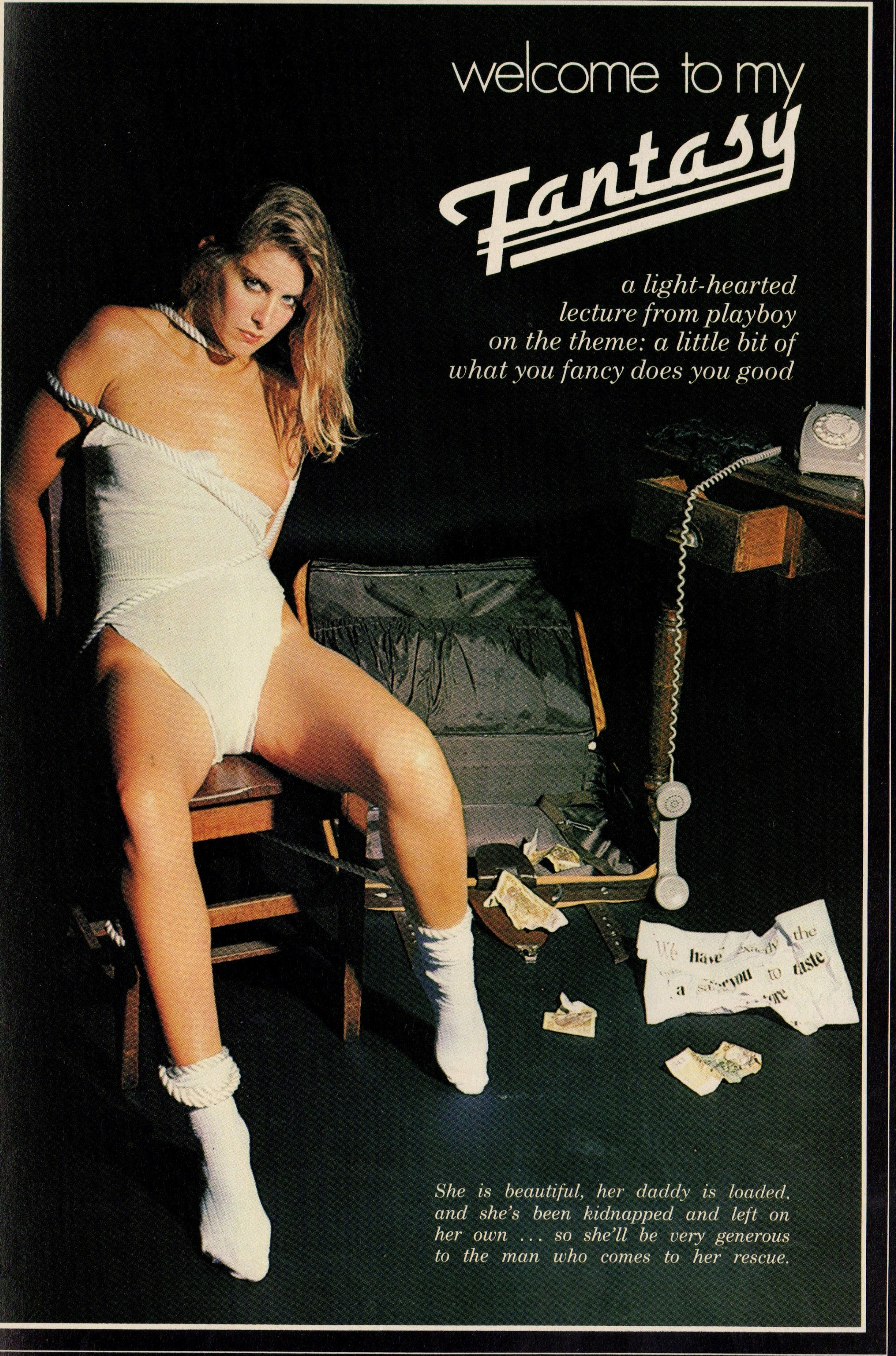
He is heading north out of Lyons, on his last leg of his *tournée*. Only one meal remains. Almost before Didier knows it, he is on the twisting country road leading towards Saulieu, home of the grand old Côte d'Or, a restaurant almost as famous as La Pyramide. But where La Pyramide has continued navigating under the steady hand of Madame Point, the Côte d'Or has had an irregular record since the retirement of Alexandre Dumaine, its former master. Now it is owned by Claude Verger, who has given responsibility for the kitchen to his 26-year-old disciple, Bernard Loiseau, and Loiseau is out to prove that he, too, can merit a *coq rouge couronné*.

Loiseau is so nervous about Didier's visit that he is literally watching the road, because this time Didier has telephoned ahead. When he arrives in the parking lot, Loiseau comes out to greet him before he has even got out of the car. Within minutes, Didier has a *kir* in his hand. He and Loiseau walk down the hill to say hello to Gerard Houssaie, a young cook from Normandy who has taken over the neighboring Vieille Auberge. Houssaie is about Loiseau's age, but he has the advantage of having his wife with him. Loiseau is a bachelor, in the prime of life with the sap running hard, but he has no diversion beyond the preparation of food in Saulieu.

"There's nothing here," he sighs. "No girls, no action, nothing. I'm just devoting myself to bringing the Côte d'Or back to the top. Other than that, I'm bored stiff here."

Didier rewards Loiseau's monk-like fealty to *haute cuisine* by destroying his lunch with obvious pleasure. Loiseau is watching every plate as it comes back to the kitchen. If Didier had left anything uneaten, Loiseau probably would have rushed out, demanding to know what had been displeasing. The lobster terrine, the poached oysters and the ragout of fish with red peppers disappear into *Kléber's* maw with the help of a delicious 1971 Puligny-Montrachet. The red that follows, with the thin, rare duck steaks, is a vigorous Latricières-Chambertin. M. Loiseau's lunch is light, imaginative and easy to eat. Didier tells him so, and for a few minutes the young bachelor doesn't even care that there are no girls in Saulieu.

Didier feels euphoric and benign. He is thinking about taking it easy back in Paris and drinking mineral water for a few days. He takes another sip of champagne and smiles.



welcome to my Fantasy

a light-hearted lecture from playboy on the theme: a little bit of what you fancy does you good

She is beautiful, her daddy is loaded, and she's been kidnapped and left on her own ... so she'll be very generous to the man who comes to her rescue.

You wake up in a hotel room to find two French maids cleaning up. Do you sit up, or do you play possum and watch them?

You've been stranded on a tropical island for two weeks . . . and then you find a wild girl who has been alone for two years.

Photography by Dominique Longheon
Photography by Ken Middleton

SEXUAL fantasies are perfectly natural things to have, and quite good for your mental health, as well as uncommonly valuable in the relief of boredom and general lack of appetite.

It is, however, best not to mention them in polite company. It is possible polite company might respond by mentioning some vastly superior sexual fantasies of their own, leaving you feeling inadequate and unimaginative, with consequent ill effects on the libido.

How nice it is, how richly rewarding and romantic, to imagine that the world is full of women who are quite prepared to play a Trilby to your Svengali, a vivacious Scarlett O'Hara to your Rhett Butler, a Miss Piggy to your Kermit the Frog.

But there are very real and quite disturbing dangers in the matter of sharing one's fantasies with other people. An incompatibility of erotic daydreams can lead to painful, and perhaps even fatal, contretemps. People who like to imagine themselves as birds – peacocks, pigeons and Muscovy ducks are, we are told, much in favor these days – should avoid as far as possible sharing facilities with others who like to imagine themselves as cats – house cats, feral cats or sabre-toothed tigers. However, these things will sort themselves out in time.

As our jaded coital impulses require more and more

Photography by Jan [illegible]

Through a dusty basement window you see two young dancers practising steps, like little pink rosebuds unfolding petals for their first taste of the sun.

stimulation from make-believe and pretends, such links will, no doubt, be formalised, with couples demanding contractual evidence of stability and compatibility in the fantasies of the first and second parts, or third parts depending on the size of the production, before committing themselves to co-fantasisation. We heard of a man who feels his sexual vigor is enhanced by pretending to be a donkey. He attaches a length of cloth to each ear and his wife leads him around the house on a leash, pausing only to allow him to bray. They are extremely happy, thus verifying that the family that brays together stays together. Certain exhibitionist types, we are led to believe, require a large supporting cast in acting out bizarre and imaginative inclinations, employing friends, passers-by and the man who delivers the milk as voyeurs, cheer leaders or leash-holders. Recently introduced anti-noise legislation has put a severe dampener on these sorts of activities, making it difficult to

Photography by Gilbert Rossi

This is Your Life
SUNDAY

Photography by Jurgen Ryck

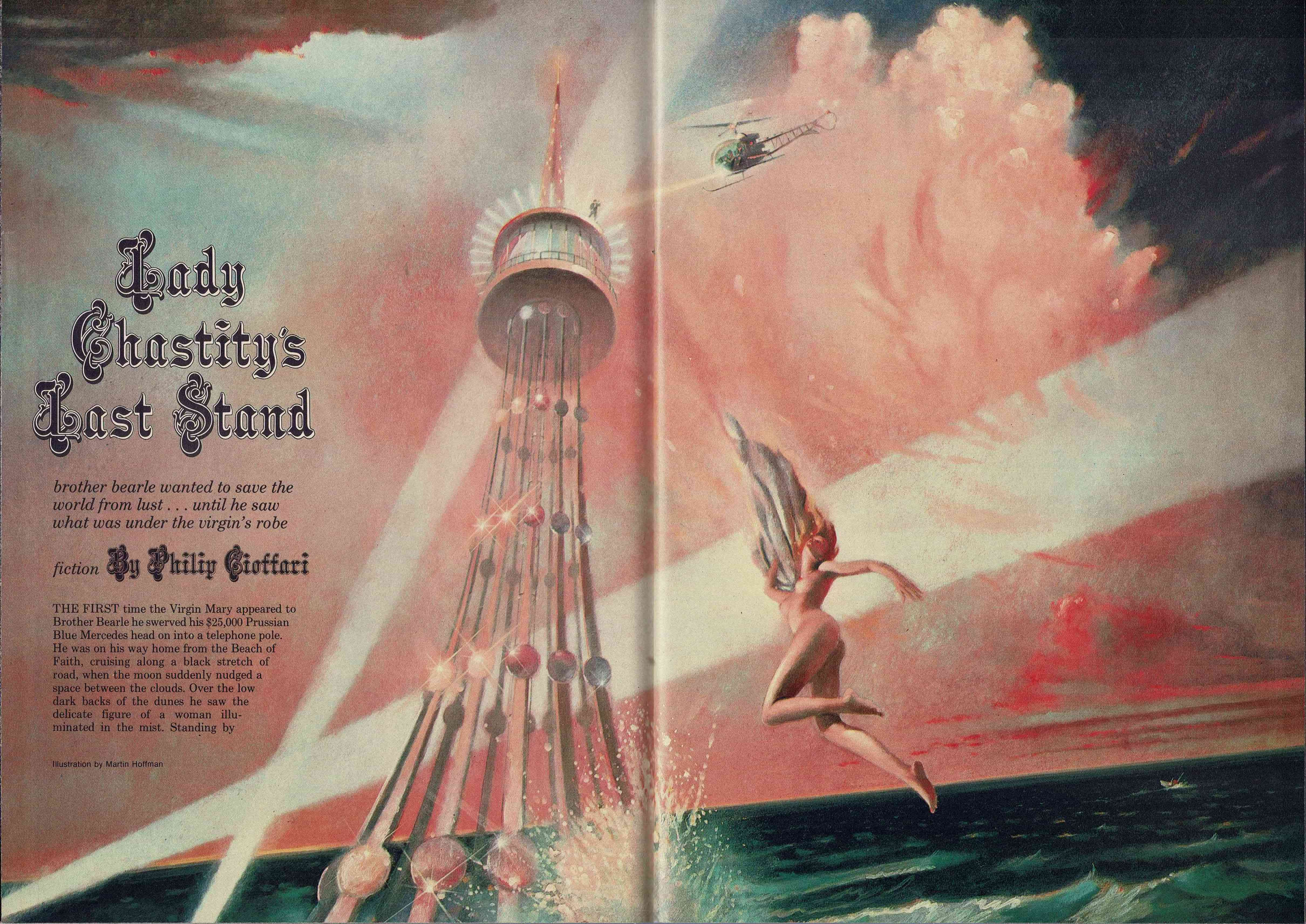
You thought you'd seen it all until, one day, you stumbled into the twilight world of the East. Or you have been selling door-to-door all day and been knocked back until you try the big house on the hill occupied by the very rich, very bored woman who invites you in.

You walk into a bar. You're lonely, looking for company. Suddenly there's a beautiful woman at each arm. You can't decide, so you ask both of them to your flat for a drink. But once you're there and drinks are poured, they start to fight over you. To the victor the spoils?

Photography by Bob Watson

let off pistols and cannon fire, blow whistles and shout "whoopee" and in various other ways enter into the spirit of things. It is, then, quite fortunate that most of us are content to have solitary fantasies, or at least ones of which our partners remain blissfully unaware.

In its simplest form, this type of fantasy involves imagining that the, say, woman with whom one has on passion embarked has a bag over her head and is not in reality the person she thinks she is – not Flora Parsons with a bag over her head, but Farrah Fawcett-Majors with a bag over *her* head. Should this fantasy become too vivid, of course, its gratification becomes something of an embarrassment, requiring one's partner actually to wear a bag over her head. It is not easy to explain why this must be done and often results in weeping, shrieking and blows to the face. It is far safer to stick to the more run-of-the-mill fantasies – the nymphomaniacal landlady, nymphomaniacal Avon lady, nymphomaniacal housewife (for rent collectors and visiting tradesmen), nymphomaniacal library assistant/policewoman/shop assistant/secretary. The therapeutic value of fantasies is obvious. In our dreams, we can fulfill all those urges generally regarded as unusual or which, if actually performed, might result in a hernia, deformity or severe headache.



Lady Chastity's Last Stand

brother bearle wanted to save the world from lust . . . until he saw what was under the virgin's robe

fiction **By Philip Cioffari**

THE FIRST time the Virgin Mary appeared to Brother Bearle he swerved his $25,000 Prussian Blue Mercedes head on into a telephone pole. He was on his way home from the Beach of Faith, cruising along a black stretch of road, when the moon suddenly nudged a space between the clouds. Over the low dark backs of the dunes he saw the delicate figure of a woman illuminated in the mist. Standing by

Illustration by Martin Hoffman

the ocean's edge, she was clothed in a white robe and a flowing pale-blue cape; her arms were lifting slowly toward him when the Mercedes smashed into the pole and he rocked violently in the seat belt.

When his body came to rest, Brother Bearle stared uncertainly at the pole which seemed to be growing out of the car's radiator as if it, too, were part of his vision. He tried to blink it away but it remained steadfast, pitched back toward the beach like a toppled cross. In a daze he pulled himself from the car and stumbled out into the dunes where the wind transformed the dry stalks of reeds into a choir of angels, their voices rising in high flute-like sound around him, lifting him from the weight of his body until he became one with their song, suspended in a state of pure floating. He knew he was in the presence of heavenly forces, but when he finally reached the beach there was no sign of the Virgin. The moon had rolled back behind the clouds leaving him alone in darkness with the thin strip of beach vanishing into mist on either side of him and a wind that made his eyes water because it no longer carried the voices of angels.

Despite the enormous damage to his Mercedes, he saw the event as a benediction. He had always taken secret pride in the knowledge that his was the only evangelical ministry to give equal time to the Virgin and at long last he felt vindicated, the Virgin herself showing that she was pleased with his work. On the Midnight Faith hour radio broadcast he provided a step-by-step account of the vision itself and everything that had preceded it, in retrospect seeing the events of his day as part of a divine chain linking him inevitably with revelation.

"Ever since I founded the Bible School," he confided to the faithful in a voice breaking with the burden of his joy, "ever since I first dreamed of the Beach of Faith, I have been waiting for a sign from above, some . . . indication that I have not labored in vain. What happened tonight was God's way of telling me, 'thank you, Brother Bearle, for understanding that the future of the country depends on the untainted and unsoiled purity of her women'."

In the studio, lit only by a single candle that burned behind the mike, he turned to the young man beside him, the most promising of his deacons. "Isn't that right, Brother Billie?"

"Amen!" Billie said.

"Amen, Billie!" Brother Bearle replied as he did every night at exactly 12.30, signing off.

●

"We've got to be careful with this," Billie warned on the drive out to the Bible School several days later. But Brother Bearle was thinking about how smooth the new Rolls felt in his hands. The Love Offerings had been so substantial since his Vision that he had interpreted them as a sign that God did not want him to repair the Mercedes, that he was being programmed for a grander, more prosperous future.

"I mean, what if it was a mirage or a hoax?" Brother Billie persisted.

"Hogpie!" Brother Bearle fumed, resorting as he often did when he was angry to the slang of the Tennessee hills where he'd had his first ministry. "I know what I seen. And what I seen was of dee-vine origin." He turned into the driveway of the Bible School, a converted Victorian hotel with balconies and turrets that faced out on the ocean, and brought the car to rest in front of the pillared verandah. Standing next to the bright gleam of the Rolls, Billie looked more anaemic than usual, with his thin tie fluttering in the wind between the lapels of grey polyester, his adam's apple unnaturally large and pointed, an almost exact replica of his nose. Brother Bearle, by contrast, had a ruddy complexion and, though slightly overweight, had never felt better.

He took the steps two at a time, and reached the top just as Sister Sharon glided through the screen door. In her navy pants suit, her hair cut close around a face as wholesome as the morning itself, he found pleasure in the certainty that he couldn't have chosen a better spiritual mother for his girls. "You're looking mighty fine this morning, Sister Sharon," he boomed.

A blush tipped each of Sister Sharon's cheeks. "You know I look forward to our Friday morning inspections, Brother Bearle. And I *do* want to hear of your experience first-hand."

"Of course! Of course!" he said, leading her through the lobby with its stiff, high-backed Queen Anne chairs and hardwood floors, up the wide centre staircase to the second floor where the virginettes were housed, two per room. They began at the north end of the corridor, Sister Sharon preceding him into each room, the virginettes standing at the foot of their beds, not exactly at attention but straight and earnest in their tartan plaid skirts and white blouses. He liked a clean-smelling room untainted by odors of cosmetics or flesh, a room as fresh as the sea breeze itself; he liked to see each article in its proper place, bed crisply made with spreads creased sharply beneath the pillow, the Bible prominently displayed on the night stand between the beds. After the rooms, Sister Sharon led him into the communal toilets and showers at the end of the corridor. Here he was particularly critical, examining each stall for graffiti, wisps of pubic hair, unflushed tampon wrappings, deodorant soaps or body oils.

Afterward, he stood behind the lectern in the makeshift chapel on the first floor while the virginettes filed briskly to their assigned seats. Through the enormous French windows he gazed out past the broad marble-tiled terrace to the Skytower of Prayer, now in the final stages of construction. Set on a concrete jetty, it rose 75 metres above the ocean to a circular Church-in-the-Sky. The base of the tower was a thick trunk of arched steel, plated with discs of mirrored glass to reflect the sun's light. From the roof of the elevated church, a thin spire of blue and yellow chrome lifted another 20 metres into the heavens. The dedication of the tower was scheduled to coincide with the commencement exercises for the Bible School's first graduating class, now less than two weeks away, and the anticipation of the dual event, together with the vision on the beach, filled him with such excitement that he could find no words to begin his sermon.

In the bright light of the windows his brown wig looked a shade or two darker than his natural hair and, as he leaned forward, his face appeared small and cramped atop the series of jowls that receded into his neck. "How can I tell you," he began in his deepest radio voice, "how can I tell you just how beautiful She was – pale and ethereal, as pure as wind or clouds, raising her arms toward our heavenly home?"

●

Brother Bearle, however, knew he could not afford to underestimate the cynicism of the modern world. So, with a Polaroid strapped round his neck and a flashlight in hand, he patrolled the beach nightly, murmuring prayers for a second vision. On the seventh night of his vigil, the wind off the water so severe that it kept his eyes constantly in tears, his prayers were answered.

She stood on the dunes this time, several hundred metres from the Skytower, a blur of light cloth sketched like mist against the black sky. As he ran toward her, her robe billowed out and, for a moment, it looked almost as if she was naked from the waist down; but he immediately dismissed that possibility and attributed the distortion to his watery vision. Then he remembered the camera and slowed down. He forced his eye against the tiny viewer, saw nothing but the blur of his own tears, and snapped. By the time he lowered the camera she had already disappeared.

In his excitement he peeled off the Polaroid print right there and examined it under the sharp glare of his flashlight. The entire photograph was black except for the gleaming white border and a tiny gauzy blotch in the lower right hand corner. The blotch was far too small to be identified, but Brother Bearle recognised in its diaphanous texture and filmy edges an evocation of the Virgin's billowing white robe.

The photo was reproduced the next day in the local paper, but the print was of such poor quality that the white blotch appeared even more indistinct.

Several nights later he was out again on the beach, this time with Billie. They had almost reached the Skytower which thrust heavenward from the jetty, dark and full of promise, when Billie spotted the flickering form of a woman cast in the dull, milky light of the mist. Not more than 30 metres from them, she stood high up on a reef at the point where it disappeared into the dunes. Billie dropped to his knees, bowed his head and murmured "Mother of Blessed Jesus, forgive me" at the same moment that Brother Bearle saw the vision.

He was about to join his deacon in humble prayer when the vision suddenly bent forward, gathered the hem of her robe gracefully in her right hand and began to lift it up over her knees. There was no mistaking it this time: she *was* naked beneath the robe and in the light which was brighter now – a flashlight held in her free hand beneath the robe – he could see the full length of her legs and thighs. She held the robe just below her private parts and for a moment let it dangle there before raising it, the beam spotlighting her crotch which was doubly naked, clean-shaven and as smooth as ivory. Then she abruptly released the hem, turned and fled back into the dunes.

"What in God's holy name?" Brother Bearle shouted, glancing quickly at Billie, who still had his head bowed, his hands clasped tightly, his body rocking back and forth.

"Praise the Lord!" Billie chanted, thinking his minister was calling for a response. But Brother Bearle was already half way across the beach, his breath running out of him in short bursts. When he reached the crest of the dunes, his eyes cast around wildly before he glimpsed her on the far side, gliding sprite-like across the lawn of the Bible School. He stood there dumbfounded. His heaving breath brought him to the edges of nausea while his disbelieving eyes tracked her across the terrace, where she suddenly vanished behind the black-metal door of the service entrance.

●

"I want to testify," Billie pleaded before Services on Sunday morning as Brother Bearle, still reeling from shock, stared gloomily out the window of the office in his soon-to-be-abandoned clapboard church. "To atone for my doubt, as it were."

"Not today, Billie." Dreading the inevitable jeopardy to his Bible School if this ever got out, not to mention Billie's ridicule, he had decided to keep quiet about the latest vision.

Brother Bearle hoped that by some miracle nothing more would develop before the Dedication, now less than a week away. But later that night, just before he went on the air, the broadcaster on the 12 o'clock news roundup announced that only moments before a young girl dressed like the Virgin Mary had exposed herself to a group of bathers at the Regency Hotel and then to a honeymoon couple on a moonlight stroll through the dunes.

When the weather came on, Brother Bearle was in such a state of agitation that he kept hearing the word *stormclouds* again and again as if the word itself was a storm spinning and thrashing around inside his head.

In his sermon he decided to ignore the reports and go ahead with his prepared text, but the reprieve was all too brief. The next day the front page of the local newspaper carried the story under the headline: LADY CHASTITY STRIKES AGAIN. The national wire services picked it up and, within 24 hours, it was national news. By the time he was ready to go on air at midnight, he was churning with rage.

"Some of you out there listening to me right now, some of you, yes, who call yourself the faithful, who call yourself 'born again,' some of you are saying to yourself right now: this man is a fool, this man has been made mock of. Why should we have anything more to do with him? But the Holy Lord has given me the grace to forgive your faithlessness. Right now I know some of you out there are asking, why should I bother to make a Love Offering to this man? But we need your offerings now more than ever in order to continue our battle against the filthy hand of lust. I promise you no effort will be spared to root out the harlot responsible for this and I will personally see that she is prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law."

"I'll get the slut," he murmured under his breath.

Aloud, over the air, he said: "Isn't that right, Brother Billie?"

"Amen," Billie replied, but in such a weak voice it was almost inaudible.

●

Brother Bearle had only one real clue, and he tried to pursue it with Sister Sharon on the terrace over tea.

He lowered his cup with an unsteady hand and cleared his throat. "Sister Sharon, this may sound like a bizarre question, but . . ." He scraped his cup on the saucer, trying to find the groove, the hot tea spilling over on his hand. "Is there anything unusual . . . ? Have you noticed . . . ? I mean, when the girls are showering . . . ." The phrase *shaved pudenda* came to mind and he winced at so crass a term.

"Yes, Brother Bearle?" Sister Sharon's eyes fluttered above the pink blush of her cheeks.

"Never mind, sister." He smiled and patted her hand, though inwardly troubled about how to proceed.

But the next morning during inspection, as his eyes cruised the last of the three shower stalls, he noticed a sliver of plaster chipped away alongside the waterpipe where it rose between the hot and cold taps. When he poked his finger into the hole, more of the plaster fell away. An hour later, while Sister Sharon and the virginettes were at lunch, he returned with a screwdriver and hammer and knocked an eyeball-sized hole through to the storage room next door. At 7.30 that night he knelt in the darkness, with his left eye pressed to the hole.

Because of the three stalls, he had only a 33 percent chance of spotting her the first night. But as the nights went on, he concluded, the odds would grow in his favor. The hole was inordinately well-placed – a sign to Brother Bearle that this had been preordained – and when the first one appeared, auburn-haired, the thin line of its lip pursed beneath the tangle of curls, it was directly at eye-level. The shock of it, just centimetres away, forced his eyelid closed. But he reminded himself of all that was at stake, and forced himself to look.

He immediately saw the limitations: while the hole afforded maximum coverage of the genital region, that was all it afforded. He was pondering how he would redesign the opening while he watched the crotch being lathered, transformed by the ivory soap into a forest of snowy curls that made him feel cleaner, relieved of some burden. Then the winter landscape was replaced by a chunk of flesh, thigh or hip, turning slowly until he recognised the conformation of a cheek and finally the crack itself dead centre in his vision.

For an hour they came and went, a chorus of varying sizes, colors and textures, all of them plumed. At 8.30, when the showers were turned off and he stared into the empty stall, he was exhausted. He felt that he had undergone some disturbing change. He did not begin to understand it until breakfast next morning, when he found himself trying to match what he had seen in the showers with the sleepy, innocent faces that dawdled over their oatmeal. In the chapel, while he preached against the dangers of sexual pleasure, he kept seeing in his mind's eye the hair wet and beaded or pressed flat and slick with soap.

That night, not having decided whether to enlarge the existing hole or add another higher up (he was afraid either would give him away), he was back with his eye to the storage room wall. A half-dozen of them, one hairier than the other, twitched in front of him before he was eye-to-crotch with the object of his search. It stared back at him through the hole, as bold and naked as a prophecy. He closed his eye and prayed for sustenance. When he opened it again, the skin, smooth and white as a baby's, seemed too bright to look at; yet he couldn't take his eye away. To his horror, the moist pink petals seemed to be winking at him, and he had the uneasy sensation that, although separated by a wall, they were both in collusion.

Just then the bald space was intruded upon by a honey-gold bar of soap, oval-shaped and tapered smooth at either end. Through the hole he could smell its deep, musk fragrance. Unlike the others this girl did not dab daintily around the edges. She held the forbidden bar firmly and inserted its tapered head inside her, sliding it in and out, the steady slippery motion like the movement of a hypnotist's chain, mesmerising Brother Bearle until he felt something slide in his own crotch and he quickly pulled himself to his feet, afraid of what might happen if he stayed. Short of breath, he stumbled out into the hall, hoping to intercept the girl as she left the bathroom, only to find Sister Sharon staring curiously at him.

"Is there something wrong, Brother Bearle?" she asked.

"Quite all right, sister. Quite all right," Brother Bearle assured her. He shook his head to clear the dizziness just as the bathroom door opened. Four girls came toward him wrapped in their white terry-cloth robes, their faces pink and scrubbed. The door opened again and another bevy of girls came out, smiling like cherubim.

"Good night, Brother Bearle, good night, Sister Sharon," they chorused.

The next day he was far too busy with last-minute preparations for the Dedication to give much thought to the night before. With the construction crew he tested all of the Skytower's interior and exterior lighting as well as the operation of the four outdoor lifts. Then at twilight he conducted a complete dress rehearsal of the ceremonies. As he was scooped up in the bullet-shaped plexiglas lift he watched Sister Sharon lead the virginettes in a torchlight procession across the beach. While he waited for them in the Church-in-the-Sky, aloft in the marble pulpit which arched above the slowly rotating circle of hardwood pews, he felt the majesty of a man in control of his life. Behind him on a higher plane was the Wurlitzer, larger than the one in Salt Lake; and above that, higher still, the four-metre statue of the Virgin. All around him, through the floor to ceiling glass, the ocean turned in his view, as expansive as his mood.

"Tomorrow," he told the virginettes, when they assembled before him, his voice more resonant and compelling than ever over the $100,000 sound system, "tomorrow the Age of Lust will give way to the Age of Purification and the Virgin at last will be returned to her throne."

It was only later, after the virginettes had left and he was alone staring down at the ocean, which had turned a bruised-grey under the darkening sky, that he began to worry again. He was reminded of the bar of soap disappearing inside the pink depths, and he tried to obliterate the image. But the pink hairless crotch remained in his thoughts, as vast and depthless as the ocean, demanding some adjustment he was afraid to make. In an effort to console himself he turned to the Virgin high above the Wurlitzer, hoping to find reassurance in the unearthly innocence of her expression and the thick white robe that shielded her private parts from the lechery of the world.

●

Candles in hand, wearing white voile dresses, baby blue capes and matching blue-tinted gardenias in their hair, the virginettes were lining up on the terrace. They seemed so pale and delicate, their movements mothlike in the warm darkness, that Brother Bearle was able to put aside the unpleasant business of crotches.

The lights of the Skytower had just been turned on: white floodlights at the base which made the mirror discs shimmer; blue neon rods, spoked like a wheel, that blinked from the revolving roof of the Church-in-the-Sky; and above the church, pinpoints of gold stars that rose in clusters to the tip of the spire. For added flare – an idea he'd got from the opening of a new McDonald's in the local shopping mall – he had two searchlights installed on the beach, their thick shafts of light crisscrossing the sky.

Stiff in his rented tux, he was adjusting his wig in the mirror when Sister Sharon called to him from the terrace. She was waving her arms frantically and pointing toward the sky. "There!" she screamed to him. "On the tower!"

The flasher, in her virginette dress and cape, stood up on the roof of the Church-in-the-Sky. With the slow, studied gestures of a ritual, she was raising her dress up over her knees.

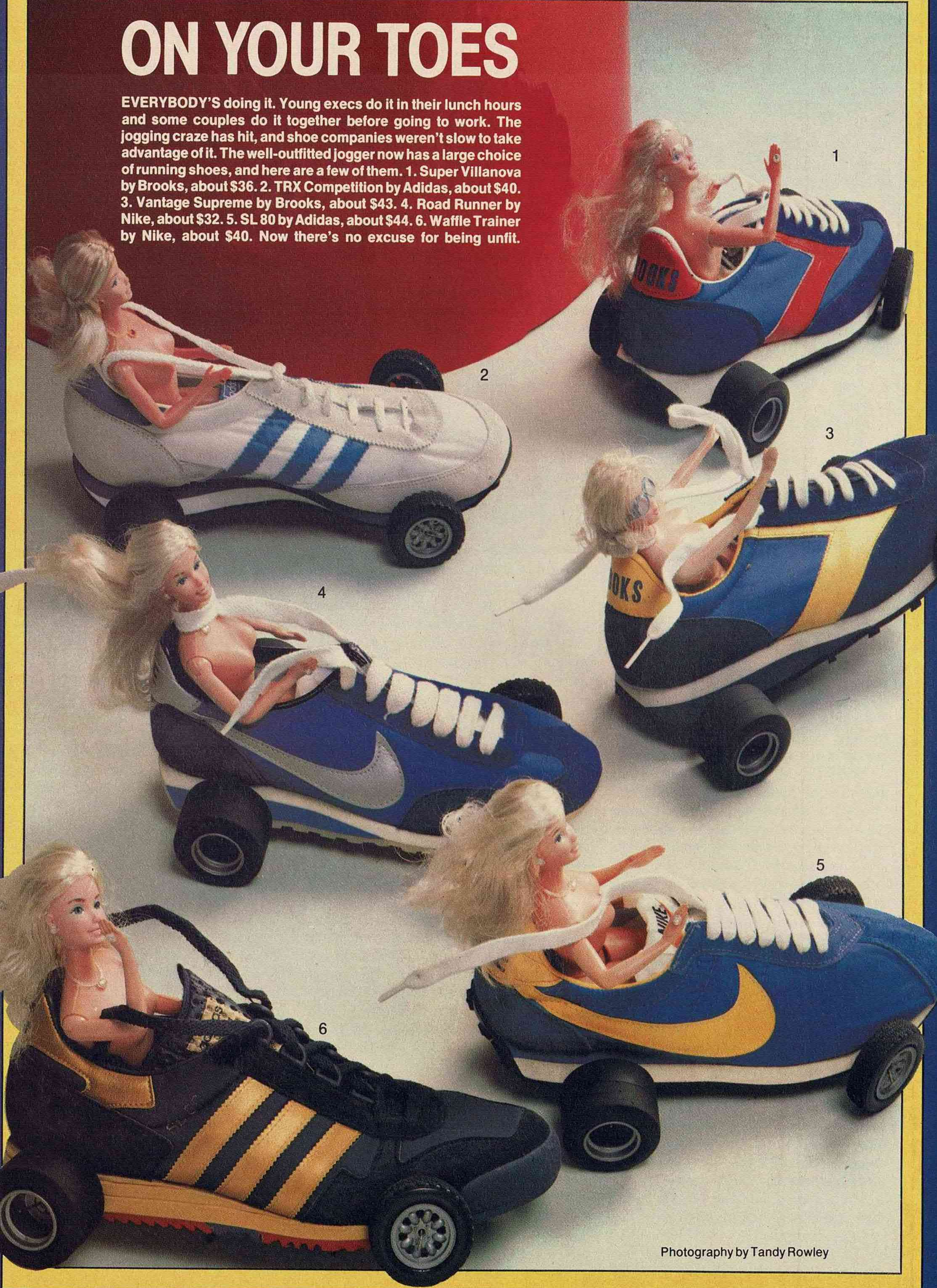
By the time Brother Bearle got down to the terrace she had made one complete revolution, in the interim having removed her dress. She stood naked and poised with the blue cape flapping behind her in the wind.

"Why, it's one of my girls!" Sister Sharon was sobbing. "It's sweet little Susan Van Tassel."

"I'll take care of this." Brother Bearle's eyes flashed to the parking

ON YOUR TOES

EVERYBODY'S doing it. Young execs do it in their lunch hours and some couples do it together before going to work. The jogging craze has hit, and shoe companies weren't slow to take advantage of it. The well-outfitted jogger now has a large choice of running shoes, and here are a few of them. 1. Super Villanova by Brooks, about $36. 2. TRX Competition by Adidas, about $40. 3. Vantage Supreme by Brooks, about $43. 4. Road Runner by Nike, about $32. 5. SL 80 by Adidas, about $44. 6. Waffle Trainer by Nike, about $40. Now there's no excuse for being unfit.



Photography by Tandy Rowley

area where the guests of honor, 500 of the Skytower's most generous donors, were being assembled for the procession. There was no commotion to indicate that they had yet seen what was happening.

"What about the procession?" Sister Sharon wailed, rubbing her hands together.

"Start on schedule," Brother Bearle ordered as he rushed off, convincing himself there was still time to stave off catastrophe. But when he got down to the beach he saw that a large crowd had already gathered around the base of the tower, and a TV news helicopter was hovering above the spire.

At the entrance ramp Murf, the school custodian, detached himself from a group of security guards and came running toward him. "She said she just wanted to go up to say a prayer. She said she just wanted to say a little prayer before it got crowded," he cried.

Brother Bearle shoved past him. In the lift, an instrumental version of *Amazing Grace* coming through the speaker in the cone of the capsule, he waited with as much dignity as he could manage while Murf fidgeted with the controls.

When the capsule rocked to a stop and the door opened into the Church-in-the-Sky, he stood there hesitantly staring at the empty pews, forgetting why he had come. Then, adjusting his wig, which in his haste he had not fastened securely, he stalked up the centre aisle. He crossed directly in front of the Virgin, but refused to give her so much as a sideward glance.

Wind funnelled through the sliding glass doors inside which he contemplated the narrow ledge where a workman's staircase twisted up on to the roof. Brother Bearle started up the steps just as the TV news helicopter swooped in low. With the wind pulling at him he drew himself up so that he could see over the roof.

She faced toward the lights that aproned inland up the peninsula. Her arms were out at her side in the classic Virgin position; the cape lifted behind her in the wind, baring her arse. Then she turned, and he saw that her face was unnaturally serene, drugged, perhaps, or hypnotised, and her lips slackened to a smile. Caught in the blinding path of the searchlight she appeared truly unearthly, and the power of all the netherworld's perversity seemed written in the gospel of her pink, hairless privates.

He wavered back at arm's length over the ocean, but his rage gave him sudden strength. He pulled himself up on to the roof, where the wind was strong enough to rip the wig from his scalp. The helicopter beat with such ferocity directly above him that he felt he was being shot at; and far below, belonging to some world he was no longer a part of, the feeble lights of the procession curled along the beach.

"Why?" he babbled to her, reeling unsteadily, half-crazed and trying to remember the words of some prayer. "Holy Virgin Most Pure," he began as she took a step toward him and extended her arms to gather him in.

"Eat me," she said, her words straining against the clacking beat of the helicopter.

In his confusion he lunged for the ends of her cape and tried to wrap it tight around her. At that moment the roof began to shake and she fell against him. He flapped his arms wildly to free himself and knocked her off-balance. The roof jerked hard and ground to a dead stop, shooting her backwards over the edge. The cape billowed over her head like a parachute, with her body streaming like a delicate ribbon beneath it. When she hit, the cape fluttered on the surface of the water, held still a moment, then sank slowly in a glimmer of pale silver light.

•

"You can't blame yourself," Sister Sharon told him later, after the police had fished Susan Van Tassel out of the ocean and after the crowds had been dispersed. "The girl was demented. On the surface she seemed perfectly normal, but underneath Satan had devoured her soul."

"Yes," Brother Bearle said without any conviction.

"Think of the others," she implored. "Think how successful you've been with them."

But Brother Bearle, staring out at the Skytower, which was dark now, still unbaptised, and which looked less like a house of worship than a dark metallic phallus hulking above the black ocean, seemed not to be listening.

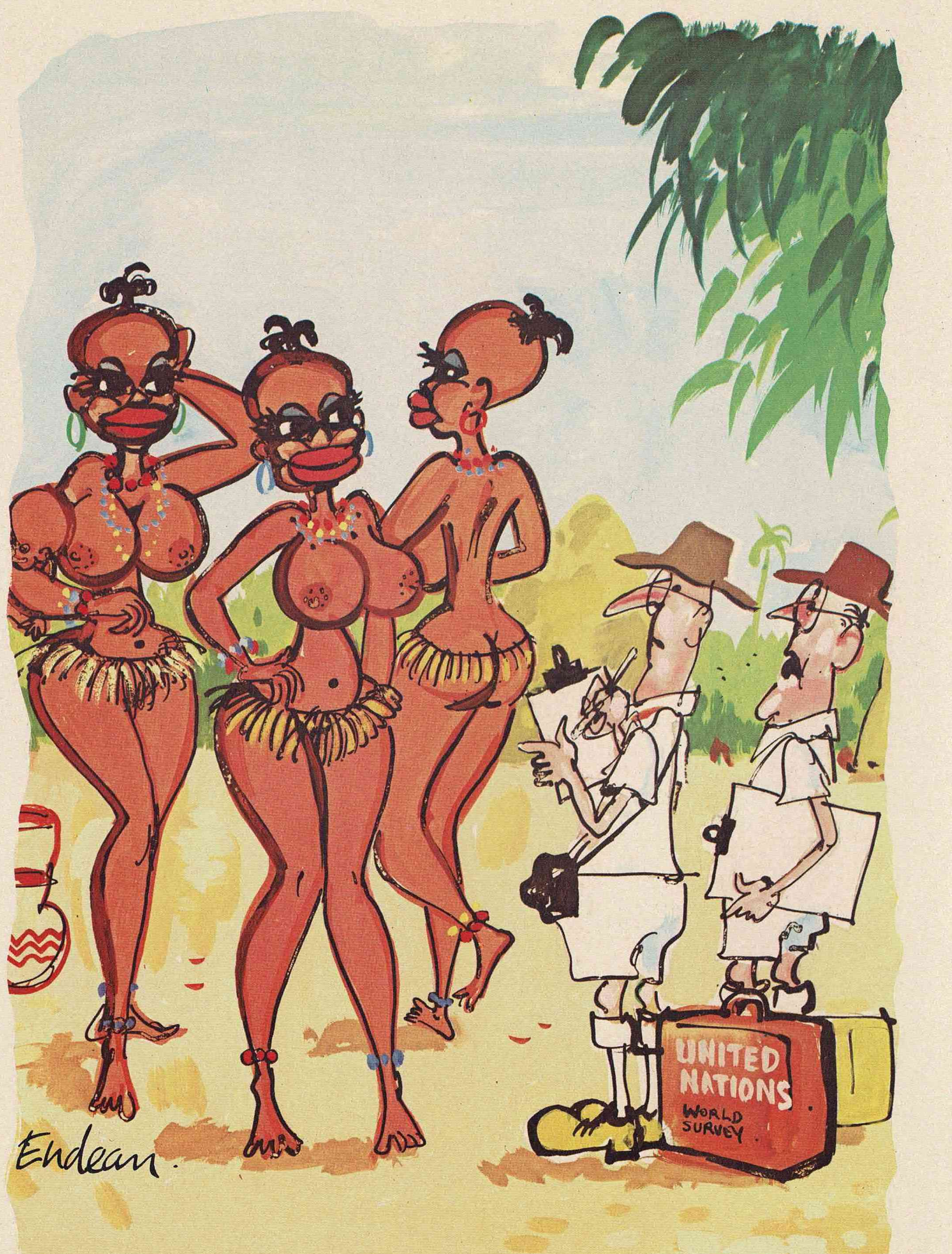
"Lust kills!" he warned later on the Midnight Faith hour, Billie's vacant chair reminding him the truest measure of a man's strength was his capacity to endure adversity alone. "We must never lose sight of the fact that there is more — there *must* be," he added in a breaking voice, close to tears, "more to life than a mere grovelling to the needs of mortal flesh." But even as he said it, all he could think of was Susan Van Tassel's pudenda (he accepted the word without hesitation now) haloed in the flashlight beam.

Later, as he tried to sleep, the image continued to haunt him and, in an effort to find some relief, he wandered out on to the beach, heading in the direction of the Skytower. He rode the lift up and in the empty church, lit only by moonlight, he called aloud to the statue of the Virgin: "Why hast thou forsaken me?" In desperation he climbed up on to the organ, his feet on the keys producing dirge-like tones, and then pulled himself up on to the platform where the statue waited. When he stood up, his head barely reached the Virgin's waist and he raised his eyes in supplication. The uneven light of the moon played across the pastel colors of her face, gave to her mouth a crooked smile; not a virgin's smile but a hooker's. *"Eat me,"* it said. He cried out in anguish, gripping the statue of the Virgin around the waist and burying his face in the plaster folds of her robe until he realised exactly where his mouth was pressed.

"Let me be born again!" he shouted in prayer and at last felt the movement of grace deep inside him. Closing his eyes, he gave over to it: the white robe seemed to part and he was being drawn through the warm tube to her womb where his man's body lay foetal-curled, nourished from within, comforted in a way that touched off memories ages old; until he felt himself beginning to re-emerge, not with the diffidence of a child but with all the curiosity of a tourist, rubbernecking his way through the dark convolutions of the tunnel, touching and feeling all that there was to feel. As he saw himself near the opening, his body began to shake. The power of the grace surged through him, taking his breath away as it strained to pry him loose. Something clicked inside his groin, like a clock being wound. Trembling violently he began to moan, and in a final effort to free himself pushed out hard with both hands, in the process dislodging the statue from its mount and sending it tottering backwards. When he opened his eyes he found it shattered beyond repair on the floor below him, his member intact and risen to take its place.

Breathing heavily, his body quivering with years of pent-up energy, he saw that his flaw had been the failure to understand the true purpose of his mission. In his search for guidance he had ignored the voices calling to him from inside himself and so had failed to minister to the real needs of the faithful: beginning with Monica Bray in his kindergarten class, the first girl to expose herself to him, and including all the women at his revival meetings throughout the years who had prayed to him to heal their bodies as well as their souls.

Turning now to face the congregation of empty pews, his own private Skytower reaching out toward the infinity of the dark heaving ocean, he felt ready for the first time, at the age of 50, to accept the world for what it really was.



"I thought this was supposed to be an under-developed country."

Born Free

we went on safari and captured this delightful creature of the forest

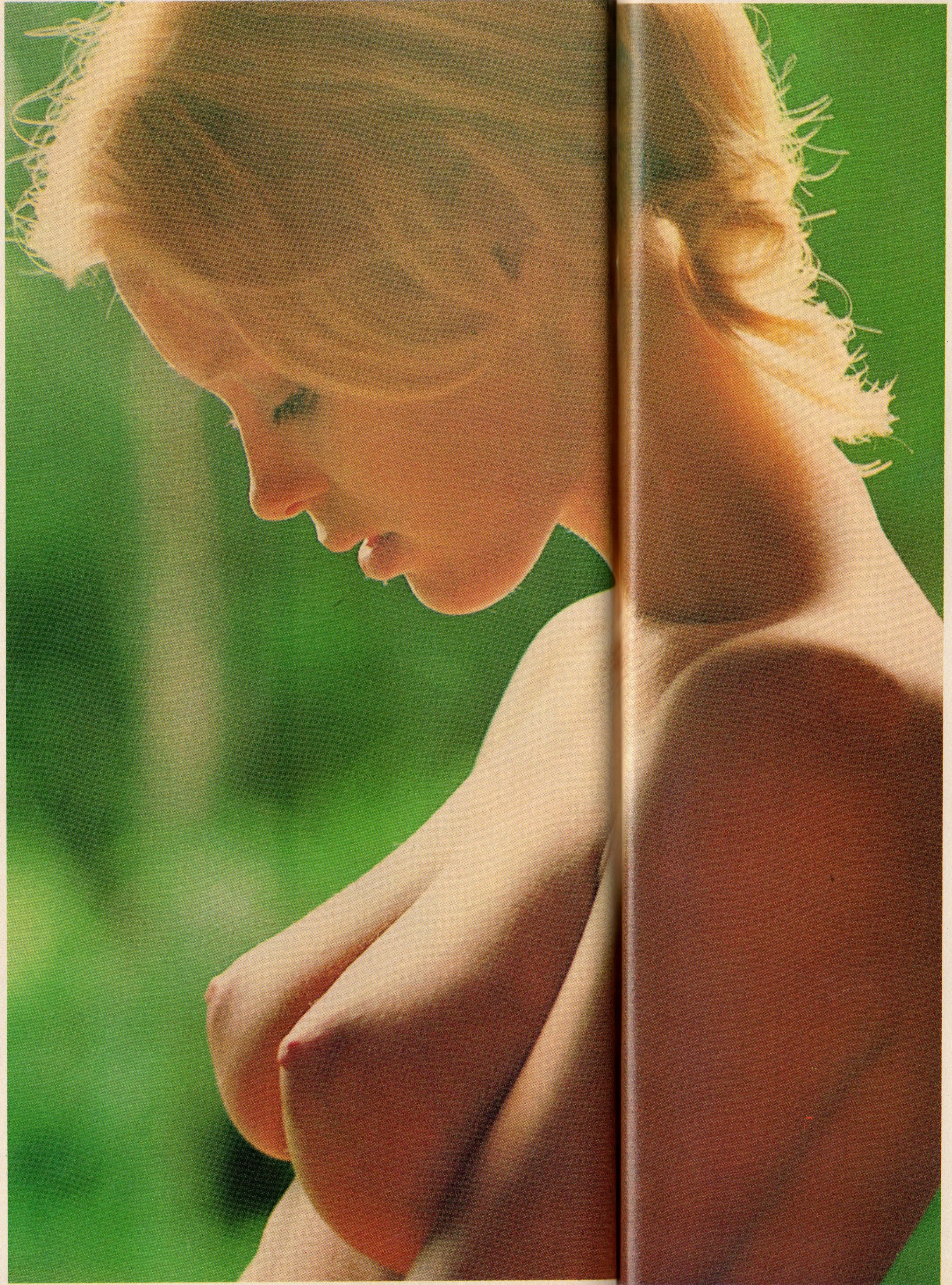
Photography by Rico Mettbach

KAREEN MICHELE is the original love child – a blithe, free spirit who's more at ease running naked through the Mount Tamborine rain forest behind Queensland's Gold Coast than pouting for the cameras that clamor for her smile. Carefree love for Kareen is frolicking nude in an equatorial river with intimate friends. "Just because we are naked," she says, "I don't feel like getting it off with the guy next to me. It's not a sexual thing. I feel like a child at play and loving my friends for what they are." Warm, all-enveloping love for this wood nymph is lying in the arms of her special man on the forest floor. "The sounds of life in the forest make all my energies and juices flow. I feel alive and beautiful in the forest," she says. Not that blonde, blue-eyed Kareen

"For me, there is nothing more fantastic than just walking naked through your very own tropical garden with the people you love."

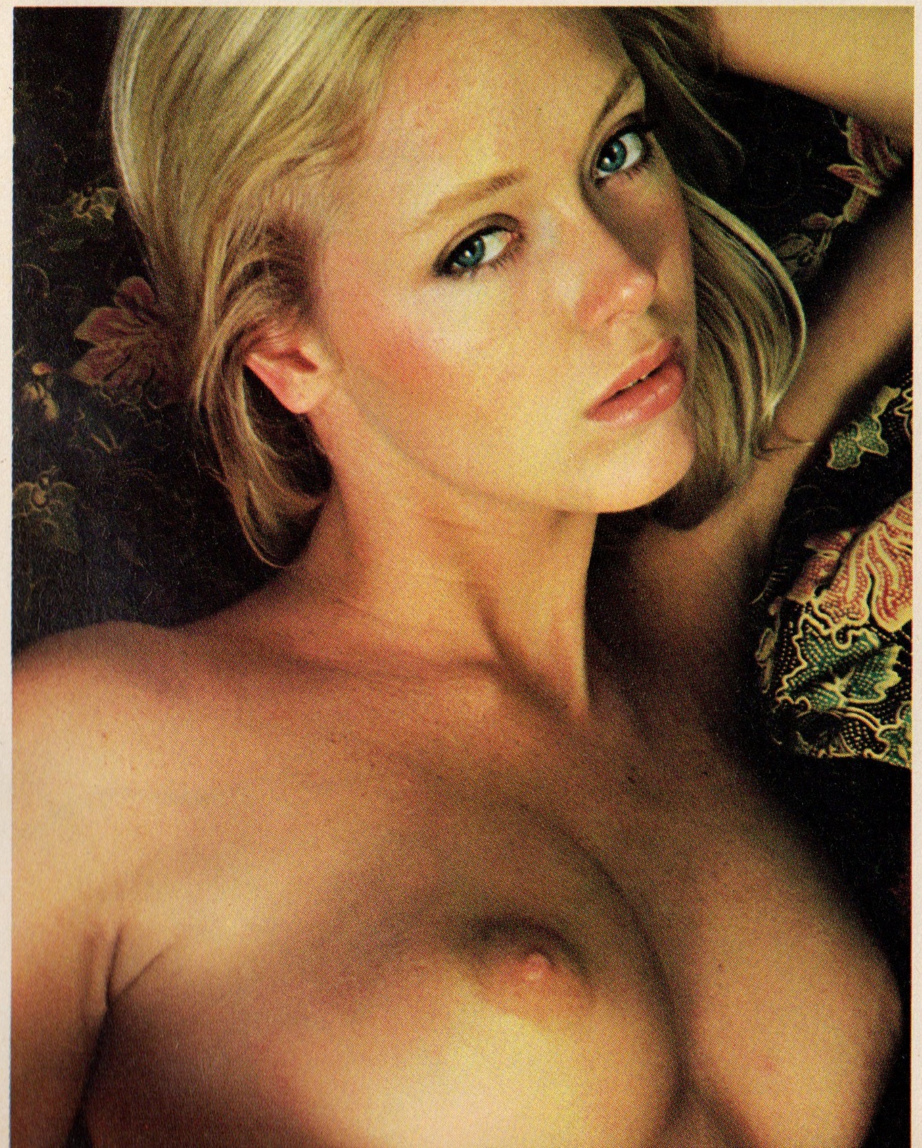
"Lying in the tropical forest listening to the sounds of the night turns me on. Somehow it makes me feel alive and beautiful."

needs the forest to make her sparkle. She is just as magic beneath the soft lights of a city restaurant as she is in the wilds. But persuading Kareen to join you in an intimate dinner is like caging a wild animal. "I don't like the city," she says. "I feel trapped, and I can't wait to get back to my beloved outdoors." After a conventional childhood in a middle-class home, Kareen developed fast. At 16, she persuaded her parents to let her quit school to travel the world. Her first stop was Japan, and that was the beginning of the greening of Kareen Michele. From there she wended her way back to Australia through South-East Asia, Sumatra and Irian Jaya. "I was born and brought up in a city jungle," she says. "Travel has opened my eyes to the really important things. The different cultures and ecology systems that exist outside our little world are fascinating. Words cannot adequately describe walking through the living jungle with all its



"The men of the Dani tribe in the Baliem Valley on Irian Jaya have to be the sexiest in the world. They are incredibly beautiful and wild. And they are very proud of their masculinity."

"I like men who are gentle, free and woodsy and don't cut their hair. Running my fingers through long hair gives me beautiful vibes."



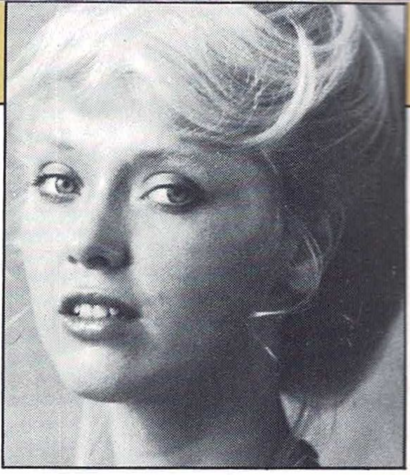
"I have been spoiled by the tropics. I adore the steamy heat beating down and warming my naked body."

color, sounds and different life forms. I feel in such harmony. Perhaps in the jungle I felt fear the first time, but now I'm more afraid trying to cross a busy street in Sydney. How can you be afraid of wild, trusting animals like orang-utans? They slide down from the trees to touch and embrace you. They're so like children." Nudity comes naturally to Kareen. "When you think about it, our reasons for wearing clothes are pretty silly," she says. "I'm not talking about getting your gear off in an exhibitionistic sense, but why should we wear clothes to cover up what we really are?" Kareen knows instinctively that she won't be a whole person until she has discovered the entire planet. Only then will she feel it's time to settle down and build her life in a remote corner of the Queensland she knows and loves so well.

"I will not be satisfied or feel that I am whole until I have experienced everything I can possibly see and do."

MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Kareen Michele



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kareen Michele

BUST: 36½" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36½"

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120 SIGN: Virgoan

BIRTH DATE: 9-9-59 BIRTHPLACE: Planet Earth

GOALS: To gain an understanding of the workings of the universe including the evolution of life. To experience and enjoy every possible aspect of life. To visit and observe all eco-systems and human cultures on the planet.

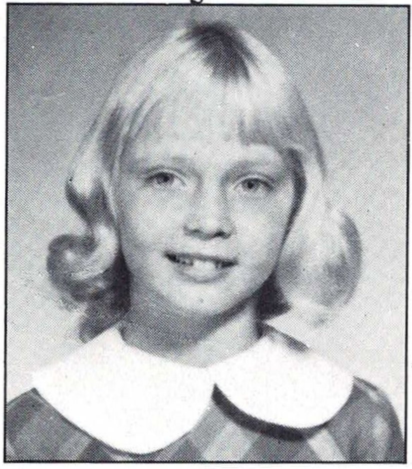
TURN-ONS: Dancing naked in a rainstorm on a tropical secluded beach on full moon nights. Making love in the forest. Cuddling.

TURN-OFFS: Destruction of our forest and wildlife. Repressive goverments. Greed.

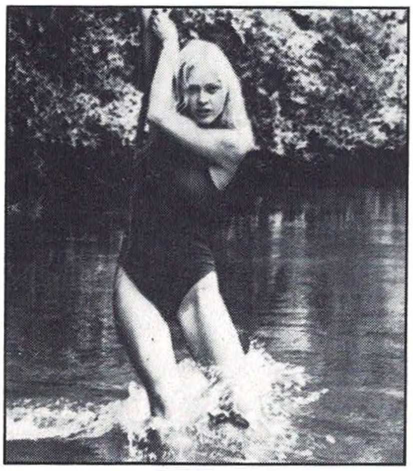
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Frank Zappa • Pink Floyd • Grateful Dead

FAVORITE BOOKS: Conservation Australia; Frith: Separate Reality

FAVORITE PLACES: Stone-age villages in New Guinea (Malayan tropical low-land rainforest.



Butter wouldn't melt



Me Jane!

Sixteen and sophisticated

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The wife was understandably furious when she came home unexpectedly and found her husband in bed with a lady midget.

"You promised two weeks ago that you would never cheat on me again," she raged.

Her husband shrugged nonchalantly. "Take it easy, dear. Can't you see I'm tapering off?"

Now all you out there in radio land," proclaimed the faith healer, "put one hand on the radio and the other on the part of your body that needs healing." The husband of advanced years dutifully put one hand on the set and the other on his member.

"No, Andy," said his wife sorrowfully. "He said he could heal the sick, not raise the dead."

There were honeymoon tears. "When you asked if I would marry you even though you got up two or three times a night," sobbed the bride, "I didn't think you meant you had kidney trouble."

Then there's the banker who insists that sex is like a savings account. In both cases, you lose interest from the moment of withdrawal.

You look depressed. What's the matter?" said the man at the bar to his mate.

"My wife's rationed me to one a week," came the mournful reply.

"Hell, you're lucky," said his friend. "She's cut some of us out altogether."

The tradesman had tried in vain to obtain some money from a non-paying customer. Threats proved fruitless and, in desperation, he sent off a photo of his wife and seven children, with the notation: "The reason I need the money."

Back came another snapshot, showing a naked blonde posing provocatively. Scribbled hurriedly on the back were the words: "The reason I can't pay."

I guess," mused a callgirl named Carol
One night as she doffed her apparel,
"That kinks are no fewer,
My next trick's a brewer –
When he has me, it's over a barrel!"

Everyone was at the Superheroes' Convention – Superman, Batman and Robin, the Phantom, Wonder Woman, the Invisible Man, Spiderman and Mandrake and Lothar. One morning when the maid entered Superman's room she noticed a big hole in the wall. Superman explained: "Last night I was lying in bed and, by using my X-ray vision, I was able to look into Wonder Woman's room. There she was, stark naked, writhing around on the bed. Unable to control myself any longer I burst through the wall and flung myself upon her."

"Gee," said the wide-eyed maid, "I'll bet that gave her a shock."

"Not half as big as the one it gave the Invisible Man," Superman replied.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotence* as codraplegia.

Do you have any practical suggestions about how to stimulate hair growth?" the man in the chair asked the barber.

"What I've personally found useful," the barber said, "is the application of . . . well . . . the feminine secretion."

"But you're balder than *I* am!"

"True – but have you also noticed I've got one hell of a moustache?"

Conforming to the pattern of corporate diversification, a major car manufacturer has taken to turning out heart pacemakers.

"I like mine fine," reports one user, "but every time I screw my wife, the automatic garage doors open."

You and your husband don't seem to have much in common," said the new tenant's inquisitive neighbor. "Why did you marry?"

"I guess it was the old story of opposites attracting," was the reply. "He wasn't pregnant and I was."

LeRoy Neiman

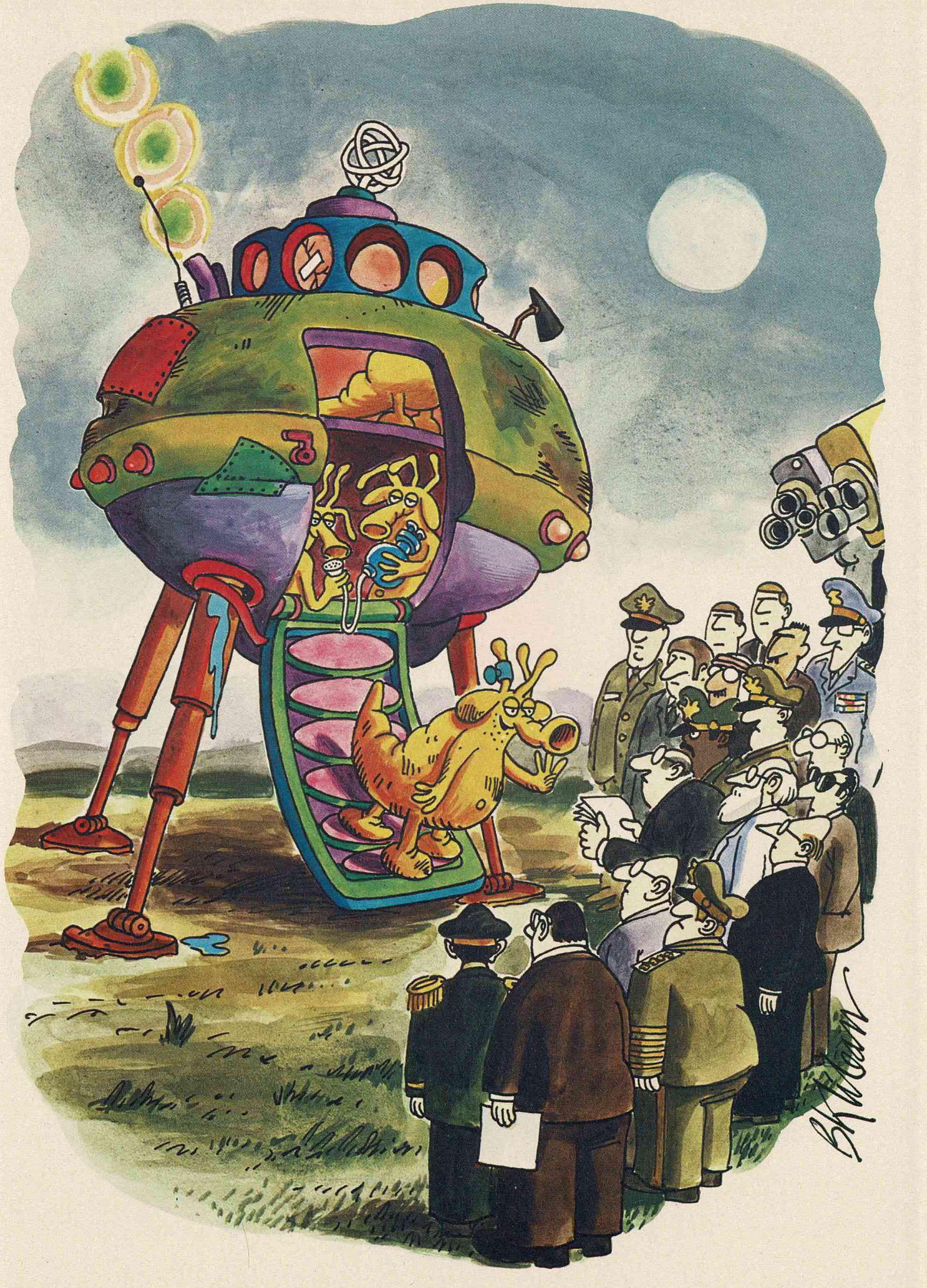
You're getting too big for your britches!" the father yelled at his son one night during an argument.

"Well, from what I overheard Mum saying the other day," the youth replied, "that hasn't been one of *your* problems!"

A businessman returned home very late one night decidedly the worse for wear. He took off his shoes in the hall and was creeping up the stairs when he met a stranger coming down.

"You'd better hurry, mate," he was told. "She's expecting her husband home any minute!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"Greetings, Earthmen . . . we're emissaries from a fifth-rate civilisation."

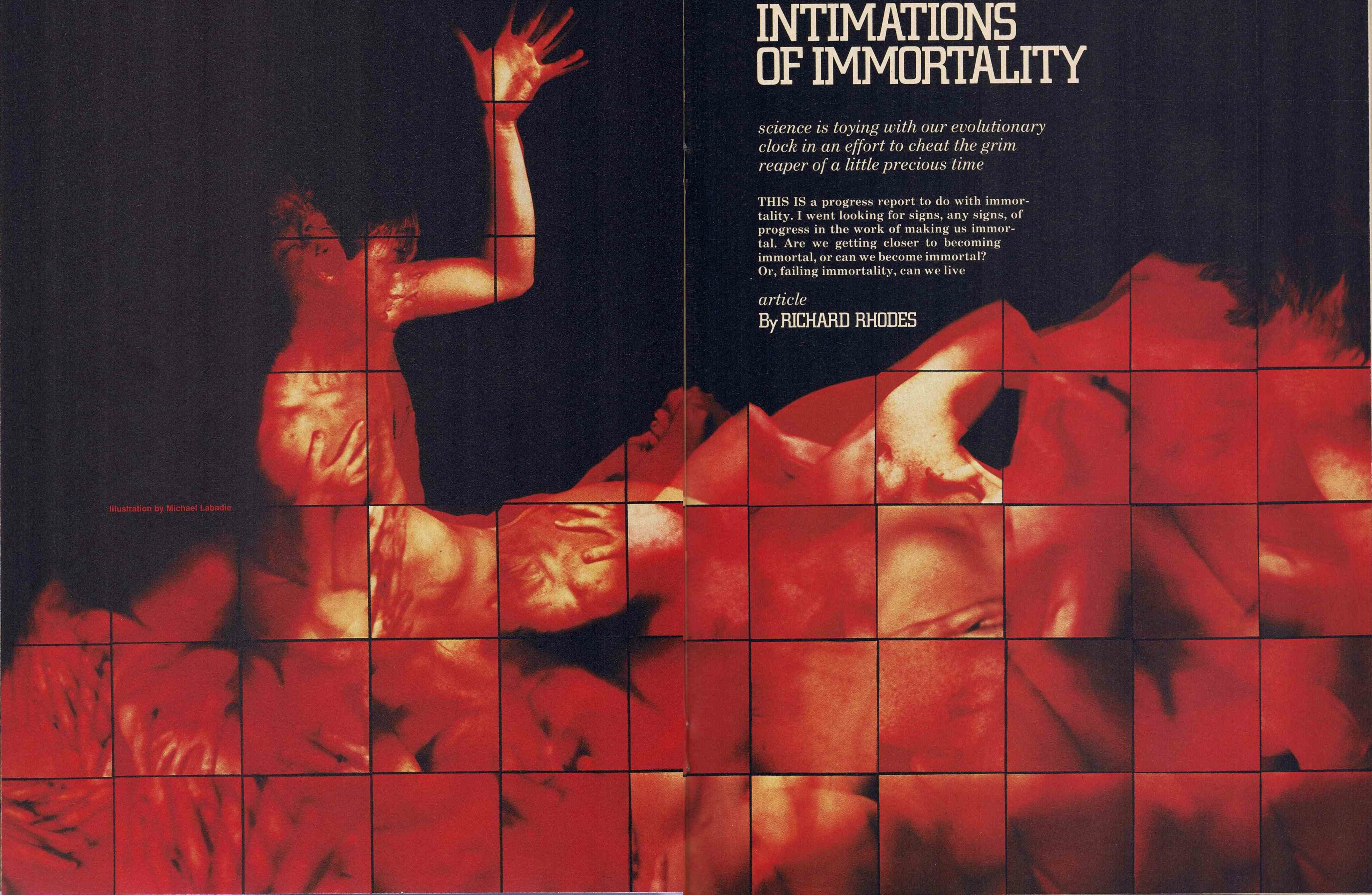


Illustration by Michael Labadie

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

science is toying with our evolutionary clock in an effort to cheat the grim reaper of a little precious time

THIS IS a progress report to do with immortality. I went looking for signs, any signs, of progress in the work of making us immortal. Are we getting closer to becoming immortal, or can we become immortal? Or, failing immortality, can we live

article

By RICHARD RHODES

a lot longer? Or, failing that, can we live a *little* longer, and does anyone know why we age in the first place? And how come, with all this top-of-the-line equipment of ours, these adaptable bodies and big, wily brains, we have to cut out somewhere on the near side of 100 years?

The first thing you should know is that immortality in the here and now isn't on the cards. The second law of the universe is that all physical systems run down, even the universe itself. The black holes are going to swallow us up some day, and anyone hanging around for the show is going to be swallowed up, too.

So there's no such thing as immortality in the classic sense. But we might, if all goes well, if science and medicine do their stuff, get to live out our predicted span of 100 years in reasonably good health. And this by the magical year 2000, when all the calendars turn. Later, we might get to live 200 years or 350 years or 1000 years or even 20,000 years. That's not immortality by a long shot, but you and I both know we'd take it if we could. Even if it meant 5000 years of childhood, God forbid, 5000 years of youth and middle age, then 10,000 years of old age, as would almost certainly be the case.

There are people all over the place working to keep us alive a little longer, and that's Phase One of this report. Scientists are working on ageing itself, on keeping us young, and that's Phase Two. And there are a few experts working on the composition of our DNA — life's master control system. If they can figure out how man's DNA functions, they might someday be able to reprogram it, and if they can do that they might be able to reprogram it for a longer lifespan, the 200 or 1000 or 20,000 years I mentioned. And that's Phase Three.

●

Let's start with Phase One — the means of keeping us alive a little longer. That relies on medicine and, maybe, bionics. Medicine has been extending our lives for about the past 200 years. Before that, the average lifespan was around 40 years. Today it's in the 70s. The early gains came from improving public health — vaccination, hygiene and safer childbirth. Then the conquest of childhood diseases added more years and antibiotics added still more. These days the increments come harder. A cure for all the different kinds of cancer, doctors estimate, would add an average two years to our lives. Great news for cancer victims, but not exactly the Pools. Medicine is coming close to bumping up against the lifespan barrier. Predictions are that, late this century, we might average 95 or 98 years, with most of them healthy middle years instead of old age.

What about transplants? We have been hoping for success in that department since the first successful kidney transplants in the 1950s. Heart and kidney transplants have now become almost routine. Livers have been transplanted, and lungs, and heart and lungs together, though the procedure is still experimental. Rejection is the stone wall. The host rejects the graft, or the graft rejects the host. Tissues have types, just as blood does, but many more of them. The closer the tissues are matched, the less the chance of rejection, which is why the first successful kidney transplants were performed on identical twins. Kidney transplant patients today get their organs from their immediate families, matches close enough that there are some 20,000 alive. But close relatives aren't allowed to donate their hearts for transplant.

Suppose your body is dying but your brain is OK. Science is now looking into the ultimate transplant — your head on to a new body. Dr Robert J. White, a distinguished Ohio neurosurgeon, professor, and a former Mayo Clinic man, has perfected most of the technology necessary for a head transplant. He calls the procedure a "cephalic transplant", but points out that it's really a body transplant, since the identity of the survivor would come from the head.

He's transplanted the heads of rats and monkeys and kept them alive for three or four days. The monkeys were trained to respond to tests with facial signals, and after their transplantation they did, indicating that they were aware and functioning. While working on the cephalic transplant, White and his team have developed skills useful in brain surgery.

But he can't reconnect the spinal cord, which means the grafted bodies are able to serve only as immobile power packs — organic equivalents of artificial life-support systems like artificial kidneys, heart-lung machines and respirators. And since it's only rats and monkeys, he hasn't had to worry about graft-host rejection yet. He hasn't kept his experimental animals alive that long. If he did, they would soon start rejecting, just as heart transplants do. When medicine masters the rejection process, a cephalic transplant would be a possibility.

Since we're still talking about Phase One — patching people up and keeping them alive a few years longer — let's look at predictions of medical progress. At the beginning of 1977, the magazine *Medical World News* published the results of a poll of medical experts which predicted:

Non-narcotic treatment of pain (next year).

Complete understanding of blood-pressure control (next year).

Reliable transplantation of livers (next year).

The medical treatment of mental disease (next year).

Organ transplantation to correct genetic diseases (1985).

The routine use of implantable artificial bladder, heart, kidneys, pancreas and liver (1990).

Discovery of the main causes and prevention of diabetes (1990).

Enzyme replacement therapy to keep us young (1990).

Manipulation of the immune system to control organ transplantation, auto-immune diseases [such as, perhaps, arthritis and heart disease] and also the suppression of fertility (1990).

Marked reduction in incidence of heart disease by massive lowering of circulating blood cholesterol (2000).

Vaccines against viruses (2000).

And repeated again and again in the estimates of these experts: prevention or cure of most types of cancer by 2000. That's the best we're going to get in Phase One. That's a scintillating 100 years of youth and middle age.

●

Which brings us to murkier waters, Phase Two: the ugly business of ageing. Doctors can cure our diseases and transplant our organs, but ageing still continues. It goes on throughout the body at a more-or-less uniform rate. Skin loses its elasticity, connective tissue toughens, muscles weaken, the lungs move less air and the heart pumps less blood.

One of the difficulties with heart transplants is that strong young hearts put excessive pressure on weak old blood vessels. The kidneys last a lifetime if they aren't diseased, and so does the liver, but the hormone system slowly goes haywire and the immune system retreats, recruiting disease. The balance tips between the various systems of the body, and no amount of patching will fix it up.

There have been almost as many theories of ageing, and remedies for ageing, as there have been researchers in the field. To see how far the science of ageing — gerontology — has been from finding a simple, reasonable answer to the questions of why and how we age, you have to hear some of the theories. After talking to many researchers, I began to think ageing must be beyond human comprehension. But there is, I believe, a ray of hope in the gloom.

One theory I didn't hear about was wear and tear — perhaps the most obvious. For a long time it was the only theory (forgetting yoghurt and animal glands), but it has been thoroughly discredited. It argued, basically, that the body is a machine, and machines wear out. But the body is not a machine; it can repair itself, and does, though repair systems break down as we grow older.

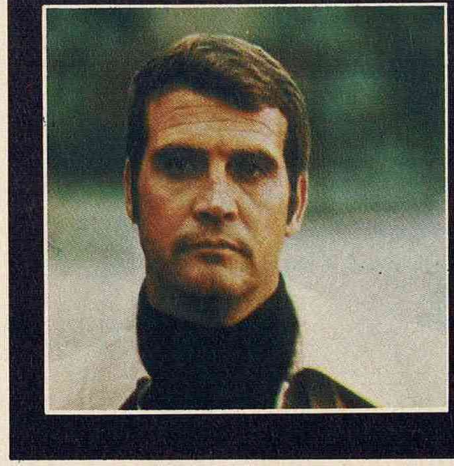
Another still popular theory is waste accumulation, in which unwanted products build up in the body's cells, impairing their efficiency. Ample evidence is there: waste products *do* accumulate in cells — heavy-metal ions, "age pigments" and chemical cross-linkages. The rate of accumulation, however, is the same for all animals, yet some live longer. The percentage of waste in the cells of a three-year-old mouse is the same as that in the cells of a three-year-old child, but the mouse at three is old; the child is just getting started in life.

Another theory is error accumulation. When our cells divide, as many of them do, they transcribe the genetic information stored inside. Sometimes they make errors, which are passed on and multiply. Enough errors, goes the theory, and the whole system gets out of alignment. But young cells repair their genetic material more efficiently than older cells, so something behind error accumulation governs ageing.

Some researchers have argued that we're programmed for ageing. They've proposed the existence of a "death clock" in the hypothalamus, the master hormone control centre deep in the brain. They think the clock causes the hypothalamus to lose its sensitivity to information feedback from the body, throwing the hormone system out of balance and causing us to age. The "death clock" theory goes against everything that scientists know about evolution, which selects positive rather than negative characteristics. It picks out the things that keep us going, not those that knock us off, and there's no evidence that ageing is a positive characteristic which evolution would build in to us. The old argument that ageing is designed to make room for the young by killing off the old doesn't make sense: if no one aged, the entire population would be young all their lives.

The common denominators in all the theories I heard is that they don't explain why we age and they don't explain why, in spite of all our best

THE BIONIC MANIA



The Six Million Dollar Man, Lee Majors (left) and Bionic Woman Lindsay Wagner: streets ahead.

***The Bionic Woman* and the *Six Million Dollar Man* aren't doing the burgeoning bionics industry any favors. By comparison, real-life bionics is so backward that these superpeople make the experts mad.**

"The problem with this bionics business on television," says Robert Mann, professor of biomedical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "is that it overdramatises the possibilities and makes them appear so commonplace. The public assumes that all it takes is putting resources to bear. That's a gross over-simplification."

The biggest stumbling block in bionics is finding a way to connect sophisticated electronics to the far more intricate human mechanism.

Says Dr Mann: "The lay view is that science and technology can do anything it sets its mind to. The fact is that the really exquisite, marvellous mechanism is the human. Intriguing, complex, not understood. We know very little about how to connect a machine to a human. The hardware can be done. The interfacing cannot be done. Not yet."

At the Liberty Mutual Research Centre in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, Dr Carlo J. DeLuca is working at developing a motorised limb, controlled directly from the brain, like Steve Austin's arm and leg. But that's a long way off. For now, the insurance company manufactures something called the Boston Arm for above-the-elbow amputees. It has a servo motor in its elbow and batteries and a printed circuit in its forearm that works off muscle signals. It's run by a blood-pressure cuff that straps around the muscles of the upper arm. The cuff has, on its inner surface, electrodes pasted to the skin that read the muscles' electrical impulses. Flex your bicep, or what's left of it, and the artificial forearm goes up. Flex your tricep and the forearm will go down. A continuing development around the world is making artificial hearts. Calves have been kept alive for years on prototypes, but the power source is outside. The hearts need a cool, portable, reliable power supply.

Fidelity Electronics of Chicago, the largest American distributor of prostheses and bionics, sells a hand that can be activated by reading muscle signals. And work is being done to give it a hot/cold, hard/soft touch.

The company has also developed a switch that a stroke victim can wear in his shoe to lift a dragging leg when he walks. And a sip-and-puff control for quadraplegics, activated by a straw, which allows them to adjust their beds, make telephone calls, and turn on lights and TV sets.

Researchers are also working on bionic vision. They hope to be able to implant a light-sensitive mechanism in eye sockets.

"Maybe if you tried a bit of pillaging first?"

efforts our lifespan extends to only a maximum of 100 years.

Except one. At the end of two weeks of interviewing, after a month of reading the literature, when I was ready to give up, I almost accidentally bumped into a man in Baltimore, Maryland, who's worked out lifespan. He doesn't know what *specifically* causes ageing, but he knows what ageing is and why we have it, and he thinks he knows a little of what we might do about it. Maybe most important of all, his theory puts all the other theories based on reliable experiment into a sensible context.

Dr Richard Cutler was an aeronautical engineer and then a physicist at the Brookhaven National Laboratory when he became interested in ageing. He moved to gerontology because he noticed its mass of conflicting theories and sensed the possibility of a simple explanation. Today he is on the staff of the Gerontology Research Centre of the National Institute of Ageing located in Baltimore.

Instead of studying individual body systems, as most researchers do, Cutler stepped back to look at lifespan in a larger context: evolution. The choice turned out to be inspired, because it was in evolution that he found the elusive answer. He noticed, first of all, that mammals structurally are very similar. They have the same kinds of organs, bones, tissue and structural genes. The chimpanzee shares more than 99 percent of its structural genes with its closest relative, man. On the structural level, man and the chimpanzee are almost identical.

But man and the chimpanzee are dramatically different in lifespan. Man's maximum lifespan potential – Cutler abbreviates the phrase to MLP – is 100 years; the chimpanzee's is only 50. And there are equally dramatic differences in MLP among all the different species of mammals, which are structurally so much alike. One common laboratory mouse has an MLP of three to four years. Another common laboratory mouse, almost identical, has an MLP of eight years. Cutler found this intriguing.

"If you compare different mammalian species," he explains, "you find that they have different lifespans. It's hard to convince some people of that. They say, 'Are you sure? Wouldn't a lion live just as long as a man if he took equally good care?' But no. No matter how well you take care of a lion or a deer or a mouse it still ages faster than man does.

"The lifespans are different, the rate of ageing is different, but the process of ageing is the same. The same problems pop up, the same kinds of physical decline. So man, for example, ages at a slower rate across the board than the chimpanzee. The chimp ages about twice as fast as man. He loses his immune functions twice as fast, he loses his eyesight twice as fast, and his hearing, his cognitive ability twice as fast, and so on."

Which dispenses, Cutler points out, with any simple theory of wear and tear. If you want a car to last twice as long, you build it better from the frame up. Stronger materials, better parts, more careful machining and assembly. A better structure. If ageing were only wear and tear, man would have better structures than other mammals. He doesn't. "Life-span," he concludes, "isn't a matter of better design."

If not better design, then what? Cutler's startling insight, for which he marshalls considerable evidence, is that lifespan *evolved.* It evolved to fill up the time each species had available to live, if that makes sense, and ageing is a by-product of that evolution.

All living species have had the same amount of time to evolve. That's a basic fact of evolution. Then why, asks Cutler, didn't they all evolve 100-year MLPs like man?

Because they couldn't use them. "If you go out into the wild and try to find an old mouse," Cutler says, "you won't find it. Old fish, old deer – you don't find them, either. In their natural environments, animals are always killed off before they show any signs of growing old. A one-year-old bird has the same probability of being killed as a six-month-old bird, even though there aren't as many one-year-old birds around. The probability increases exponentially. Take a bird with a short lifespan in the wild, put it into a laboratory to see how long it really can live and you'll find that it doesn't live much longer. It starts to age about the time that it would have been killed off. So do animals. The longer-living animal is able to live longer in the wild because its environmental hazards are lower." Which suggests, Cutler concludes, that "animals evolve a lifespan that is the maximum for their environmental niche".

"If you look at humans," Cutler explains, "you don't have to go very far back to find that the mean lifespan used to run around 30 to 40 years. There was always the man who'd squeak out to 90, but the average lifespan was much lower, and above the mean the survival curve was exponential, just like the bird's. And when does man really start growing old? At 35 or 40. We evolved with genes to keep us alive until about 35 or 40, when we'd normally have been killed off. But then we suddenly lowered our environmental hazards drastically, within the past two or three hundred years. And so we see this ageing. Ageing is unnatural. Nature doesn't like ageing; it's not good."

Picture it this way: nature's primary strategy for lengthening lifespan has been to lengthen childhood and youth. The chimpanzee is immature for seven years and man for 14. The chimpanzee is young from seven to 25, man from 14 to 35 or 40. After that, the system begins to break down, because the hazards of life – disease and predators – begin to wipe out the chimps and the men and women who survive. By 50 for the chimp, and 100 for man, the mortality rate is almost 100 percent.

If longer life evolved, then it must have been an advantage, or evolution wouldn't have selected for it. What was the advantage? "The first primate appeared about 65 million years ago," Cutler notes. "It had a lifespan of seven or eight years. It was a small, shrew-like organism. From that time, primate lifespan steadily increased. We've never found an example of where it went down. And this increase has always been accompanied by an increase in brain size.

"Well, there is an advantage to brain size. Mammals may be unique in exploiting the advantage of learned behavior over instinctive behavior," says Cutler. "Learned behavior gives more adaptability. But to take full advantage of learned behavior you have to have time to learn. And you have to have time to teach. So suppose you had two mutations: a greater ability to learn, meaning a larger brain, and a little more longevity. Those two mutations would co-evolve. They would be mutually beneficial."

And that's Cutler's hypothesis: that brain size and MLP evolved together to give the larger brain time to learn and time to teach its offspring. One of his most impressive tables shows the estimated MLP of man's extinct relatives and immediate ancestors, the hominids. *Ramapithecus,* which appeared on earth about 14 million years ago, had a predicted MLP of 42 years, though it probably averaged less than 20. *Homo habilis,* which appeared about 1.5 million years ago, had a predicted MLP of 61 years. *Homo erectus,* which appeared about 700,000 years ago, had an MLP based on evidence of tooth wear of at least 60 years; Cutler predicts it to have been about 69 to 78 years. Neanderthal man, 45,000 years ago, had an MLP of 93 years. Our own MLP Cutler puts at between 95 and 100 years. The brain size of these hominids goes up accordingly: *Ramapithecus,* 300cc; *Homo habilis,* 660cc; *Homo erectus,* 1030cc; Neanderthal man, about the same as modern man, which is between 1400 and 1500cc. Brain size evolved, and also lifespan, as far as possible, given natural hazards. And there it stopped, because dead men don't reproduce.

Equally important – the promising part of Cutler's theory – is that the evolution of lifespan was fast, amazingly fast as evolution is measured. Between 1.5 million and 100,000 years ago the hominid brain more than doubled in size, and lifespan almost doubled along with it. Which means that not many genes can be involved. Evolution proceeds by mutation, by random changes in the genes.

"We know," says Cutler, "that the rate of mutation in living creatures is constant and fairly slow. New genes don't appear very often. If you compare the evolution of lifespan with the rate of mutation, you find that there can't have been very many mutations involved in lengthening lifespan. I calculated that only a very few, maybe 10, maybe 15, mutations were required to evolve an average of every 14 years of man's lifespan. Which is a drop in the bucket compared to how many genes there really are." Biologists estimate that man's DNA comprises at least 100,000 genes, and possibly a million or more. No more than 100 may be involved in setting man's lifespan by Cutler's calculation.

"The general conclusion in studying the evolution of species," Cutler points out, "is that the structural genes are identical. There's not much difference from one species to the next within the mammals. What's different is the other broad category of genes, the regulatory genes, the genes that turn the structural genes on and off. Apparently the genes for ageing are regulatory genes."

The regulatory genes turn man on for 40 years and then shut him down. Here Cutler begins to propose a theory about ageing. His example is the two species of laboratory mice with different lifespans, three to four versus eight years. "They're virtually identical in every other way. But we find that the DNA in the longer-lived species keeps on repairing itself. The longer-lived mouse has a more efficient repair process. Not different, just more efficient. In 1974, Richard Sudlow at the Brookhaven National Laboratory looked up the DNA repair capacity for a number of different mammals from the mouse up to man. He found a beautiful correlation: the longer-lived the species was, the more repair capacity it had. It was the same system and the difference was just a matter of degree – turning something on a little more intensely. It doesn't have to be a whole new set of genes. That's why it could evolve so quickly." Let's go back then to Phase One, to the *Medical World News* poll, and the prediction of enzyme replacement therapy by 1990. Regulatory genes convey their messages to structural genes with enzymes. If medicine can work out which enzymes carry the ageing message, synthesise them, and replace them, it might have devised a way to keep us young. Unfortunately, there's probably a catch: to benefit from enzyme replacement therapy, people will probably have to start it young, before ageing begins.

But whether we're a youngish 100 or an ancient 100, we're likely to continue dying at 100 or earlier until the genes themselves can be modified. Cutler's cheering news is that not many genes will need to be modified, and that the evidence from evolution is that modification works.

He's even proposed a scenario for a human with an MLP of 200 years. A 200-MLP-man would probably not mature sexually until 28 years of age, compared with 14 years today. His youth would extend from 27 to 60, his middle age from 60 to 100, his old age from 100 to 200 – doubling all the stages of life, including the ageing stage, except that by then the ageing stage might be something we can control medically. Doubling man's MLP would probably also mean doubling his brain size, Cutler says, which wouldn't necessarily make him smarter, but would give him more brain cells to lose in the course of his 200-year life span.

The 200-MLP-man would have to carry around a much larger head. Proportionately he'd look like a two-year-old child. And unless the female pelvis can be enlarged, the 200-MLP-man would have to be brought into the world by surgery.

Since man has lowered his environmental hazards in the past 200 years and opened up a larger niche for himself, evolution may already be pushing up his MLP. But the process is slow, and Cutler doesn't think we're likely to wait around for it. He believes we'll try to accomplish it ourselves. "These changes might be achieved," he writes, "by inducing the enzymes involved to higher levels by analogue stimulants, by direct enzyme addition therapy, or by genetic engineering." Well, stimulating the enzymes is obvious, and we've talked about enzyme addition therapy. What about Phase Three – genetic engineering? What about redesigning man himself? It's promising, but it's primitive, and nature may have already fixed things so it won't work.

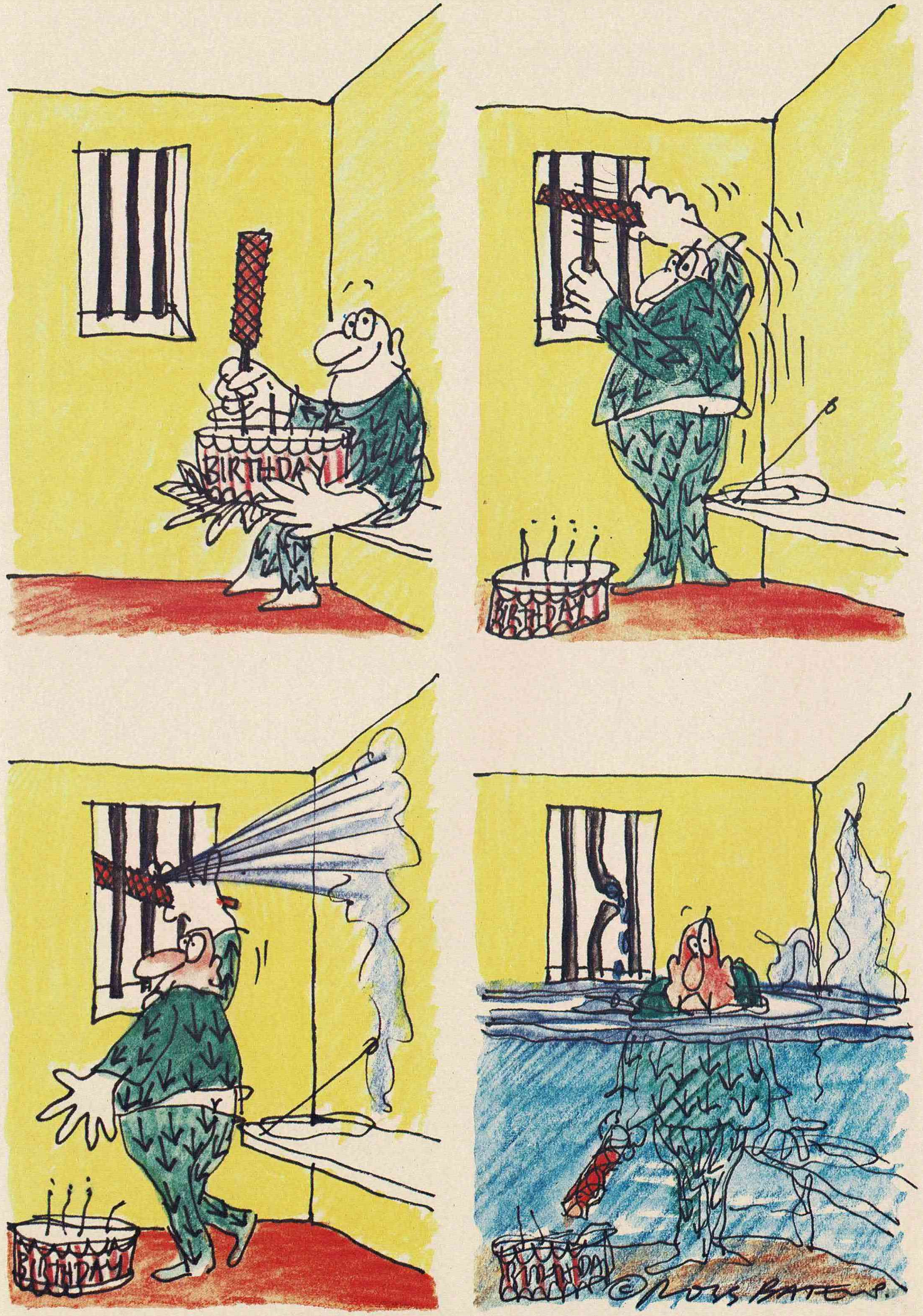
A little basic information: we've been doing genetic engineering for the past 10,000 years, but not on man. We took wild plants and animals and bred them for domestic use. That was genetic engineering aeons before anyone heard of DNA. We didn't do it with people because it would have taken hundreds of years and no one was willing to sit still that long. We do it today in a helpful, voluntary way with genetic counselling, warning people that their offspring have an increased risk of genetic disease. Man is still literally a wild animal, and genetically highly diverse. That's why the supposedly inferior poor aren't going to breed the supposedly superior rich out of existence and pollute the race. The poor have just as much genetic potential as the rich. More, since God made more of them.

Identifying the function of human genes is the work of the new science of molecular biology. This field took off only 27 years ago, when James Watson and Francis Crick discovered the structure of DNA, the large biopolymeric molecule that is the basic unit of genetic information for every species on earth. We reproduce by exchanging DNA. DNA guides the manufacture of all the body's proteins and regulates their functions. It is the only secret life had left, according to molecular biologists. Scientists assembled for a biology conference a few years ago were asked to define life. All the old textbook answers came out – "Life is matter that reproduces," and so on. The molecular biologists cooked up the plainest, coldest, bluntest and most precise answer of all. "Life," they said, "is the expression of the surface properties of the biopolymers."

A polymer is a large molecule built up of repeating, linked small molecules. The DNA molecule takes the shape of a double helix, two exterior backbones of sugar phosphate coiled around each other with a right-hand twist. Bridged between the two backbones like the steps of a spiral staircase are small repeating molecules of four chemicals. Their names are usually abbreviated to A and T, G and C. T combines with A, G combines with C by locking their surfaces together. The four chemicals are the genetic alphabet; the sequence in which they are laid down in DNA spells out the genetic message, and with it DNA reads out a program for the living form it is coded to produce.

The more complicated the life form, the longer its DNA. Man's DNA is fiercely complex, a molecular strand 183cm long and 1/100,000,000th of a centimetre wide, coiled up inside almost all the body's cells. No one has yet figured it out.

"We want to know the structure of the genes in our body," Dr Walter Gilbert, a molecular biologist at the Harvard Biology Laboratory, told me. "That's the question people are just



now beginning to try to attack. In a bacterium, which we understand very well by now, there are genes and each one does something. But there are tremendous areas of human DNA that don't seem to be doing anything. We've got 10 times more DNA than we seem to need. There's something else going on that we don't understand. In fact, there's real mystery about what's going on in our bodies in detail, both the structure of the genes and how they're controlled. It's only in the past few years that people began to get an interesting gene out where they could look at it. That's the leading edge of biological research, but it hasn't produced any answers yet."

The new and controversial technique called DNA recombination is likely to produce some answers, given time. DNA recombination allows the biologist to study a tiny fragment of DNA by isolating it, then getting the fragment to divide and reproduce until he has a volume of identical copies large enough to work with. Then he can play around with the test tube full of copies until he figures out what that particular piece of DNA does.

Recombinant DNA research has raised fears of doomsday diseases, of man-made Andromeda strains destroying the world. Biologists themselves still quarrel acrimoniously over the safety issue. They assembled in California in 1974 and voluntarily imposed restrictive guidelines on themselves. The extreme case, which someone actually proposed to attempt, involved inserting a piece of DNA from a virus known to cause cancer in monkeys and suspected of causing cancer in man into a laboratory strain of the common human intestinal bacteria *E. coli.* Someone raised the possibility that such a chimera, if it escaped from the laboratory, might introduce a virulent new kind of cancer into the world.

The biologists agreed not to do any cancer-virus insertions. They agreed to categorise their research into four stages of potential risk and to proceed through the stages only in increasingly isolated laboratories. Stage four research would require a laboratory at least as well-sealed as the laboratory NASA built for its first look at the rocks the astronauts brought back from the moon, which NASA feared might harbor extraterrestrial microbes. The biologists also agreed to try to design a special research strain of *E. coli* so fragile that it couldn't live outside the laboratory. They're working on it now.

The debate over the possible dangers of DNA recombination continues. It serves to alert the rest of the world to a truth molecular biologists have already discerned: that biological research today is as pregnant with possibilities for the good and ill of mankind as research in nuclear fission was in the late 1930s. Within five years it should be possible to design a DNA-recombinant strain of bacteria that manufactures insulin. Beyond that, if new discoveries take place at the same rate as in the past, it may be possible to change the genetic structure of some plants. Wheat, for example, might be fitted with the nitrogen-fixing system of legumes, allowing it to grow without artificial fertiliser in average soil.

But redesigning bacteria is one thing. Redesigning human DNA – to give a lifespan of up to 20,000 years – is entirely another. Dr Gilbert: "We understand the level of control very well in bacteria. We know virtually nothing about it in human beings. The higher cell is a thousandfold more complicated than the bacteria, and we've only understood the bacteria in the past decade. It won't take 1000 years, but it will take some reasonable fraction of time."

No functional immortality tomorrow. There is another strategy – cloning. It will be much easier to make copies of living men and women than to design new ones. Successful cloning of a higher organism was first reported in 1966 by the Oxford University zoologist, Dr J. B. Gurdon. Gurdon cloned seven frogs. To make each clone he extracted the nucleus – the part of the cell that contains its DNA – from the intestinal cell of a frog and implanted it in an enucleated frog egg. The eggs developed into tadpoles and the tadpoles into frogs. Gurdon's clones were perfect copies of the frog from whose intestinal cells they came. In effect, they were identical twins one generation removed.

Human and domestic animal cloning should be feasible within the next 50 years. It will be an important medical treatment for genetic disease. Parents who are symptomless carriers of such disease might choose to clone their children rather than risk producing diseased offspring.

Cloning may have other advantages. Identical twins apparently communicate with each other more quickly and completely than the rest of us do. A genius might choose to have himself cloned and teach his clonal offspring, who might then surpass him in knowledge.

There's a catch to all this business of figuring out human DNA and redesigning it, a nasty catch that Nobel laureate James Watson and several of his colleagues recently proposed. DNA may not allow itself to be redesigned. It took over the role of preserving information in the first place, back in the soup of the primordal seas at the beginning of life, because it was the most efficient preserver of information of any of the molecules boiling there. In those ancient days it wasn't protected by a surrounding bubble of cell. It was naked to its enemies, and its enemies were the billions of other combinations of elements and molecules that wanted to break it down and use its components to keep themselves "alive". It's had several billion years to perfect its defences. It may be proof against any kind of attack scientists can devise. One recalls the quandary of the scientists who tried to develop new diseases for bacteriological warfare: they ended up with plague and encephalitis and anthrax. Nature had already done the job better than they knew how to do.

But *if* DNA lets us in, and *if* man gets around to the task of redesigning himself, it's going to be slow. He can't redesign every one of the body's billions of cells. He'll have to redesign an egg or a sperm or both, mate them, wait until the recombinant child is born, then wait at least 20 years to make sure it isn't a monster. And he can't redesign too many genes at once, or he won't know which one of them went wrong.

If Richard Cutler's calculation of the small number of genes responsible for human lifespan is correct, then engineering for larger brains and longer lifespans might be one of the first recombinations attempted. Men with longer life would have time to learn more and could apply what they'd learned to more elaborate redesign.

No one knows how much increased lifespan those future generations are likely to get. The body changes with chronological age in ways that aren't affected by its rate of ageing. Muscles get stringier regardless. Waste products accumulate regardless. The ultimate human lifespan might be 350 years or it might be 1000 years. It might even be the fabled 20,000. But it won't be forever. Forever is still the prerogative and the curse of the gods.

J. Robert Oppenheimer, the physicist who hated the title the world correctly gave him, the Father of the Atomic Bomb, made this point about us near the end of his painful 64 years of life: "It is a profound and necessary truth," he said, "that the deep things in science are not found because they are useful; they are found because it was possible to find them."

If it's possible to find a way to redesign mankind, to improve the model, to give it a little more time, to cheat death, mankind will.

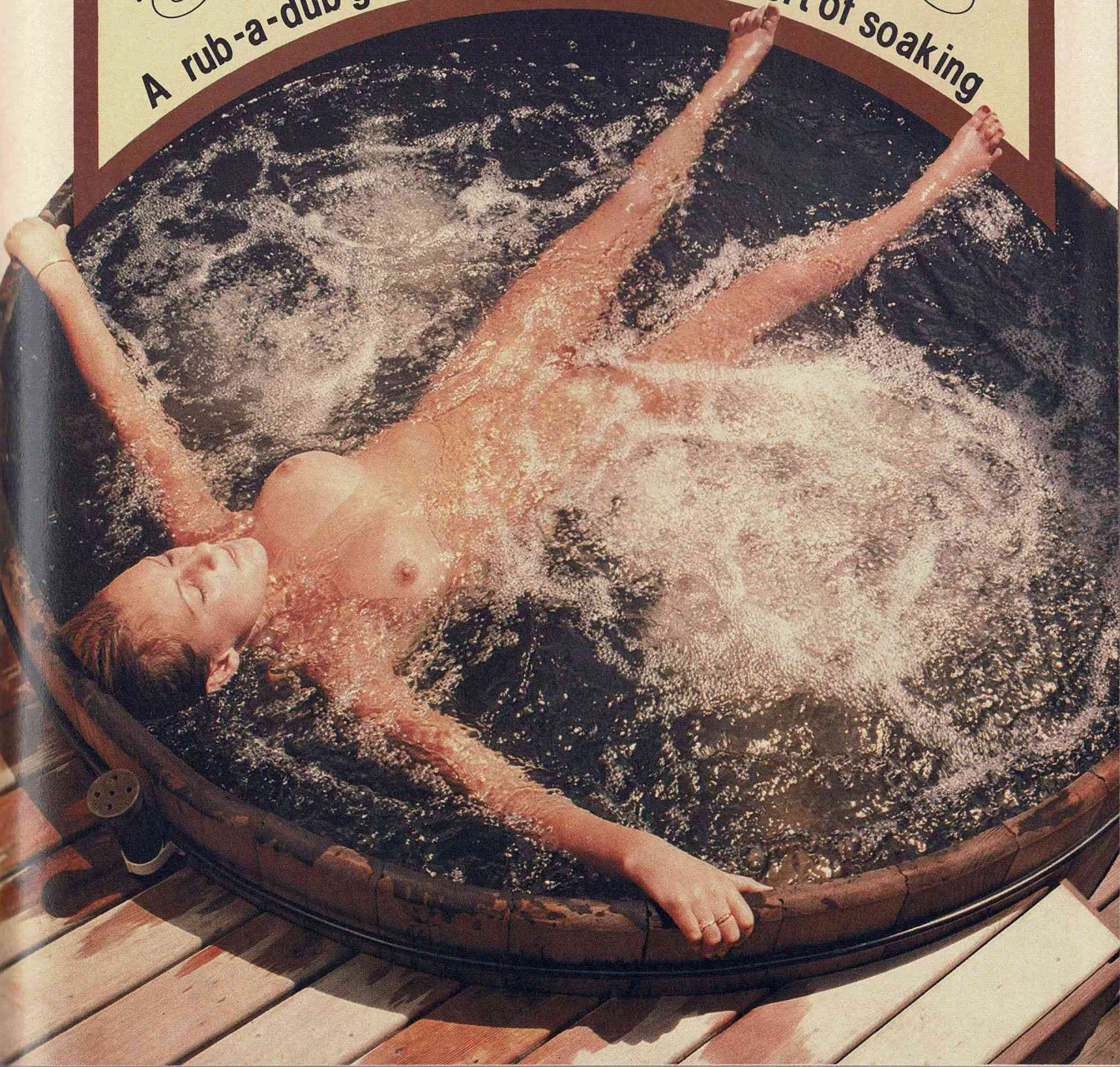
HOT TUBS

EVER SINCE Adam fell from being the apple of his father's eye, people throughout the world have been getting into hot water. In the metaphorical sense, it's meant trouble. In the literal sense it has been a fun, family affair. One in, all in. Group bathing, of course, is no child of the permissive society. It was all the rage thousands of years ago with the Egyptians, Babylonians, Romans, Greeks, Turks, Finns, Hawaiians, American Indians and Japanese. Now you can add Australia to that list.

Turbo tubs, jet tubs, colonial tubs, spa tubs – call them what you will – made their appearance in Australia about a year ago. And every day more and more are being sold as thousands of people sink into them to discover a new high. Talk to anyone who's been in them – or better still, try one yourself – and the reasons will soon become clear. Admittedly, it does take some time to fully appreciate their appeal. About five minutes, actually.

Basically, the tubs are of varying diameters and are made either of redwood or cedar. Around part or whole of the inner perimeter is a seat. The tubs are filled with water, heated by external units. When the water reaches around 40C (105F), the tub is ready for you

A rub-a-dub guide to the sensuous sport of soaking



to hop inside. Everyone faces each other in a circle. Turn on the switches, and jets of compressed air and water charge into the tank from the floor and sides, giving the most relaxing, therapeutic, sensual effect.

One of the great advantages of tubs is that they can be used the whole year round – hot in winter and hot or cold in summer. Jumping from a hot tub into a cold pool or under a cold, stinging shower in either summer or winter is an invigorating experience.

The greatest place for them is the outdoors, and the best time on a wild and windy winter's night. It's then that you get the full effect of the tub; of its swirling, caressing warmth in direct contrast to the rain and cold. Add to that the creaking of the trees, the pop of the champagne, the intimate closeness of a partner . . . and *that's* what tubbing's all about.

The Romans certainly knew this. They were into tubbing in a big way . . . their colossal, tiled *thermae* could accommodate up to 18,000 people. The Greeks and the Spartans were made of much sterner stuff. Not for them the luxuriating warmth of the *thermae* but cold, invigorating baths.

The American Indian, on the other hand, combined the two. Inside small constructions of buffalo hides, stretched over timber frames and insulated with a mixture of mud, pine-needles and grass, they had fire pits. Steam was created by pouring water on the red-hot stones. A nearby lake or stream, usually icy-cold, meant that a good steaming could be followed by a bracing dip.

The Turks adhered to the same principle, while the Finns went in for the dry heat of the sauna, followed by a good roll in the snow. You could also be given, if you wanted it, a light birching; either way, you ended up tingling.

But perhaps it was the Japanese, more than any other race, who were the originators of the earliest form of hot tub. For centuries these people have been soaking in *ofuros* – indoor tubs made of teak.

Unlike the tubs now selling in Australia, the *ofuro* has been standard equipment for centuries in Japanese homes, where it's been used for relaxation in the company of family and friends. And for all, rich and poor, there have been the public baths, *sento,* where for a matter of a few cents the Japanese can soak themselves into a state of mental and physical serenity.

It was in California that the first of the modern hot tubs came into being. A group of families, including many Vietnam war veterans seeking an alternative lifestyle, formed communes in the hills of Santa Barbara. There they found remnants of the lifestyles of the area's former residents – the old, discarded wooden vats left by disillusioned grape growers. The vats served perfectly as baths. In fact they were better because they were bigger, which meant the whole family could wash together. But because of the size of the tubs, they had to keep filling them with hot water. So the ingenious settlers devised crude heating appliances.

Next, somebody recalled that the swirling waters of various health resorts around the world had great therapeutic value, so again the innovators got to work to create the swirls and bubbles in their own tubs.

They used anything, including old vacuum cleaners hitched to hoses to blow in the air. And the more they refined them, the more they enjoyed them, and the wider the word spread. As a result, it wasn't long before more West Coasters started to drop in on the drop-outs. They experienced the relaxing turbulence of the tubs – and a new industry was on its way.

THE PRICE OF A GOOD TUB. . .

Here's where you can buy hot tubs, and how much they cost:

Turbo Tubs, 165 Canterbury road, Bankstown, NSW 2200 (Tel 709 4466): 1.2 metres (unassembled), from $1650; fully installed, $1925; 1.52 metres, $150 more; 1.83 metres, $300 more.

Colonial Hot Tubs, 11C Excelsior avenue, Castle Hill, NSW 2154 (Tel 634 7723): 1.2 metres, $2130; 1.52 metres, $2380; 1.83 metres, $2755; 2.4 metres, $3720. Delivery and installation, $100.

The Tub Works Co, 81 Old South Head road, Bondi Junction, NSW 2022 (Tel 389 0022): 1.2 metres, $2250; 1.52 metres $2500; 1.83 metres, $2800. All prices include delivery and installation.

The Great Australian Tub Co, 105 Daking House, Rawson place, Sydney 2000 (Tel 211 41193): 1.2 metres, $2050; 1.52 metres, $2300; 1.83 metres, $2800.

The tubs' swirling therapy, with water coming from all directions, is called hydro-massage, a centuries-old means of toning up the body and easing tension. In their present-day application, they are claimed to be beneficial to everyone from sportsmen to arthritis sufferers. Already a number of sporting clubs have installed giant custom-built tubs capable of holding a football team.

The four major marketing companies in Australia – all Sydney based – face a rosy future.

"We're hoping for a strong market potential in the Eastern Suburbs," says Patrick Dougherty, one of the senior executives of The Tub Works Co, manufacturers of the Tubble Tub. No wonder. Its headquarters are in the heart of bustling Bondi Junction. Says Patrick: "There are a multitude of terraces there where back courtyards aren't big enough for a pool, but would be ideal for a tub."

Turbo Tubs is currently the biggest marketer in Australia. The company assembles its tubs and equipment in the Sydney suburb of Bankstown, and it's the only Australian company making tubs of all-heart redwood.

Says Laurie Martin, the company's managing director: "It has the durability and the backwoods aroma which one associates with the origins of the Santa Barbara product."

Colonial Hot Tubs, based at the outlying Sydney suburb of Castle Hill, offers the Cuddle Tub, a watery recycle built for two for $1520. Measuring less than a metre in diameter, this tub guarantees intimacy.

Col Mapperson, managing director of Colonial, believes there is a great future in smaller tubs which can be installed in a bathroom or laundry, and which can be filled directly from a hot water tap. He plans to market a new range of this product, under the name Bubble Tub, for less than $1000.

"The Cuddle Tub," he says, "at present employs the standard outside equipment. The Bubble Tub will be able to dispense with the heater, and will have an attached air-blower to provide the bubbles."

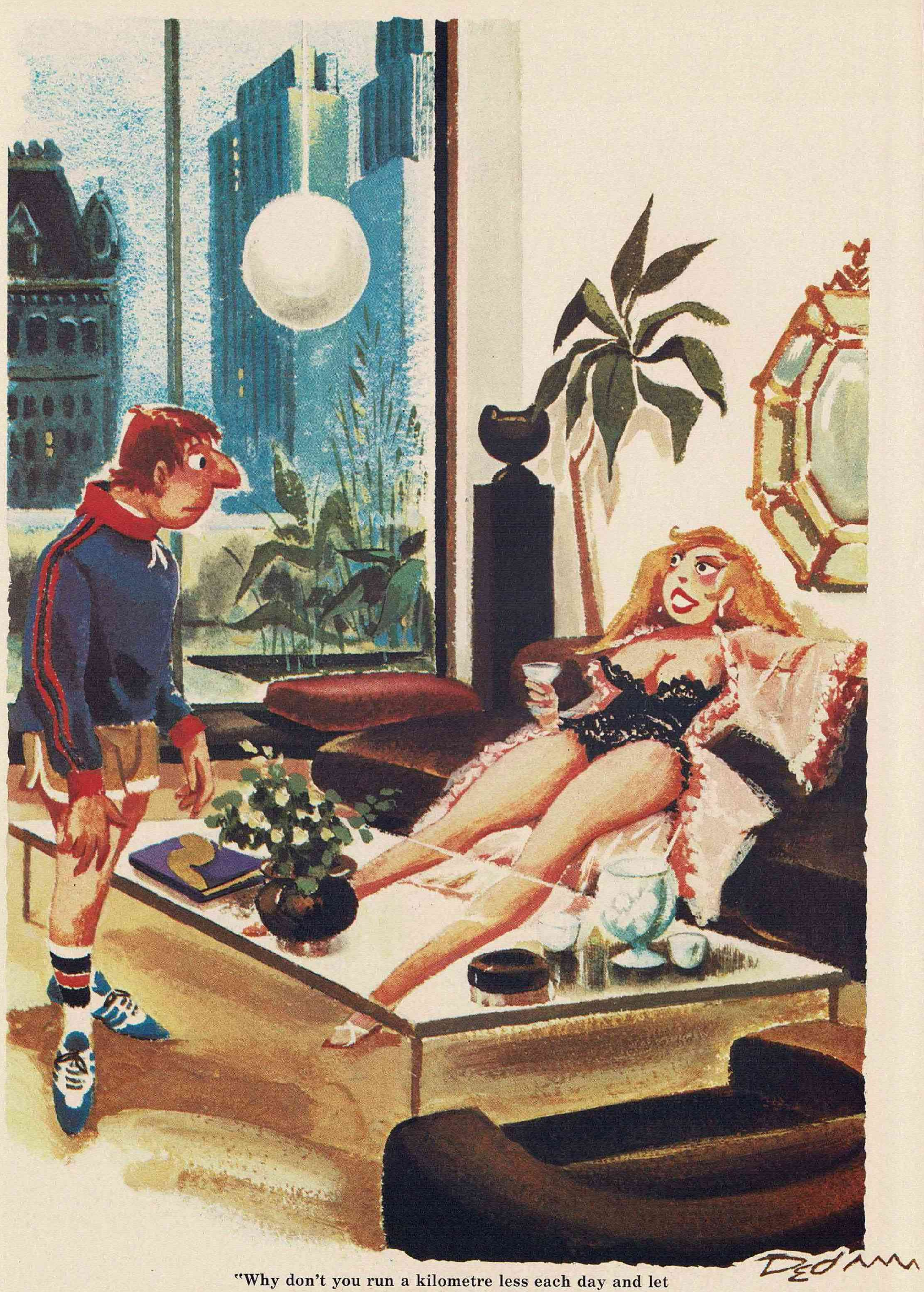
The fourth company, The Great Australian Tub Co, is operated by Sydney businesswoman Caroline Dyball. The product name is Jet Tubs. It is marketed interstate in shug form (the cooperage term for unassembled), but each stay is numbered so the buyer can assemble the stays and fix the bands. The company is also exporting to Singapore, and is looking at further overseas markets. There's a 25 percent reduction if a customer buys two tubs, but an additional $200 has to be paid if installation is required by someone other than the buyer.

One word of warning for those who would like to install their own tubs: if you wire it yourself, for goodness' sake have your own work checked. Water and electricity can be shocking partners in a tub.

When you think of how often you can use them, tubs are good value for money. There are also the undoubted benefits to be gained through hydrotherapy and hydro-massage, though a person with a heart complaint should take medical advice before jumping in.

Ultimately, as Chaucer once put it, hot tubs bring peace. "His herte bathid," he wrote, "in a bath of blisse."

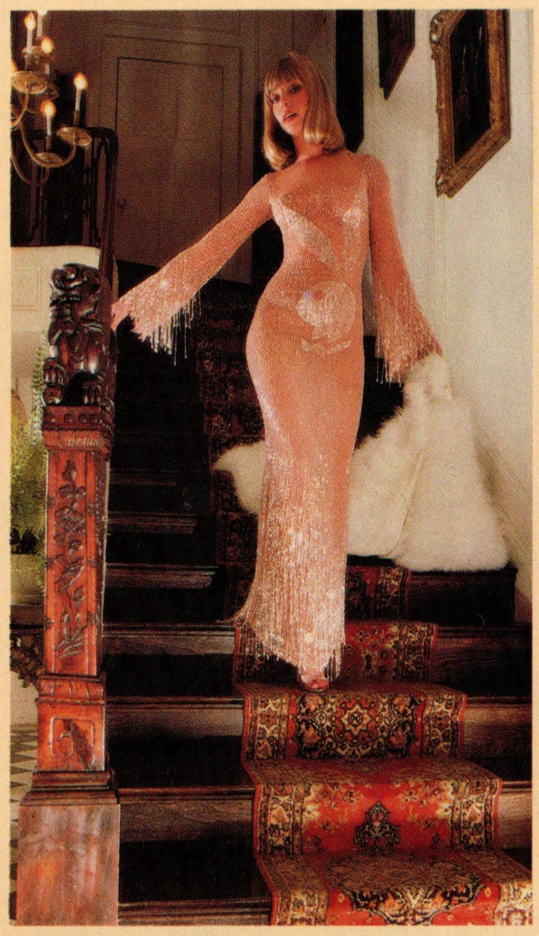
Whatever the hell he meant by that.



"Why don't you run a kilometre less each day and let me make up the difference?"

Playboy's playmate of the year

"I think that if a person suddenly comes into money and success," says Monique St Pierre, "the first thing to do is to remember what things made him or her happy before. Often we find that even after our situation has changed the same things make us happy. And I've certainly found this to be true for me."



meet monique, who came into the world in the same year as playboy and has grown up to become america's latest playmate of the year

Photography by Richard Fegley

A FEW days after a fledgling publication called PLAYBOY made its first appearance on the news stands in November, 1953, Monique St Pierre was born. And it seems appropriate that she has been named *Playmate of the Year* while the magazine is celebrating its silver anniversary. Since she made her debut as a Playmate in November last year, German-born Monique has become one of the most recognisable faces in America. Eager to take advantage of the opportunities, she left Denver and, after a visit to New York to meet top fashion photographers, she settled in Los Angeles. There the modelling jobs began rolling in, as well as movie and television offers. "There's a chance that I will appear in an episode of *Mork and Mindy,*" says an excited Monique. "The story would tell of Mork meeting

"Although I will not let people walk over me, I am very giving, considerate and loving," says Monique. "When I am your friend I will always be there when you need me. And I am willing to sacrifice for you."

the *Playmate of the Year.*" But with a blossoming career and many commitments, Monique says she'll still be able to find time to enjoy her *Playmate of the Year* prizes, which include a Porsche 928, a boat and sports equipment. To make sure that she would really get the most from her prizes, Monique was given lessons in snow and water skiing, driving a sports car, and tennis. And her teachers? World pro skiing champion Andre Arnold; record-holding water skier Wayne Grimditch; sports car racer Peter Gregg, and tennis great Jimmy Connors. "My experience with each of them was

"My men have to be very strong. Strong enough to leave me enough room for my own identity and to respect my freedom. What they must understand is that what I am doing is as important to me as what they're doing is to them. This, of course, works both ways."

something I'll always cherish," she says. And after her sessions with Connors: "I didn't expect him to be such a nice person because he's so temperamental when he's playing. But he's really very down to earth and good-hearted." Monique recalls hoping, when she first became involved with PLAYBOY, that her career would blossom. "But this is beyond anything I had imagined," she says. "Being *Playmate of the Year* means much more to me than money, but now that I have a little extra cash one of the first things I'm going to do is buy a piano." And there are lots of good things ahead for the first Australian PLAYBOY *Playmate of the Year,* to be announced early next year. The lucky girl will get $10,000 cash, a sports car and other prizes and, with the original $5000 for being *Playmate of the Month,* her total prizemoney for the year will be $30,000.

"I am a very strong-willed person and I like to be independent, but I'm also feminine. And regardless of whether I am modelling, playing sport or curled up in front of a log fire I love being a woman." And we love you being a woman, too, Monique.

Living it up with a high-revving hellraiser

life is a madcap rooftop party for peter janson, the playboy who makes the jet set look like a mob of schoolkids

profile **By Phil Jarratt**

". . . and I told the bloody Shah years ago, I said: 'Look, mate, the shit is going to hit the fan', and he said . . ."

Peter Janson talking, Australia's one true playboy. Maybe he did warn the Shah, maybe he didn't. It doesn't really matter because Janson is already warming to his next topic, which is Sterling Moss. Or is it Omar Sharif? Coming from anyone else these are improbable tales, but Janson has a pictorial record of his associations with the greats and he is not shy about reaching for it. We are talking over Janson's cluttered desk deep within his bizarre and rambling apartment atop Melbourne's Windsor Hotel. The captain (ex Indian Army) is sporting

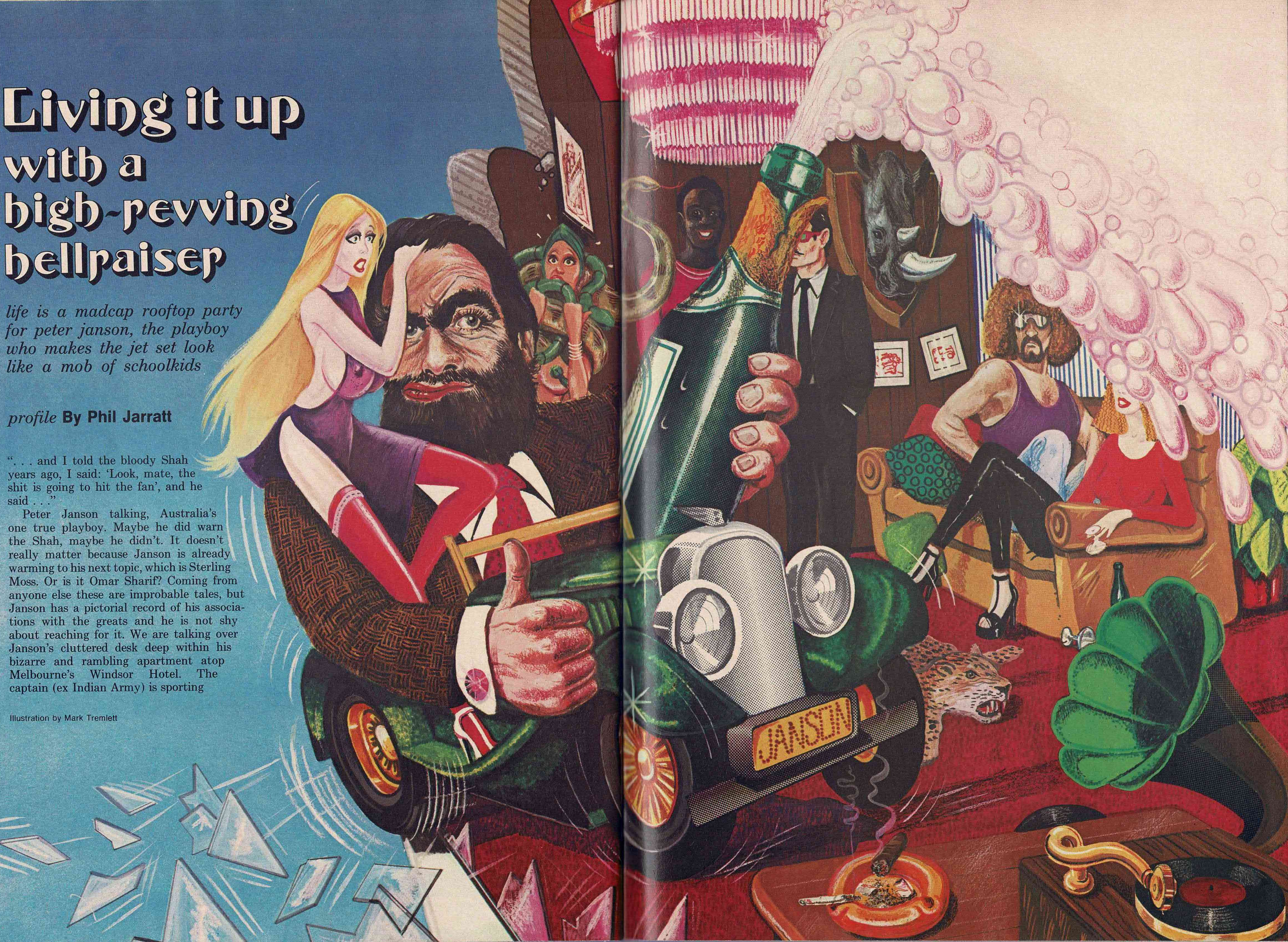


Illustration by Mark Tremlett

royal blue slacks, blue pinstripe shirt with Young Liberal contrasting collar and cuffs, a club tie and a glass of scotch firmly attached to his right hand.

I have been escorted into his presence by a beautiful, tall and elegant lady who, knowing something of household protocol, has since disappeared. On the way up the stairs I have discovered that her name is Auralia, that she met Melbourne's number one party giver and jet set hellraiser at the Melbourne Cup and is his current girlfriend. She thinks there may be others. "She speaks quite good English, considering . . ." says Janson, emptying his glass. "Considering she was born in Lithuania."

Peter Janson was born somewhere in New Zealand either 35 or 40 years ago. Details are sketchy. These are things the captain does not like to discuss. The Janson family was not short of a quid and young Peter was schooled by various tutors in India and Europe, picking up along the way four or five languages and proficiency in a variety of musical instruments, horsemanship, manners and smooth talk.

At the age of 18 he broke loose from the shackles of family life, went to the movies for the first time, discovered women and began a raucous career as the life of the party. Cut off from the family loot – or, at least, the best part of it – he went to an auction in London and snapped up 7000 wooden tub washing machines at ninepence farthing each. He did them up and got five pounds seventeen and sixpence apiece a month later, thereby raising the capital for his first racing car. Improbable? Sure, but somewhere, here in his study, there is no doubt a yellowing photograph of Janson standing proudly beside his 7000 washing machines.

Janson was a natural behind the wheel, as he was in the saddle and the state-room. Within a couple of years he had made his name on the saloon car circuits of Europe, a placegetter rather than a winner. Then, in 1963, the front wheel flew off his car in France and he crashed into a steel upright on the crowd barrier. His neck was broken and upper and lower jaws crushed. He was flown to London for plastic surgery.

Doctors replaced both jaws with Janson's floating ribs, filled out his neck with hip bone and grafted his buttocks into his throat. ("When I ask a woman to kiss my arse I am not being rude," says Janson.) Quizzed about the accident, he can produce a photograph of himself showing bolts through his head, a la Frankenstein's monster, to keep his upper face intact through the stretching process.

The romantic notion is that, his life in tatters, Janson went off to India to fight a border war, and the man himself does nothing to dispel it. There is some talk of bombing villages with flour bombs, being hauled over the coals and somehow, through it all, rising to the rank of captain. Whatever, the bearded Captain Janson arrived in Australia in 1967 and took on a job with Chrysler.

Janson brought with him a 1935 Bentley, several starched shirts and the gift of the gab. Unimpressed by Sydney's naive charm he took up residence in Melbourne's stately Federal Hotel. According to Janson he watched pigeons flying in and out of the hotel's highest windows and envied their habitat. He checked out the abandoned penthouse and found it 150cm deep in pigeon shit, which may have deterred many a well-bred chap, but not Janson.

"I leased the place and got two broken-down models to help me clean it up. We bagged 84 sacks of pigeon shit and sold the lot. God, what a marvellous sight – these poor bloody women with pigeon crap through their hair and under their fingernails. But we made a lot of money out of it and of course they got half." Within months the penthouse was fully renovated and stocked with the memorabilia of Janson's life. And the parties began.

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Two out of three air conditioning units are functioning inside Janson's pad, but the hot northerly wind sweeping off the roof of the Victorian Houses of Parliament and in through the balcony doors negates their effect. The captain is unruffled. It is five or thereabouts and the guests are beginning to arrive.

There is no party as such, but, as Peter Janson says: "When one is in Melbourne one is at the Windsor." He rarely ventures out. People come to him. Invited, of course. On this occasion we are joined by tycoons from Toorak, secretaries to government ministers, legal gentlemen (one of whom is introduced as "the chappie who keeps me out of the slammer") and various visitors from The Old Country.

Janson, feeling eminently sociable, hovers over the gathering, introducing, telling stories, bellowing for more drinks and occasionally falling over. "C'mon Big Bum, let's have some more drinks. Rev, rev, rev." Big Bum (a term of endearment in this case) is Shirley, the captain's live-in housekeeper and girl Friday. A hard-working mother of three, Shirley is not exactly the kind of girl seen on Janson's arm in the social pages. She keeps the house in order, runs errands, pours drinks, walks Janson's dingo, tells him where to get off and pours more drinks. Her seven-year-old, gap-toothed son, Louie The Fly, is a guest attraction second only to the stuffed rhino's head. Her daughter, 11, clears away the empties and the teenage son helps with Janson's cars.

Photograph by Rennie Ellis

There is also a Thai houseboy, Pati, who was having visa problems until Janson bought him a $5000 wife, who did the right thing and disappeared after the ceremony. For a man who has shunned contact with his own family for 20 years, Janson is remarkably close to his staff. "I'm firm but fair," he says. "They know I want this place spotless by 7am or their necks are on the chopper." "I know him as well as anyone ever does," says Shirley. "His bark is worse than his bite."

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The news that the Federal Hotel was to be torn down hit Janson hard. "I never stopped to work out how much money I'd put into the place – if I had, I probably would have blown my brains out with a shotgun – but I'd put a tremendous amount of energy into creating my own little environment there. It was the kind of place I'd always wanted to live in. I wanted to bring in a huge chandelier and everyone said it was impossible. It wasn't. I had it lifted up by crane and dropped through the roof. It was magnificent."

The last party went for three days and 1400 bottles of champagne were consumed. Sterling Moss flew out and the event was filmed by a British camera crew. The old girl went out in style, but Janson wasn't quite ready to turn her over to the wreckers. For months he'd been spending his evenings and early mornings hanging outside the building on a painter's platform, sipping martini from a Thermos flask and chipping away at two immense statues of naked ladies. He'd asked the management if he could have them and been answered with raucous laughter. The day before the wreckers arrived Janson was up before dawn, down in the street directing two trucks and a crane. The statues were safely removed before the trams started running. A few days later he got $7000 for them, and they now decorate the Chateau Commodore.

Janson moved on to the London Hotel, again taking over the penthouse which was in need of renovation. He called in an architect who agreed that great things could be done if a good sized hole were bashed in the roof. Janson mentioned this to the management, but "it was like telling people the Titanic would go down". The manager woke one morning to the sound of jackhammers going through the roof and suddenly realised that the captain was not a man to be taken lightly. Janson was asked to move on, which led him to the Windsor.

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Day is turning into night. Janson's fly has worked itself undone. Mark

Thatcher, son of Britain's Conservative Opposition Leader, has arrived, gone from beer to scotch and is now telling a newspaper reporter that his mother will undoubtedly win the next election. "Oh my God," says Janson. "Bloody politics bores the bloody pants off me – let's have another drink." The captain has Maori hakas on the tape deck and he has taken to kneeling on the floor to converse with his guests. Like a faithful hound, his head rests on the lap of whoever has managed to hold his attention.

There is talk of fox hunting, polo, horse shows and who's due back from abroad and who's about to leave. Shirley manages to do up Janson's fly and he poses for photographs with Mark Thatcher. With the camera on him, the captain's back is suddenly military-straight, his chin juts skyward.

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The great question is, of course, where does all the money come from? Janson doesn't really provide the answer, other than to say that all is not as it seems. The newspapers describe him as an "entrepreneur and racing driver". One might add a "hustler, go-between, entertainer, negotiator and collector of antiques". His own calling card goes into far more detail, listing his business activities as "used and new cars, boats and aircraft – land – whisky – manure – nails – rivets – fly swatters – bongos – racing forms – guns and tanks bought, sold and stolen – surplus from all wars – anything useful or useless – spittoons emptied – wars fought – forces flexed – tigers tamed – wives pacified – revolutions started – bars emptied – assassinations plotted – computers confused – governments reorganised and operated – uprisings started and quelled – orgies organised".

As a driver he has enjoyed moderate success racing saloon cars and rallying. He is one of the top privateers in Australian motor sport, but the big bucks have eluded him if the sponsorships haven't. His major sponsors, Cadbury-Schweppes and J & B Scotch, pay him a retainer as well as stock his bar, but both companies seem more interested in Janson the lad than Janson the driver. They don't care how he gets into the papers as long as he gets there. In motoring circles Janson is thought of as a talented driver, lacking the dedication of a champion. Some drivers even resent his carefree attitude to the sport. Says Janson: "My horizons are somewhat broader than those of most drivers and I'm just not prepared to devote my whole life to cars. I can't stand around talking about how I went into this corner or came out of that. I'm not interested in these little people who chat about how fast they can go. Frankly, the other drivers live their world, I live mine. The only thing we have in common is cars."

In a garage down the street from the Windsor Janson keeps eight immaculately groomed London doubledecker buses, two London cabs, his '35 Bentley and an LTD Shirley uses to do the shopping. He brought the buses over when freight was considerably cheaper and they can now be hired for around $300 a day. Janson says they pay their way. Large companies use them for promotions, Janson uses them for mobile parties, flashy arrivals at country race meetings, and, on one memorable occasion, for driving up the steps of Parliament House.

He likes to talk about money even less than he likes to talk about his family or his army service in India. "I have nothing to hide, I just have things in my life I keep private." Is he wealthy? "Nobody's wealthy in Australia . . . except maybe Lang Hancock. He's getting there. But no one flies a private jet. There is no real wealth."

Still, the odd dollar Janson seems to pick up here and there enables him to flit at will between the four centres of Janson influence – Melbourne, London, India and New Zealand. He used to shoot big game in Africa, but wildlife conservation has done away with his favorite targets. The world is changing too quickly, he feels. He wishes he'd lived in the 1930s, "when cars had big donks and minds of their own and blokes like Errol Flynn and David Niven could get away with murder. You try to have a bit of fun these days and they lock you up. The world is losing its sense of fun."

His presence in the next day's newspaper assured, Janson is bellowing for another round of drinks. "Everyone will stay for dinner," he announces. Janson loads an ancient gramophone with 78 rpm German opera, to be followed by marching music, and calls for cognac. He moves his food from one side of the plate to the other, sometimes nibbling, mostly not. He stands up from the table to emphasise certain points under discussion and periodically gazes out the window at a waterfall trickling in the courtyard. "There is nothing quite like the sound of running water," he says. "And here in the middle of Melbourne! My God, I wonder what the real people are doing tonight."

•

Janson and the Melbourne police have a love-hate relationship. They hate him and he loves it. He doesn't drive around town often but when he does there is usually trouble. "I have two speeds," he says. "Flat-out and stopped." He was flat-out near Dandenong one night last year when a police car pulled alongside and asked him to pull over. Janson offered a friendly wave and kept going. The police slapped their removable siren on to the roof and indicated that they were quite serious. Janson retaliated by producing his own removable, magnet-based ID – a flashing light with JANSON written on it in large letters – and the chase was on. A road block at Phillip Island was his undoing. Due largely to the efforts of John Phillips, QC, Janson was eventually disqualified from driving for only six months and given a small fine. Phillips proved his worth as entertainer as well as counsel in another Janson court case last year.

There had been an altercation at one of the captain's parties between the host and two gate-crashers. The police were called by an hysterical guest, but on their arrival they were informed by Janson that they were not particularly welcome. Janson emphasised his point by throwing the sergeant's hat out the window and then falling on top of him. Phillips QC explained to the court that Janson "does not scorn the common consolations of mankind in company and the product of the grape". Janson had had "successive visitors" that day, and had partaken of "somewhat more than the norm in the way of drink". The magistrate found the incident amusing, confessed that he had always harbored the desire to knock off a policeman's hat, and gave Janson a 12-month bond.

Says Janson: "This sort of thing is nothing, really. I'm a practical joker. I used to do terrible things in London. At different times I had a hearse, an ambulance and a fire engine. Used to go through red lights, park the bloody things anywhere. The police took them all off me. Then there was the time I knocked off a sergeant's bike and took it to pieces. We'd ring him up and tell him to go to a certain place to pick it up. He'd get there and find a headlamp or a fuel tank or something. Took him nine months to get his bike together again. Same bloke took his family down to Brighton for a holiday and we filled his front yard with gravel. It took him a week to dig his way back in. Those were the days, you can't do that sort of thing any more."

Janson, an extremely entertaining fellow, also likes to be entertained, a fancy he shares with his close friend, Gordon Barton. He keeps a bedroom ever-ready for Barton's Melbourne visits and delights in keeping his guest amused after dinner with musicians, magicians and assorted freak acts.

On one occasion he found a violinist who also had a repertoire of magic tricks. The entertainer was fond of a drink and, having caused several near

"I hate to tell you this, Rick, but I'm *still* looking for Mr Right."

fatalities with the bow of his fiddle, he was asked to move briskly along to the magic part of the show. According to Janson, he then "went right round the twist. He was supposed to pull these doves out of his cape but by the time he'd frigged around and shouted abracadabra a few times the birds fell out dead. He'd suffocated the poor little buggers. Well, he cried and sobbed and put his foot through his hat and squashed his bunny rabbit. Its eyes flew out of their sockets. Terrible thing, we nearly didn't pay him."

Then there was the time Janson secured the services of a snake charmer, an Indian lady who was said to be rather clever with two five-metre rock pythons. "She came up with a basket on her head with the two pythons in it, and they were banging around making a great racket, which is most unlike snakes. So after dinner Gordon and I were sitting back with a glass in hand and she started her act. The bloody snakes came out of the basket at 75 miles an hour and hung around her neck and chest and put the crush on her. Her tongue fell out and her eyes started to bulge and Gordon and I were applauding wildly. We thought it was the greatest act of all time until we realised that the poor woman was being slightly knocked off. The ambulance came and got her. She had three staved-in ribs and a crushed collarbone. Quite an amazing evening."

•

Another amazing evening is drawing to its inevitable horizontal conclusion. Janson is entertaining the last of his guests with a photograph of himself on the toilet. Over by the gramophone two grown men are waltzing with each other, more or less. Another guest is on the balcony loudly informing the police guards outside Parliament House that they should immediately undertake a mission involving sex and travel. Janson points to the stairs which lead out on to the roof garden. "You know," he says, "from up there this must look like the state-room of an incredible yacht, and here we all are at the captain's table. It's unreal, isn't it? I never tire of this place, and I never tire of people telling me how much they love it. I've created something up here that I'm very, very proud of, and it's not just for me. It's for all my friends to share. You're not going? One more drink – I insist. C'mon Big Bum, another round for the people. C'mon, rev, rev, rev . . ."

•

The morning after the night before began for Janson at 5.30 when he bounded out of bed and placed his first call to London. Now, some hours later, the day's work is almost done. He drains the last of his ginger beer and calls for another. Today he is wearing a casual blue shirt, baggy jeans and blue tennis shoes with holes in the toes. His hair is ruffled and he seems a little fragile. There is a small problem involving a bus which hasn't been returned. Janson grabs the phone from an aide and bellows into it: "Look, if you want it for another day you ask me. Do you understand? I'm trying to run a bloody empire here." Auralia wants to have her hair done at a new place in South Yarra but the morning is booked out. Janson grabs another of his 38 telephones. "Janson here. I'm sending the young lady down with a cheque and I'm sure you'll fit her in. Three o'clock? Christ Almighty. Okay, okay. Thank you very much." Bang! goes the receiver. "Some days one should simply stay in bed.

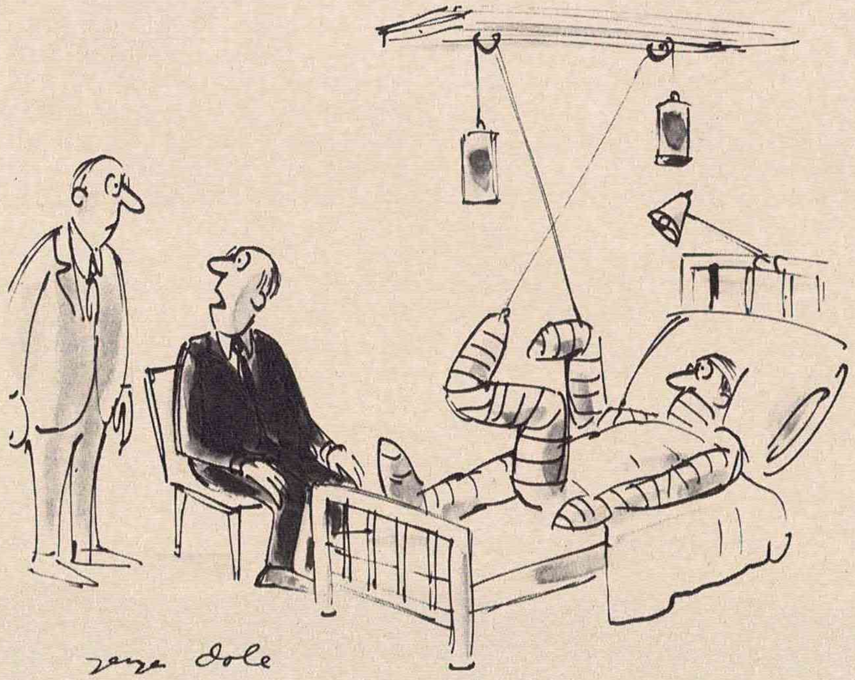
"I'm a black and white person," says Janson. "I either like or I dislike and I think that's the way people take me. I'd hate to be in that grey area where people can't make up their minds about you. If you've got vitality and a bit of go, then sure you're going to find there are people who don't like you." He points to twin towers on a distant hill. "See that? Kew Mental Home. If I worried about what people think of me that's where I'd be."

Trying to strike a happier note, I ask Janson about the women in his life. "I don't like having anyone too close to me. I get this terrible claustrophobic feeling. And I know it's a corny old saying, but why buy a book when you can join a library? Luckily in my life I've always ended up with very good platonic relationships. Only twice have relationships ended in trouble, and that was costly both times, but even those women are my friends now. I'd just never trust them again." There was a time, after his accident, when Janson thought he was impotent. For a year he couldn't feel sexually aroused. Things came right, but not before he discovered that there is life outside the bedroom.

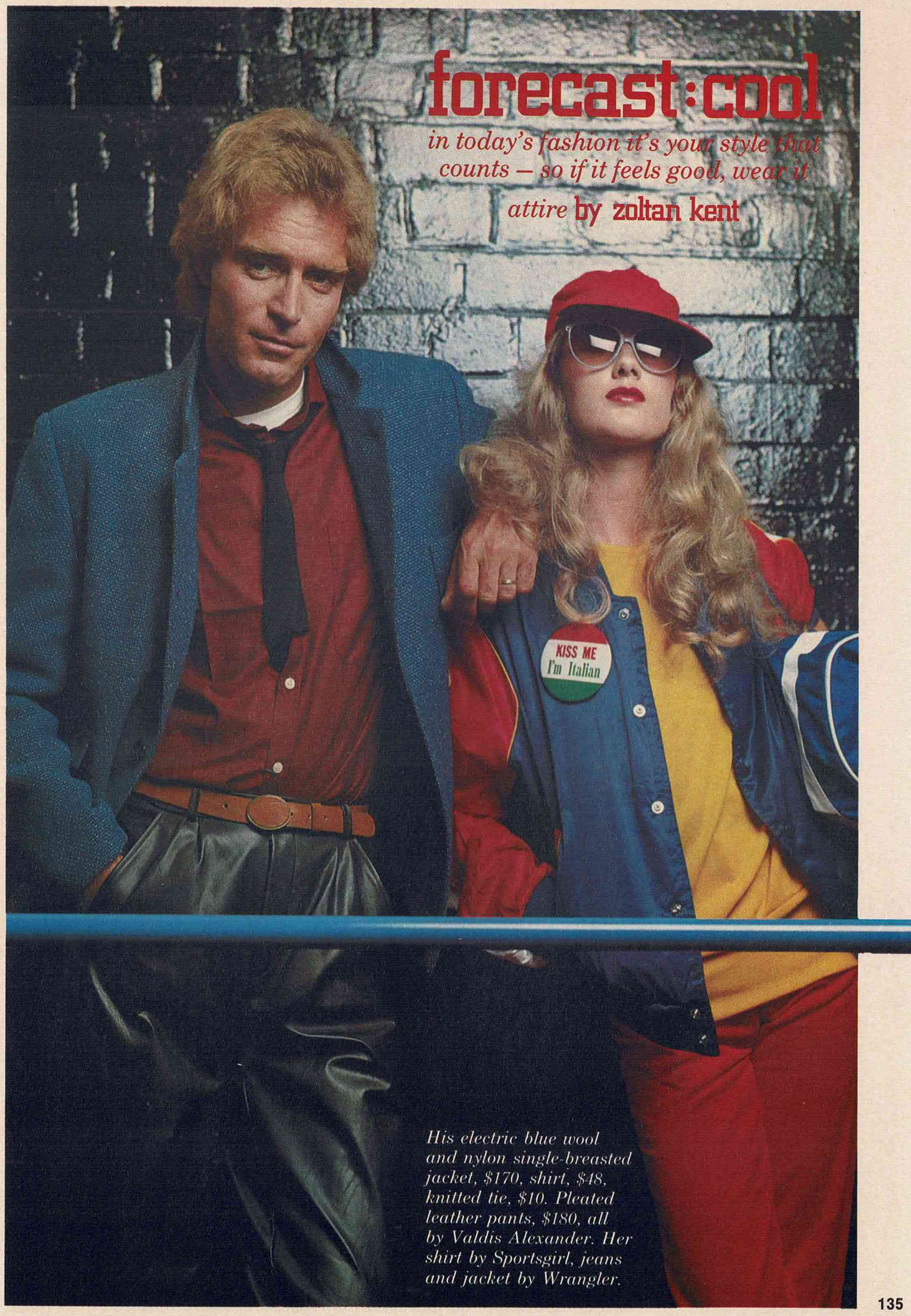
His sexual capacity, like many things in Janson's life, remains a mystery, but speculation about it is a hot topic around Melbourne's social scene. Janson jokes about a dinner where a lady told the table about the affair she was having with Peter Janson. "I didn't mind so much her failure to recognise me with my clothes on, or the fact that we'd never met, but she told me I was a dud bash. That was altogether too much."

The day's visitors are soon to arrive and Janson's madcap, rooftop, day-in, day-out party is about to start all over again. The captain looks a little weary. There is not much left to say. "My life is kind of a jigsaw," he offers. "It'd take you years to put all the pieces together. I'm a naughty little boy who'll never grow up on the one hand, and on the other there are things in my life of which I'm very proud. Perhaps you should come and stay for a few days."

The naughty little boy who'll never grow up escorts me half way to the door, then the proud achiever breaks off to take a seat at his antique organ. As I turn to close the door behind me Janson is straight-backed at the organ playing Abide With Me, remodelled chin well up, his eyes set firmly on the twin towers of the Kew Mental Home, a few kilometres and a world away.



"It was a skiing accident. Her husband returned to the lodge unexpectedly."



forecast:cool

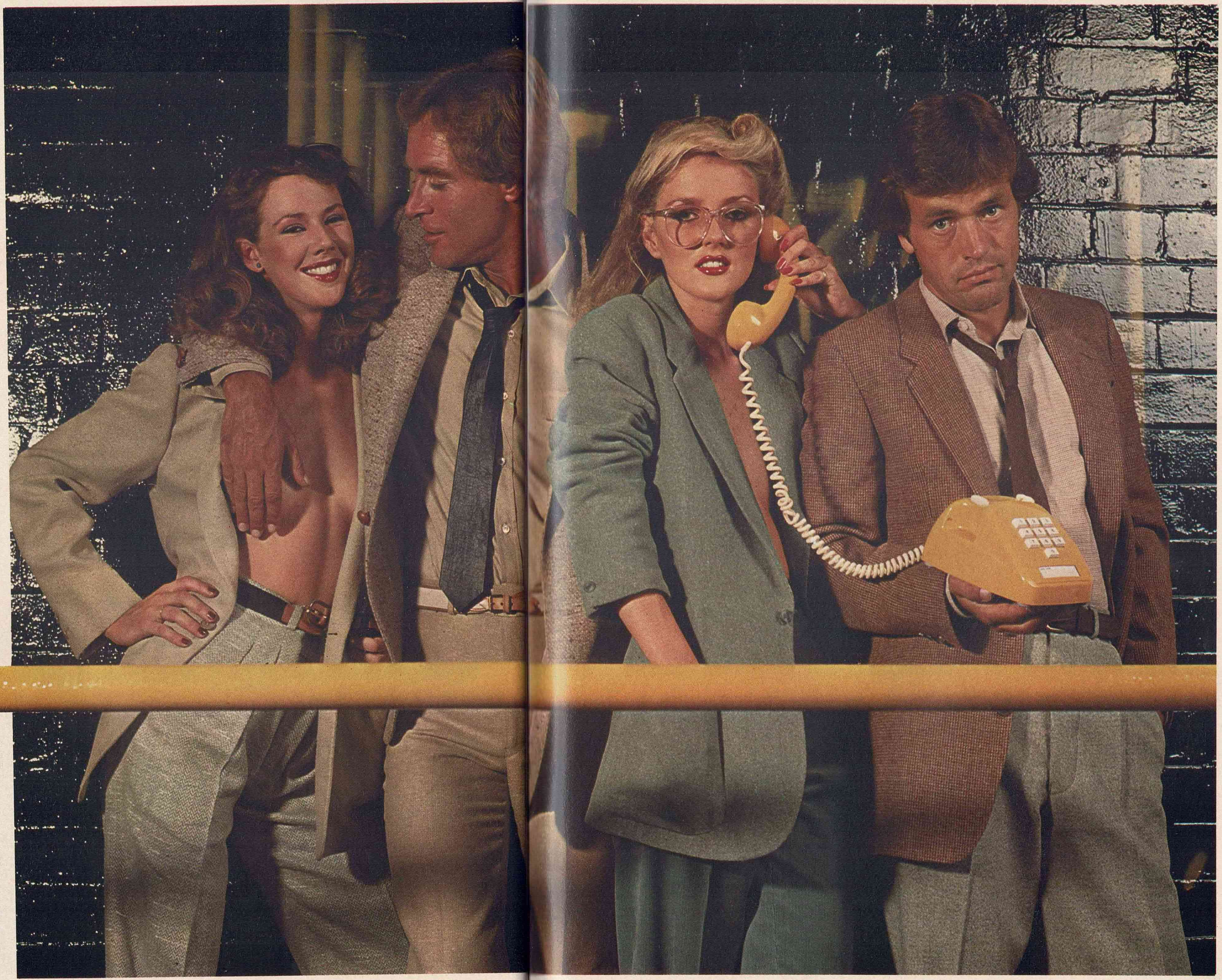
in today's fashion it's your style that counts – so if it feels good, wear it

attire **by zoltan kent**

His electric blue wool and nylon single-breasted jacket, $170, shirt, $48, knitted tie, $10. Pleated leather pants, $180, all by Valdis Alexander. Her shirt by Sportsgirl, jeans and jacket by Wrangler.

Photography by Peter Randall–Kent

ONCE, it was said, if you wanted the boss's job you had to dress like him. But these days there are a lot of fashion choices and many people giving directions. It doesn't matter whether an item of clothing is supposedly in or out of fashion, it's your style that counts. If it makes you feel good, wear it. Let your own taste dictate how you look. Let fashion be a reflection of how you feel and how you live. The basic shapes of suits and jacket-and-trousers combinations have changed to a bigger, roomier cut that's more comfortable to wear. It's a top heavy, boxier look, less restricted. You can actually move around in today's gear and, of course, the less confined you are the better you feel. Lapels on jackets, collars on shirts, ties and belts are getting narrower. They're becoming more subdued. The choice of accessories is vital to the overall look, but they have to be co-ordinated. A wide tie would look out of place with narrow lapels and a narrow shirt collar. Leather clothes



Left to right: Her silk and wool man's jacket, $230, blue herringbone pleated trousers in silk and wool, $75. His light fawn wool single-breasted jacket, $195, with cream silk and wool trousers, $65, silk shirt, $50, leather tie, $25. All clothes above by Trent Nathan. Her single-breasted man's tweed jacket, $240, with corduroy trousers, $68. Both are by Browns. His tweed jacket by Browns, $240, and lined tweed trousers by Valdis Alexander, $69, cotton shirt by Paul Smith, $48.

have always been associated with very masculine types (or Honor Blackman), and most men own leather caps, gloves or battle jackets. But now there's no limit. Leather gives you a completely different and acceptable way to dress. It has become very soft and light and it mixes and blends with both conservative and unusual accessories. You can wear a silk shirt or a T-shirt with leather and still look good. Leather gear has to be looked after just as much as your other clothes. Cracked, worn leather jackets may be all right for bikies, but will look ridiculous with a knitted shirt and tweed pants. Leather is fun to wear and very sexy, but keep it clean, boys. All prices are approximate and the clothes are available from: Trent Nathan – Trent Nathan, Sydney Hilton; Trelini, Melbourne; Just Men, Brisbane; Village Gate, Perth. Browns – Trelini, Melbourne; Valdis Alexander, Sydney. Parrell – Brogue for Men, Sydney; Bernard Brian, Sydney; Bernie of Chatswood, Sydney; Cuggi, Melbourne; Sinika, Fremantle.

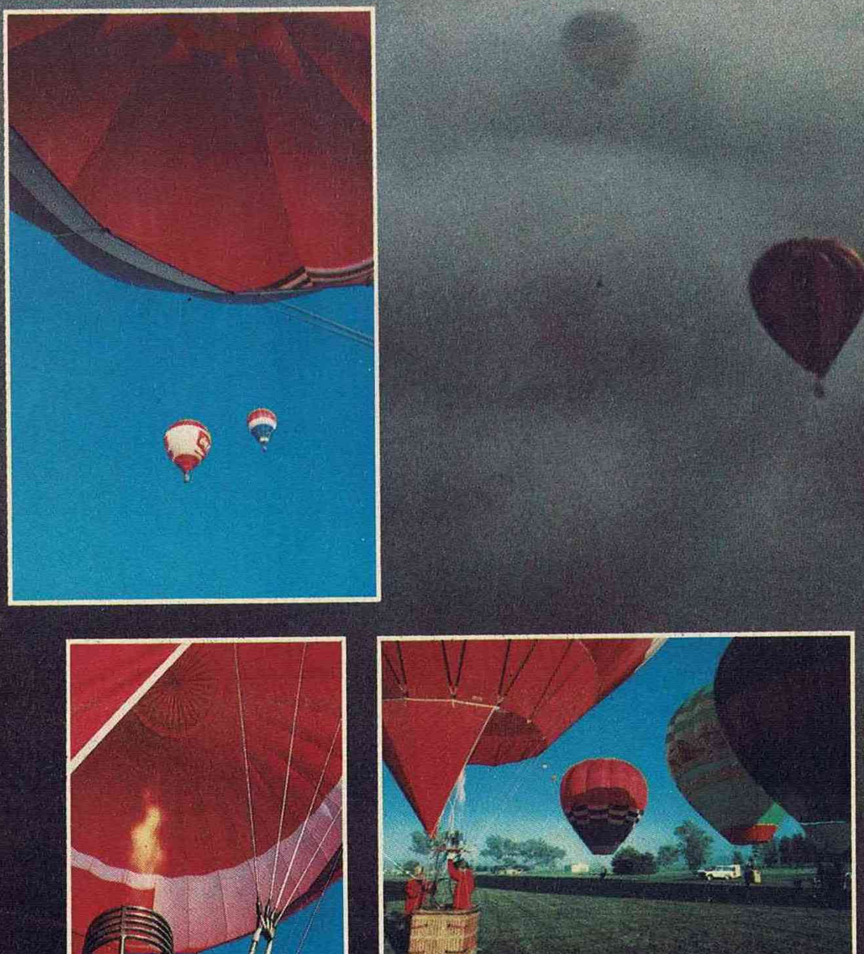
Left to right: His English leather double-breasted coat with shawl collar, $275, pleated pants, $195. His English leather battle jacket, $260, and pants, $195, cream silk shirt, $55, and leather tie, $25, all by Trent Nathan. His French lamb leather vest, $110, and pants, $170, leather tie, $28, all by Parrell, with silk shirt by Valdis Alexander, $55. Women's leather is available from John and Merivale and Sportsgirl.

RIDERS IN THE SKY

the tranquillity turns you on, but ballooning does have its terrors

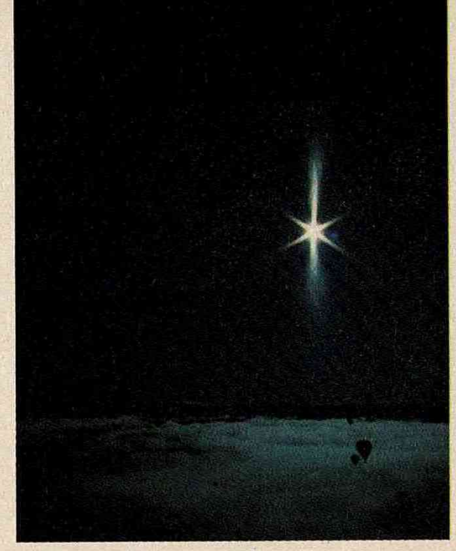
discovery **By ALLAN MOULT**

THE FIRST time it was bliss . . . almost a psychic experience of being mentally and physically separated, of feeling your body still on the ground and your mind floating free. Bliss. I'd gone to Canowindra, the sleepy NSW farming hamlet west of the Great Divide, to report on the Pancakes Balloon Fiesta – a three-day get together for the bulk of Australia's growing brotherhood of balloonists. A thousand feet aloft

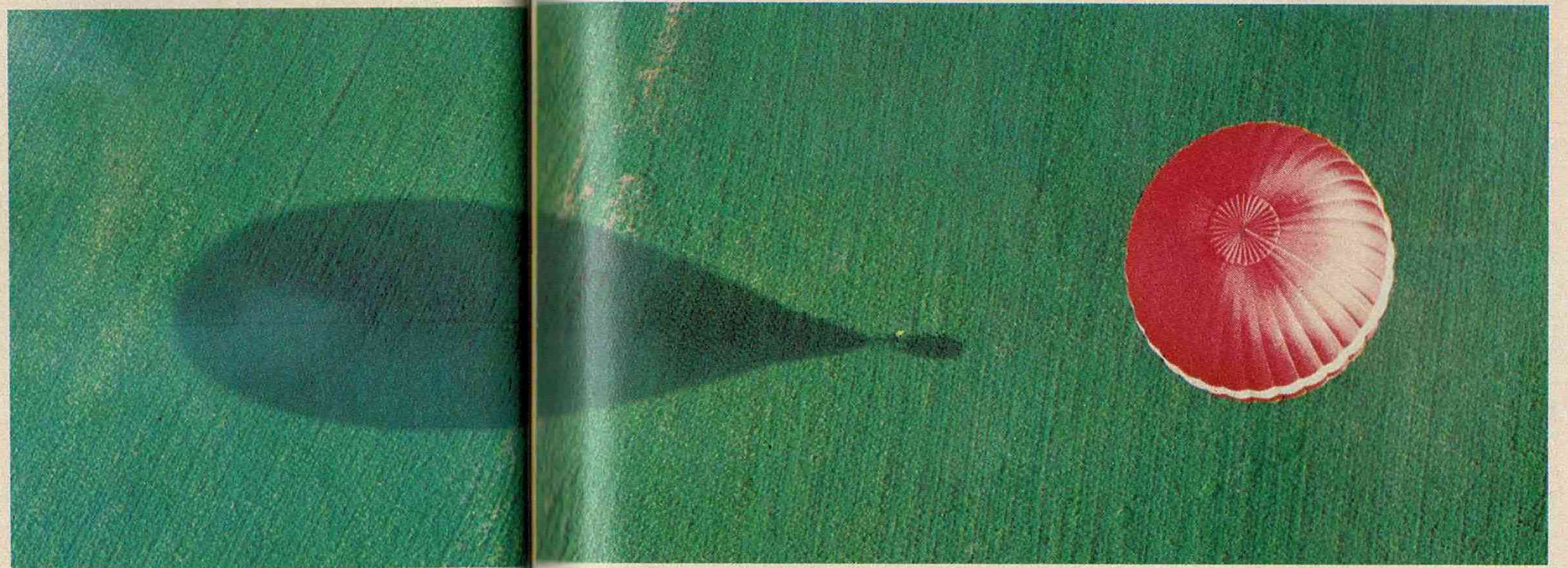


Preparing for a graceful race above the clouds . . . LEFT: Heating the air. ABOVE: Awaiting the signal. TOP: It's lift-off!

Photography by Allan Moult



In the early morning, before the mist clears, balloonists are already busy. Fans swell the balloons, making them heave like giant, colorful slugs . . . Propane gas burners roar into life, heating the air inside and slowly making the balloons rise to greet a wondrous new dawn. The shadow thrown by one of them makes a fitting tribute – an exclamation mark! Far right is Lovely, in which the author undertook his ill-fated third voyage, plummeting out of control from hundreds of feet up.



The activities of the bulk of Australia's 19 balloons are co-ordinated by the Australian Ballooning Federation. For $15 you can become an associate member and receive its regular newsletters. Send your cheque to the federation, PO Box 137, Maroubra Junction, NSW 2035. If you offer assistance at one of the regular balloon meetings, tradition ensures you a free ride if possible.

in Cirrus, piloted by John Abell of Victoria, the rest of the balloons looked like currants on a sea of white icing sugar as they skimmed over the carpet of mist. We scudded gently along, covering eight kilometres in just under two hours.

That evening I joined Channel Nine cameraman Phil Cavanagh in Stars – his home-built balloon – hedge-hopping over green hills. We plucked leaves from trees, surprised birds and a fox, and had conversations with farmers doing their late chores. . .

During my third flight some weeks later I had good cause to remind myself that tranquillity is what got me hooked on ballooning. For this time, high above Canberra, we were going a little faster – straight down.

Not even the capital's hot air could prevent the sudden descent of Lovely, our magnificent 84,000 cubic foot hot air balloon and veteran survivor of many unpredictable hazards. We were plummeting at 1000 feet a minute – that's 16 feet a second!

Seconds before, our balloon had gently risen to seek a wind shift to change our course – which for the past 40 minutes had been a frustrating game of tag with a high-voltage power line. Its effect was almost magnetic . . . as we drifted lower, fickle winds created by the slow warming of the earth by the early morning sun would nudge us towards the omnipresent cables surging with current. We had no option but to rise high and get a more reliable wind to push us to safety.

The saucer of land that is the sprawling site of Canberra produces an unfortunate air inversion pattern in the early hours. The ground is often blanketed with a layer of cold air about 450ft thick. Above it sits a layer of warm air up to 600ft thick, and above these two still layers lie the true winds – the regular, steady seasonable winds strutting across the skies at a steady 10 to 20 knots – and the jet streams, the high altitude currents.

This frightening morning we met a wayward wind gusting at an estimated 60 knots-plus about 1500ft. Lovely was suddenly helpless. Her stately ascent was halted abruptly as the unexpected wind zapped her fully in the guts and spewed thousands of cubic feet of air out of the bottom of her skirt. Suddenly she looked like a high-speed action photograph of a tennis ball micro-seconds after being served by Jimmy Connors. The side that met the wind was flat.

We began to fall. Fast. Pilot Roger Meadmore's eyes flicked over the simplistic instrument panel with its altimeter (showing altitude) and variometer (registering the rate of climb or descent). The altimeter recorded the fact that Mother Earth was coming dangerously close. More horrifying was the variometer's accelerating swivel as it recorded our rate of descent . . . 400 feet a minute . . . 600 . . . 850 . . . Roger already had the burner going full bore in an attempt to reflate . . . 900 . . . 1000 . . . our eyes met and we simply shrugged our shoulders . . . the needle went off the dial as we hit the cold air layer again about 500ft up.

An eerie calm settled. Roger, Lovely's able cohort in minor mishaps of yore, kept his leather-gloved hand aloft to keep the burner alive, while the other two passengers, both on their first flight, hung white-knuckled on to the flimsy wicker basket. I, an innocent aloft on his third flight, meekly pondered the paths of fate and the majestic desk-bound whims of editors. In other words, I was scared.

Then the adrenalin took over my brain and punched out two options – jump or jettison! With no parachutes there was no option. Roger nodded approval of my plan and soon sweaty fingers unravelled the leather harness of one of the metre-high gas cylinders. It went over the side about 70ft up, tumbling through the air like a huge silver cigar – a very lethal cigar.

What effect it had on breaking our fall we'll never know because in the ensuing final seconds we had no time to look again at the instruments. Roger yelled at me to release the air vent to deflate the balloon on impact while he secured all taps to minimise potential gas leaks. And then we landed. Hard. But safe.

Later I was consoled gently by one of the ground recovery crew: "Just thank your stars, because from where we were you looked like a dead duck falling from the sky. We came looking for the pieces."

A little mishap like this is not likely to dim enthusiasm for hot air ballooning, which has undergone a revival since the invention of portable burners in the early 1960s. Mounted singly or in pairs, burners can produce the equivalent of 100 home furnaces going full blast and fill a balloon 20 metres in diameter and eight storeys high with hot air in 15-20 minutes. Additional bursts of heat keep the balloons aloft.

It is a far cry from the day nearly 200 years ago when the Montgolfier brothers, Joseph and Etienne, filled a large linen bag with hot smoke and watched it fly over Paris.

The earliest balloons used straw and wood as fuel to heat the air and some more recent balloons have used kerosene. Today, however, almost all hot-air balloons employ propane, a liquefied petroleum gas (LPG).

One ever-present danger is overheating the balloon and damaging the fabric during a fast climb. But a weather eye on the envelope temperature indicator, which is linked to a sensor in the crown, can avert this.

Other dangers of ballooning are not so obvious, as I was to discover following our heavy landing near Canberra. In their haste to get to us the recovery crew had managed to bog their vehicle and the Yass River had to be crossed before we could get to the champagne – the traditional end to every flight.

Off we trotted. I was the last to jump down the Yass riverbank, and it would have been a graceful leap if I hadn't caught my foot in a strand of barbed wire hidden in the grass. I landed heavily in the murky shallows of the Yass, my right elbow burrowed into my rib cage and one leg twisted. I had plummeted hundreds of feet and survived, only to find myself the victim of a two-metre fall down a bank!

SUDDEN DEATH

in the love-hate world of championship tennis, violence and heartbreak are partners as old meets young in the match of the century

fiction By PETER BRENNAN

MADISON Square Garden, July 1, 1978. Frank Norris was in the broadcast booth. There was no space for a typewriter, so he scribbled his early column on a notepad leaned against the wall. It was only a first-edition column, just a matter of filling the space until he had something big to write about. That was what worried him. Here he was at the Garden and he had to write a column about The Event. Before it started. Norris's deadline for the night-owl edition was three minutes

Illustration by Fred Berger

before match time. Fifty million people in 15 countries were about to watch it live, and Norris had to write something about it that would still be readable three hours from now. He started off:

For those of you who were in solitary confinement or coma for the past three months and missed the lead-up quake of publicity, this was the night of the Million-Dollar Match at the Garden.

Even by the time he had re-read it, the chief broadcaster in the booth had informed the masses that the take for this tennis match, adding up the TV, radio and gate receipts, came to $2.5 million. Not counting prize money. Winner take all. Norris was doubling as assistant broadcaster tonight, and he had no time to revise early copy. He let it go as it was.

We have come to this night in the wake of bitter exchanges through the press, and rumors of camp spying. It may not be cricket, ladies and gentlemen, but, in 1978, it is certainly the game that passes for tennis.

Norris couldn't forgive either of them for what they'd done to the sport. He liked that paragraph. He would use it again somewhere in the replacement he would send later.

The players: Alexander Wrangler, a right-hander who had the Number One world ranking from 1965 to 1974 — the longest-reigning and least-popular master of this game in the history of cat-gut — before he gave it up and sought seclusion. Age 37.

He could have added: The product of a poor mining family; son of a demanding, long-dead father and a mother who paid for his tennis lessons with her body; married to a woman he hired first as a masseuse and paid to screw his opponents the night before a big game. But the public already knew most of that, even if they only guessed about the women.

His opponent: Fletcher Sampson, another right-hander, the present title-holder of Forest Hills and the Italian Open — and present Number One player in the world. Age 26.

Again he could have gone into more detail: A kid from Sydney watched over, almost programmed, by his father, Dave, and, until recently, Jake Webber, Dave's one-time star pupil. Webber had left the Sampson camp after some disagreement and gone over to Wrangler. But why had he left Wrangler before the match? Now the answer didn't seem important.

Despite his distaste for the players, Norris was awestruck by the potential of the match. That he could be chronicler of this event was his reward for 25 years of hacking out copy on mediocre tennis on a thousand back courts across America.

They first came together on a tennis court in 1970, with Wrangler winning in humiliating fashion, and perhaps from that day this electrifying moment was inevitable.

Wrangler has been hibernating for three years on his remote property in New Mexico, laying out a small fortune in the most secretive comeback program in memory. Past injuries, especially a crippling bout of tennis elbow, are, according to him, no longer a problem.

No longer a problem: What did that mean? How could a man go through years of excruciating pain, ice treatments, defaults of titles and, finally, an operation which rips the calcified guts out of an elbow and call that no problem? Norris had some idea of the money Wrangler had spent, but he didn't know about the Manline court which Wrangler had shipped from New York — the same surface on which tonight's incomparable battle would be fought out.

He didn't know about the months of intensive practice under those same lights, in the same temperature and humidity with Jake Webber aiding, advising, urging. Until Wrangler was ready to issue his monumental challenge. And, of course, there was something even more important that Norris and the public didn't know about, either . . .

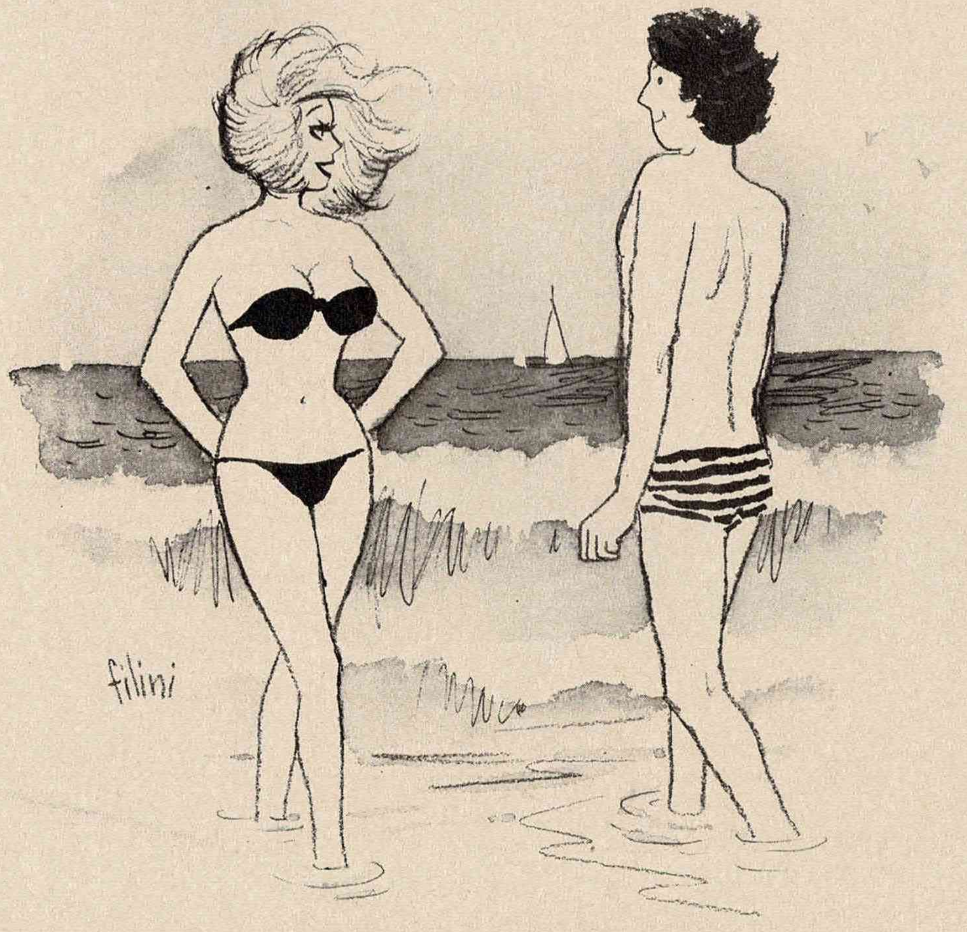
Sampson — angry, young and Australian, quick-tempered, tough and no more likeable than Wrangler was before he quit the circuit. A master of the game.

Norris would have to wrap it up quickly now. Sampson's appearance on court, to a tumultuous reception, meant Wrangler was imminent, which meant his deadline was, too. Wrangler walked out, and Norris checked his watch. They were earlier than expected. Only a few minutes, but he might yet have some fragment of The Event, this amazing piece of tennis history, to include in this column. The tension was building by the second.

Sampson walked out to huge applause when the moment came, followed a minute later by Wrangler. The reaction to the first glimpse of the former champion shook the roof of this massive stadium.

The confrontation came at courtside, when the players stood face to face. Sampson mouthed an obscenity which, through my binoculars, was clearly discernible, and more clearly unprintable. Wrangler smiled and moved slowly to his chair behind the umpire's stand.

Norris knew that was as much action as he would get for this edition. The boy was already beside him waiting for the copy, and the chief broadcaster, Hayward Cottrell-Stone, was gesturing for the columnist to move across and take up microphone



"Other than *that,* Ed, what's up?"

man
of the
moment
Feeling, looking exactly
right. Making a point or
two in Volante. Today's
tapered toe and stacked
heel look. Today's
colours.
And that's you —
all the way.
Volante
by Thomas Dixon
Caxton
Chep
Cass
Crocker

duties. A quick paragraph to round it off before the action started.

That was how they came together in the Garden for the contest called Sudden Death.

•

Three years and eight months ago, Wrangler had woken after the operation on his arm to see daylight from his hospital bed, and believed that the end had come. He had sent his wife, Anita, home because he wanted to face it alone, as he had faced everything.

It was important to remember these things now in the Garden, for it was not his own strength that had brought him here. It had been Anita. She had brought out in him what his father, Bartholomew, had long ago instilled in a boy. He owed the night to them. Only they would give him the will. Tonight he would do for them whatever needed to be done.

Eight years ago, Sampson had stepped off a plane from Australia with the aftertaste of fear in the corners of his mouth. It was the beginning. He held closely to the words of his father and the company of Jake Webber because he could not face it alone, as he had never faced anything. But he had gone to the depths of defeat and stood there alone.

It was important to remember these things now in the Garden, for in the end he had no longer needed the words of his father or the company of Jake Webber. He had grown and learned that to be number one you had to do it alone. When he was alone on a tennis court, a man could rely only on himself to do whatever needed to be done.

Frank Norris and Hayward Cottrell-Stone looked down on them from the broadcast booth and warmed up their 50 million viewers while the players prepared for The Event.

"The biggest unknown is Wrangler himself," Norris was saying. "The players who have been working out with him in New Mexico say they are impressed with his form, but there's a strange silence about the details so far. Everything has been behind closed doors. Jake Webber had the role of head coach down there until two and a half months ago – and he has refused to say anything at all."

"The mysterious Alex Wrangler, ladies and gentlemen," Cottrell-Stone added dramatically. "What about Sampson, Frank?"

"Young, strong, tough," said Norris. "The word coming out of his camp is they believe Wrangler is not fully recovered from his arm trouble."

"Not recovered?" Cottrell-Stone had his horrified tone working. "You can't be saying that a man would come into the Garden with all this money at stake, before all these paying fans, and not be 100 percent fit for the match?"

"Knowing Wrangler as I do, or I think I do, I tend to doubt their information," replied Norris.

"I should think not!" The chief broadcaster righteously reached to a small paper bag, took out a flask, and poured a whisky. "In any case, the players are now moving on to the court. We'll find out soon enough."

So far the night was according to plan for Wrangler. He had heard the deafening roar go up when he had stepped through the dressing-room door and come into view at the south-east corner of the inner Garden. The noise ran the height and width of the stadium and rained down on him from the roof as he emerged from the aisle and into the court area. "Scream for me, you bastards," Wrangler silently told them, "because after tonight you will never get the chance to scream for Alex Wrangler again." He had walked in short, slow-motion steps across the court, draining their lungs of the last air by the time he reached the umpire's stand.

The kid had been in his chair next to his father, head down, ignoring the din that had dwarfed his own reception. Wrangler observed that, from appearances, Sampson hardly looked a day older than when they first met in

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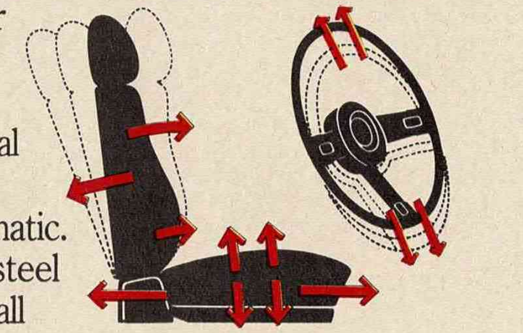

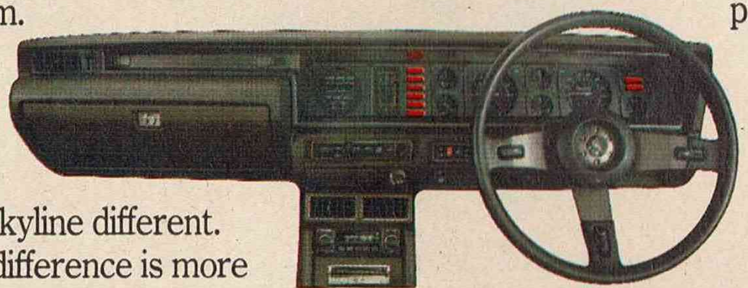

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Los Angeles. Inside though, it just had to be different.

He had stopped in front of the Sampsons and stared down at the son. "How's your game, kid?" he asked.

Sampson kept his head bowed, as did Dave, and ignored the question. His father continued to rub resin into the handle of a racket, and the old man prayed that Fletch would stay silent.

"I said how's your game, kid?"

Still no answer. More screaming and foot-stomping rose through the decks of the Garden at the sight of the pre-match confrontation.

"Tell you what," Wrangler said, more loudly to beat the noise. "I think I can take you left-handed."

The kid's head snapped up in anger, and his father grabbed his arm to pull him back into the chair. "Fuck off!" Sampson screamed.

Wrangler moved past the umpire to his seat and sat down while ballboys wearing Manline T-shirts unpacked Manline balls from a courtside cooler. While the linesmen walked to their chairs along each side and at each end of the court, he picked up one of his rackets and began loosening up with forehand and backhand motions in view of the kid.

Webber watched from his $35 seat 18 rows behind Dave's position at the side of the court. He saw Wrangler rise to his feet and swing through a dozen loose service motions. Webber smiled and thought to himself: "Thorough bastard. Such a goddamn bastard."

In the broadcast booth, Cottrell-Stone was warming to The Event. "These two colossi of the tennis world are now on court. All the rumors, the taunts, the muckraking that has gone on since this match was arranged have come down to the moment of truth. The toss has gone up and – Yes! It's Wrangler. He's won the toss and will serve, wouldn't you think, Frank?"

"I guess so, Hayward." But with Wrangler, nothing was certain.

Norris watched Wrangler begin his warm-up. "Watching him there, Hayward, I've got to say that Wrangler seems to be favoring that right arm of his. He's volleying balls softly at the net. Any hard balls from Sampson he is simply ignoring and letting sail past. He's hitting only the soft balls. I'm not sure what that means."

Wrangler moved to the base line and began to hit out at the ball. "That looks stronger, Frank."

Norris missed his cue. He was preoccupied with Wrangler and his shots. The first ball he hit was *left*-handed. That was Wrangler for you, always the bullshit, always the edge. Couldn't help himself even after three years. The ball skimmed low over the net, neatly and strongly. Then a backhand. And another forehand. Then a rocket of a backhand. The grace and the power.

"Christ!" Norris blurted out to 15 countries. He would apologise for the word later, not now. "He's playing with his f-f-flaming left hand! He's going to play this left-handed!"

A silent shudder ran spontaneously through the crowd.

And through Fletcher Sampson. The kid stopped hitting the balls and just stared. It was a Wrangler act, had to be. But his doubt was momentary.

With each ball it became apparent that the style and sharpness of the shots were not accidental. Sampson's initial thought was to switch to his left hand and mock Wrangler in return, but he could not match this stuff left-handed. He had put months into the preparation, given up the European circuit – passed up Wimbledon – to work up for a match against a man who no longer existed. It shook him, and he could not cover it. He searched instinctively for the face of Jake on the sidelines before he remembered that Jake was no longer there. Dave's face was there, comforting, but confused.

Cottrell-Stone: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is unlike anything I have ever witnessed in any sporting coverage in my career. I'm sure each of you will understand Frank's momentary loss of self-control there –" he gave Norris a school-master look – "but this entire Madison Square Garden audience is in stunned shock. Where there was loud cheering and applause, there is now a hushed anticipation. Could it be true? That a man, after a 13-year professional tennis career, can suddenly come back at the top playing with his left hand. It can only be compared to . . . what, Frank?"

"I don't know." It was Hayward's sentence, he could finish it, though Norris gained new respect for the chief commentator for merely being able to bring words up his throat during the past half-minute. Norris had been rendered speechless.

"Exactly," Cottrell-Stone said, "unless, of course, this could be just another Wrangler ruse. Could that be possible, Frank?"

Jesus, the guy was blind. Wrangler was stroking with power and beauty, forehand and backhand, smashes, half-volleys. And it might be a ruse? "I don't think so, Hayward."

"Exactly, neither do I."

Norris clutched his binoculars and

looked for signs of reaction in the Sampson camp. He saw old Dave Sampson seem to age before him, staring blankly at Wrangler in disbelief. He looked at the expression on Webber's face.

Jake was relaxed and chewing popcorn. Small wonder he'd kept his mouth shut. The kid's face now seemed calm to Norris, considering the circumstances. There was no longer any outward sign of panic, though that didn't necessarily mean anything. Whatever he felt, Sampson had to keep it bottled up, hidden well away from Wrangler's view.

Finally, Norris focused on Wrangler, and saw eyes that might burn holes in a brick wall, but said nothing.

"Players ready?" the umpire, Wally Simpson, said through a speaker system piped through the Garden and to 15 countries. "Play!"

The first set didn't take long. Sampson was, for half an hour, the awestruck boy who once stepped off a plane from Sydney. There was something very unfair, even cruel, about meeting Wrangler and having to play a lefty. Something eerie. He couldn't get it together.

Wrangler: 6-2.

"Whatever nerves Sampson had about the left-handed Wrangler in the first set, he seems to be settling down now, Hayward," Norris was saying. "He served three unreturnable serves in winning that game. I don't think even the old Wrangler could have handled that kind of power easily."

"Power indeed," Cottrell-Stone echoed. "It's starting to look like a match, ladies and gentlemen, both players winning their first two serves to level at two games all in the second set. It looks like we could be in for a long night yet."

Wrangler was satisfied, but aware of the early hour. A 6-2 in the first meant little, for the kid had been unstuck by the swapping of hands, as he was supposed to be. Now, as Sampson resettled into his game, it was clear he had come a great distance from Los Angeles, a long way from that Saturday afternoon when Wrangler had humiliated him on the court. His game was strong and versatile, and he showed no lack of guts in attack, or his ability to retrieve when Wrangler put the pressure on. He murdered short low balls to the backhand. Somewhere back there, Jake had done a job. But Wrangler held his serve for 3-2.

He stood in close on the kid's second serves, chipped and volleyed neatly out of reach to go up love-40. The boy hadn't adapted yet. Wrangler needed one of the next three points, and he played the percentages, going for winners off each Sampson serve. Percentages ruled on the final point at 30-40, when Wrangler sliced a backhand down the line, stranding Sampson at the service line.

On Wrangler's serve, Sampson was still standing deep, waiting for him to uncork the big one if he dared step in. In one and a half sets Wrangler had not uncorked it, and it was only dawning slowly that it might not be there any more. With the kid back, Wrangler had room to move, room to angle his spin serves wide, push him out of court, and take the net. It was only on the game point that Sampson, down 40-15, decided to chance it. He moved to a position inside the base line, dared Wrangler to go for the big one, and braced for it.

If the kid didn't know yet that he no longer had that kind of power, Wrangler wasn't about to tell him. He served a patted, mocking kind of shot that eased over the net and left the question unanswered. Sampson, caught by surprise, popped it back, and Wrangler killed it.

"Game Mr Wrangler. He leads five games to two, second set."

Sampson ached for his moment at the change. The left-handed crap had thrown him, sure, but he'd handle it. He'd seen it all since he'd last played Alex Wrangler, and learned. He walked first to his chair and wiped sweat from his neck and arms patiently until his moment arrived. He watched Wrangler rise from his seat, and he stepped forward so the words could not be missed. "I hear Anita used to be a good screw – for the money!"

Wrangler stood rigidly in place. The urge to grab the kid around the throat burned in his veins, but he smiled. It hurt all right, it hurt bad, but he knew they would have done some homework on that kind of thing. It had to come sooner or later. He forced the smile.

Sampson played steadily on his serve, putting them down at three-quarter pace, staying back, watching to see the effect on his opponent. He saw Wrangler make the fringe mistakes that come with a grip that is marginally too tight, the stomach a little too tense. Anger shots. He must have grown to like Anita a lot.

"Game Mr Sampson. Mr Wrangler leads five games to three."

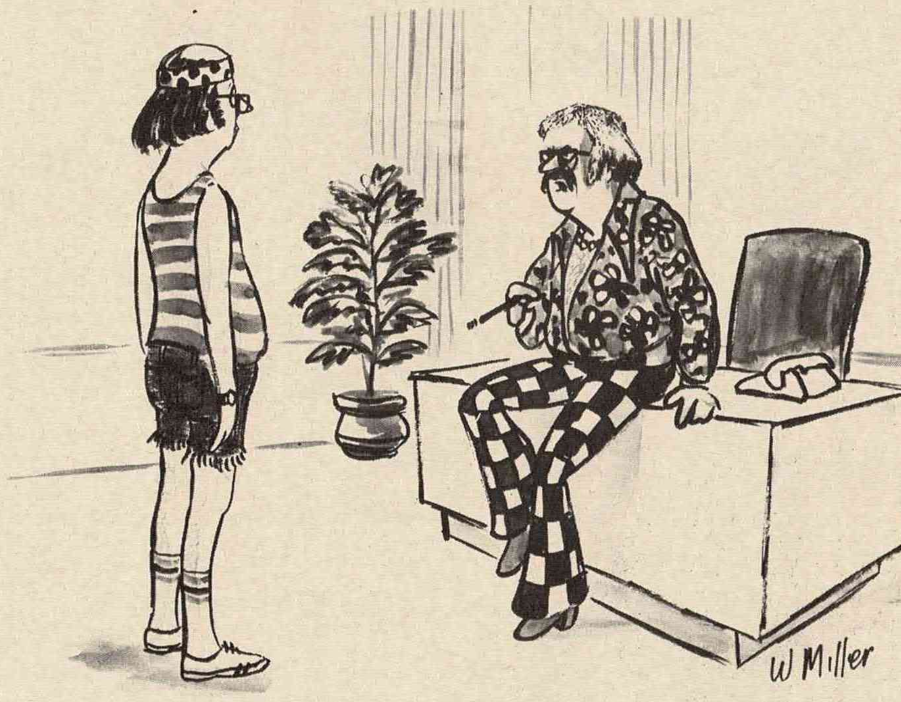
Wrangler, when he was leading five games to three and a set up on an opponent, didn't lose his serve. Not the old Wrangler. But Anita, even at first, hadn't done it for the money. She'd done it for him. Always for him, and it hurt no matter how much he anticipated it, or how much he smiled.

"Game Sampson. Four-five."

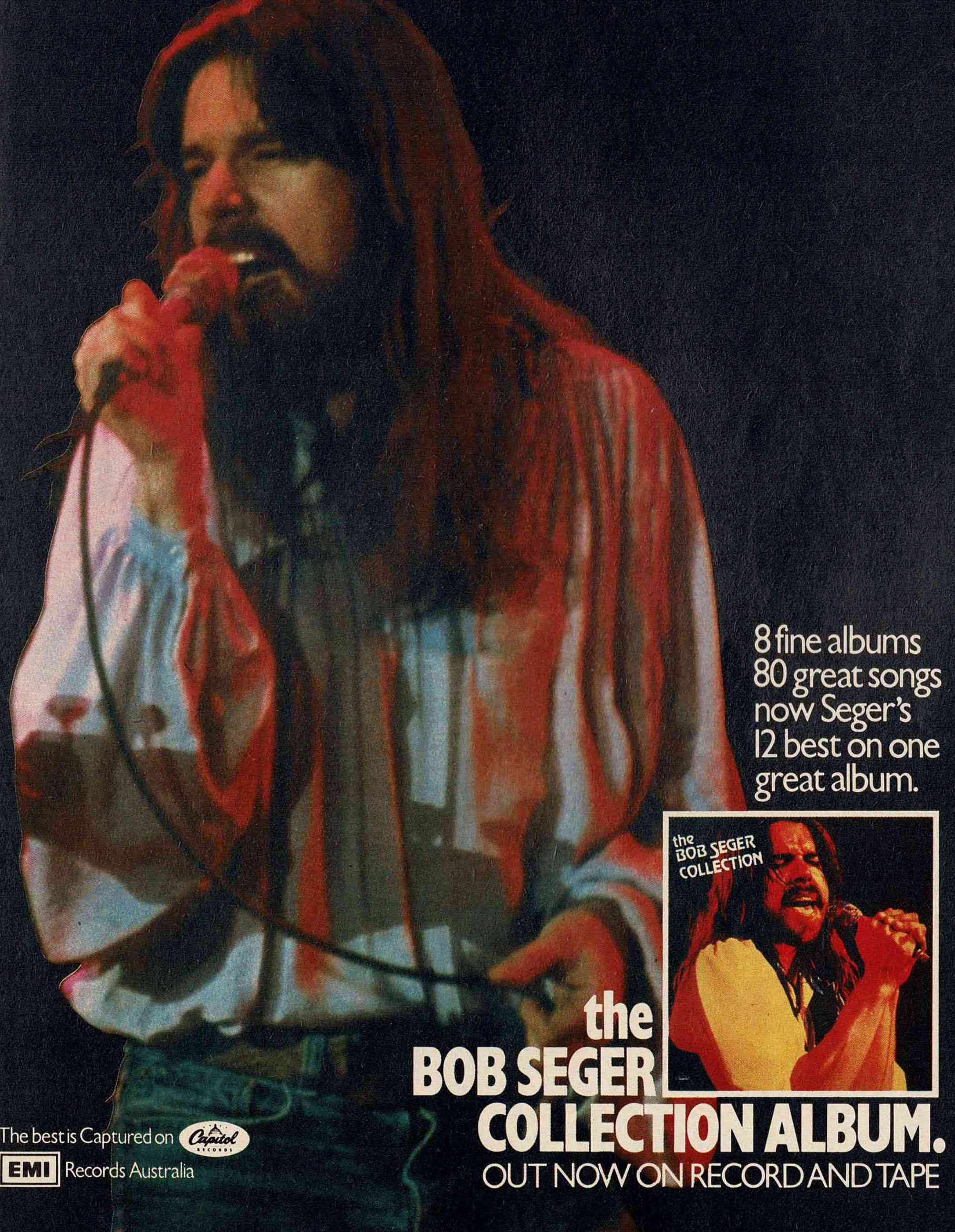
"Game Sampson. Five-all."

Wrangler took hold of himself on his serve now. He'd rehearsed it often enough. He served steadily, wide to the corners, and when they came back he put them up, looping lobs that would draw an ascending, eager young man in – and Sampson came in. A shot he had practised 2000 times came off Wrangler's strings, a lob – reachable, smashable – except it became lost in the glare of the third light above the forehand court as the boy shaped up for it – and he miscued it. Then again on the backhand side.

Thirty-love. A flat, hard serve, not as big as it once was, but totally unexpected. The score was forty-love.



"I've called you in here, Brodie, because the way you've been dressing lately seems a little too casual for the chief accountant of this firm."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"Game Mr Wrangler, he leads six games to five, second set."

Wrangler didn't want a tie-breaker yet. He didn't want the kid to get used to that kind of pressure. Down 5-6, Sampson would serve steady, get his first ones in. Wrangler moved in a few feet. He chipped the returns with an underslice that dragged the balls down as it had dragged them down on the Manline surface in his barn, and Sampson took two points to get used to it. When he was, Wrangler lofted them again. The lights.

The roar of the crowd.

"Game and second set, Mr Wrangler seven games to five. He leads two sets to love."

Webber's reputation as an ace coach mattered less to him now as he watched Dave reach to the kid. Fletcher was out of reach – had been for a long time, Jake guessed – and Dave's loss of self-esteem made him a frail, lonely old man, going at it with his heart still, but fading.

Jake saw Dave watching it go down the drain. Only one of them would be world champion tomorrow, no matter who won Wimbledon and the rest of them, no matter what the USTA said about it, and if Wrangler's future could be guessed, he'd take the title back to Santa Fe and keep it there.

"Jake. Jake boy." Dave's voice cracked as Webber squeezed into the row behind him. "It's good to see you, boy."

"Good to see you, Dave. How are you feeling?"

"Not too much to be happy about so far, Jake, eh?" He opened his hand towards his son sitting at courtside 12 feet away. "Got to do something quick or this Wrangler's going to run away with it. He's some guy, Jake, some guy – everything they said about him is true. He's so smart out there."

"Yeah, I know, Dave." How the kid's father had aged in a year. Dave was more tanned than when he'd last seen him, but the brownness did nothing to hide the greying pallor underneath, or the loss of weight, or the stoop in his posture, even as he sat.

"Sure looks like you did a job with this Wrangler, Jake," Dave said, unable to completely cover the edge in his thoughts.

"Just pay for play, Dave, nothing more than that."

"Yeah, sure, I understand, Jake. We didn't do the right thing by you anyway, I know that."

"You've always done right by me, Dave. Always."

"The kid was given a lot of lousy advice, Jake."

"I know, Dave. I hope he gets back into the match and goes really well tonight. I mean that. Tell him he's got to stay tough."

"Sure, Jake boy. I'll tell him you said it . . ."

Having exhausted each of his 11 known tennis phrases, Cottrell-Stone was relying heavily on Norris. "Sampson seems extremely confident now," the newsman said. "The score is four-all, but each of Wrangler's four games have come harder. He has a good deep-slice serve but no longer appears to have the power he could once call on. Sampson is moving in on them and, on the other hand, seems to be serving harder as the match progresses, without losing a point in this game, to lead five-four. He's coming back into this match, Hayward."

The goddamn power, the goddamn power. God, how he missed it! Wrangler leaned into the ball harder, pushed it deeper to the corner. *Get the kid out of court.* Fault. *Keep it deep, wide.* Double fault. The goddamn power.

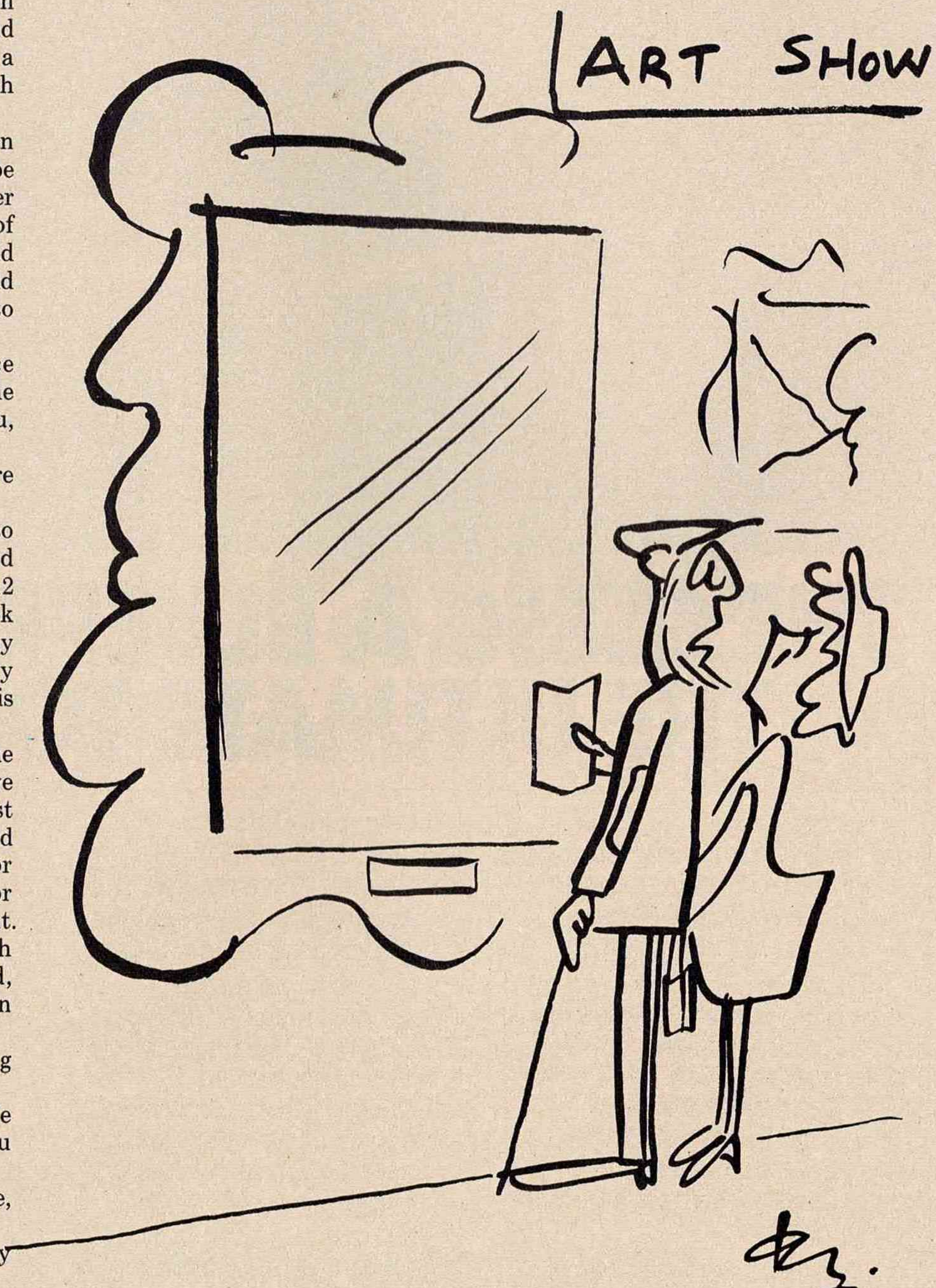
"Game and third set Mr Sampson. Mr Wrangler leads two sets to one."

Sampson was a long way from home, but well down the road. He had his set now, and he could afford the risk of a diversion that might make the travelling easier. He had been saving it for the time when it would have most effect. He would do it now, at the beginning of the fourth. He waited in his chair during the change, knowing Wrangler would have to pass him.

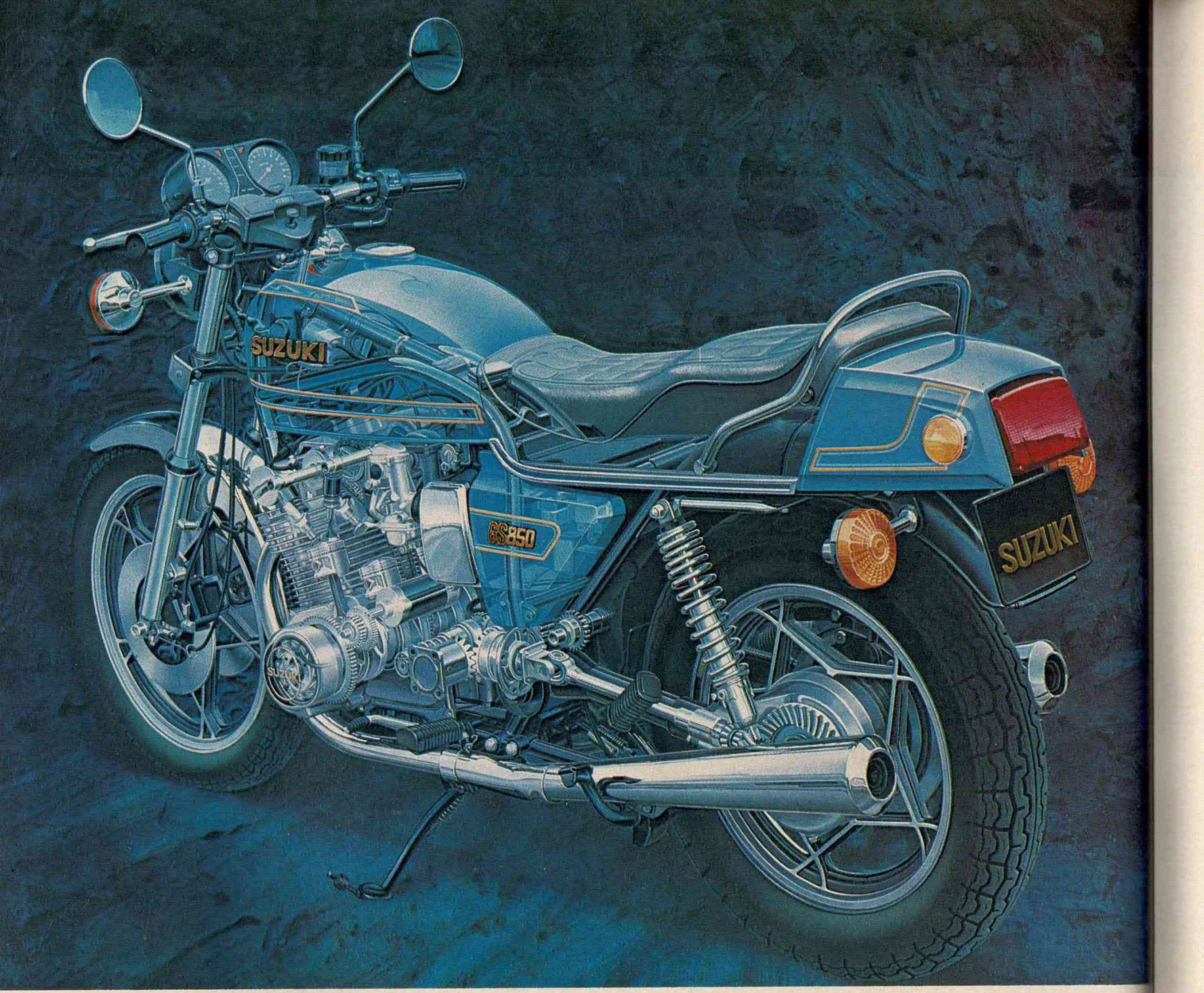
Wrangler was glaring as he stood up, maybe preparing to throw some crap of his own.

"They tell me your mother, Juanita, was even cheaper than –"

Juanita. Goddamn them, they'd dug



"It's a mirror, and it's called 'me'."



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up Juanita. His gut tightened with her name. It would not affect him. Not him. He was better at it than any of them. He would forget it now, and let his anger free later. Juanita, why . . .?

His mother's constant reworking of the blanket she had taken from the cabin that sat off the road to Holtsville had not meant anything to him until he found out about her. Then he stood in front of her and saw Bartholomew's widow doing her useless penance. How often she had sat in the living-room and in the tenement apartment, working her needle into the early morning. He remained there for an hour as Juanita sat weeping silently and passing the needle through the blanket. Then he asked her why. "For you, Alexander," she said, and he brought his open hand fiercely across her face. "Liar!" he screamed at her, and never asked the question again . . .

" . . . Let me say that I personally am disgusted by some of the court behavior here tonight, Frank, particularly Sampson's," said Cottrell-Stone. "The taunting and swearing that has gone on between games is not, in my opinion, worthy of the game of tennis. It's disgraceful.

"I have to agree with you, Hayward," said Norris, "although so far Wrangler has been the quiet one. There's a lot of money at stake, and I guess we can expect these players to go after it any way they can. Wrangler is unlikely to remain Prince Charming for much longer."

"Game and fourth set Mr Sampson. The sets are two-all," announced the umpire. The roar of appreciation for the kid's comeback rocked in the air above him.

That's for me, Alex. I stood in close, took you on the rise, pounded it flat and hard. A cinch. Wrangler was floundering all through the set. Psyched. Screwed. He'd stuck it to him. If they said Wrangler was brilliant then they would have to say that Fletcher Sampson was better. He didn't need to know about the whoring of Anita or Juanita. He was simply better, better than anyone in the world. *Watch what I do to your left-hander, Jake.*

Midway through the fifth set. Simpson called, "Mr Sampson leads four-love."

Cottrell-Stone: "Well, Frank, it seems the writing is on the wall unless Wrangler can do something." A gem among safe broadcasters.

"Can't disagree with that at all, Hayward."

"What do you think he might do?"

"He's got a big problem. In the last set he seemed to have a concentration lag, but now it simply seems that he can't hold his serve against Sampson and it's dragging down the rest of his game. As far as I can see, all he can do is keep trying to force the ball and hope he doesn't double-fault too often. I think for certain he wasn't expecting Sampson to handle his serves with such arrogant ease."

Love-4. Wrangler had come back from here before, a hundred times. Yeah, he could come back as he could always come back. But he hadn't needed the power that he needed to match the kid. The goddamn power. He needed it, or he needed to rob the kid of his.

When Sampson looked up before serving the first ball of the fifth game, he didn't see Wrangler. Then his eyes travelled until they found him — way back, off court, almost in the lap of the forehand linesman, about 20 feet from the base line. More bullshit which he would ignore.

He powered the first ball down the centre line and saw Wrangler step across with time to spare, lofting the return high towards the Garden roof. The kid waited for it to come down, let it bounce, and smashed it hard again to the forehand court. Wrangler had guessed correctly. The ball came back again high, deeper, forcing Sampson to step back to the base line and hit a safer shot. Wrangler lofted it again, and again, until the kid got impatient

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and moved in behind a drive that was neither deep nor strong enough. Wrangler whipped a low backhand cross-court.

"Love-fifteen."

Sampson would not be made a fool of. He saw Wrangler back ridiculously deep again. He would get him. Instead of slamming it, he slowed his service swing, poking the ball at a short sharp angle. It bounced twice before Wrangler had a chance to get anywhere near it. Ace. *Up yours, Alex.*

Wrangler walked back to his position with new, warm knowledge inside him. The kid was susceptible. When he could induce the best power server in tennis to pat a short angular ball over the net, he had a measure of control over that player. The kid should have just played his own game and ignored Wrangler. He would use it carefully.

On the next ball, Wrangler stood near the base line to receive serve. *I learned my lesson, kid, I'm back where I should be.* Sampson served hard. Wrangler chipped the return, came in, and took the point anyway: 15-30.

On the next ball he stood way back, off court again, and challenged Sampson to go for the angle again. The kid tried it. Fault. Wrangler swept in on the second serve and drove it hard to Sampson's backhand. He watched it come back high and land short, and punched it neatly for the point: 15-40. Break point.

A new and rare noise came from the galaxy of faces that filled the Garden: "Wran-gler! Wran-gler!"

One-four. Two-four. Three-four. Four-all.

"WRAN-GLER!"

The pace had gone off during the four games of Wrangler's recovery. To a viewer who had just tuned in, the quality of tennis might have seemed ragged and unusual for two supposed world champions. Sampson was serving erratically, apparently trying to angle the first balls to the corners instead of pounding the flat hard serves for which he was famous. But he was being upstaged by a court jester.

Wrangler was standing wide-left, deep back, wide-right, then suddenly close in to the service line to receive serve. In his general play he was mixing soft and fast balls as rapidly as they served hot dogs in the corridor outside the arena. Dave Sampson wanted to scream at his son to play his own game, but even if the boy heard, he just would not listen.

Sampson had taken to retaliating – standing wide or deep to receive serve, giving Wrangler not trouble, but room to move. Every once in a while Wrangler deliberately made a foolish error, bolstering the kid's conviction in his tactics. Sometimes it cost him.

"Game Mr Sampson. He leads six games to five."

"Tense," Cottrell-Stone said, "very tense, Frank. If Wrangler holds service now to make it six-all, they go into the dramatic, sudden-death tie-breaker. Would you mind explaining again for our viewers just how that works?"

"Yes, it's tense all right, Hayward. If it goes to the tie-breaker it means this: they will play until one player wins seven points. The first to get seven wins it all. In most major tournaments the tie-breaker system isn't used in the final set, and if it is, then it's certainly not sudden death. Sudden death means that the match can be won by either player on one final point. With sudden death they can get to six points all in the tie-breaker, and whoever wins that 13th point wins the lot."

If it came to sudden death, okay, he could handle it, but Sampson didn't want it to get that far. He was up 5-6. One game and it was done and Alex Wrangler never existed, any more than a hundred others along the way. He stood wide to the forehand as Wrangler's toss went up; suck him into a serve down the centre and then be there. He waited for the moment of impact, then danced towards centre court, ready to take the backhand. The ball spun wide to the forehand and caught him going in the wrong direction. Ace.

Fifteen-love.

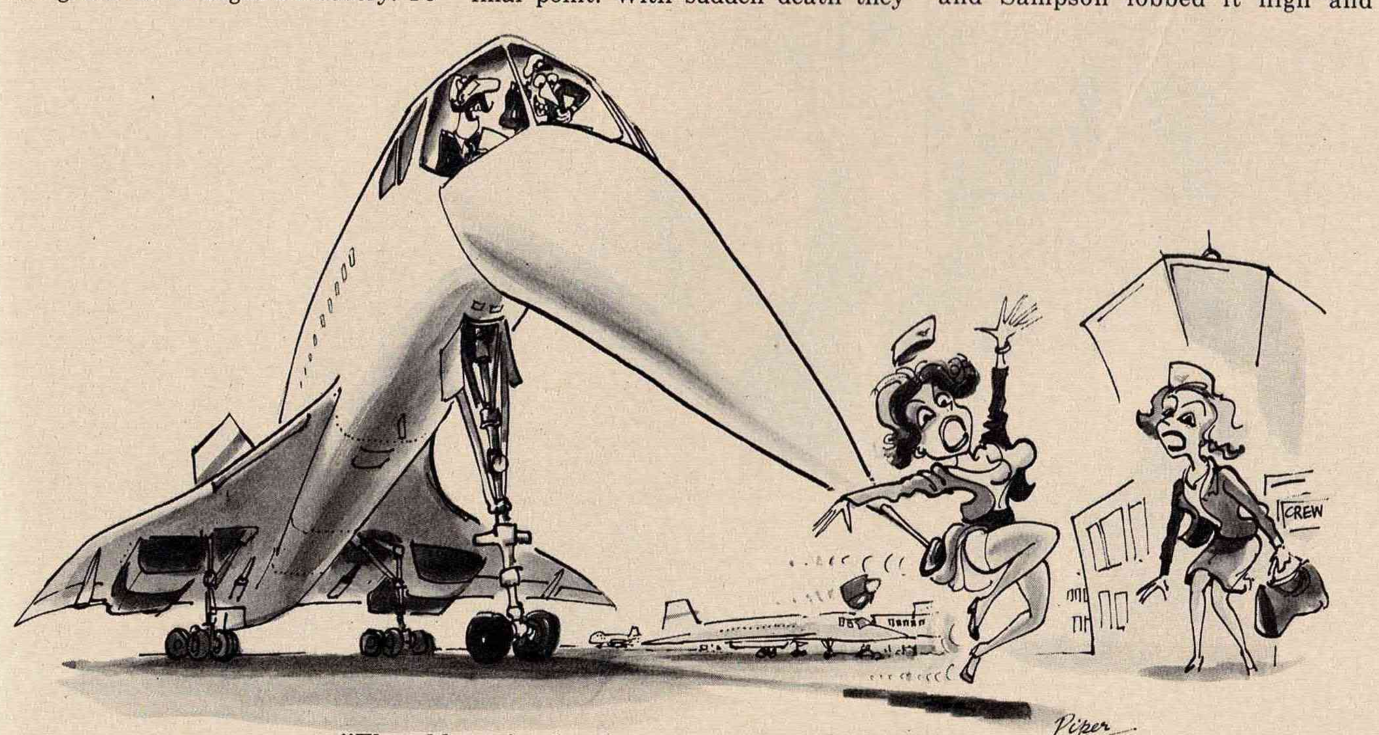
The kid stood close in on the backhand side. Wrangler served it straight at his body – the first ball straight at the kid this set – and followed it in to volley the clumsy return for a winner.

Thirty-love.

At 5-6 and 30-love Wrangler didn't care who he was playing. He went at it tight, straight, no farting around. The opponent is going to be cautious, not trying anything spectacular . . . a time for clean, sharp aggression. He needed two of the next four points to level it. The first serve had to go in. The server had to get to the net.

Sampson ripped a winner down the sideline: 30-15. The kid had balls. Sampson ripped a loser into the net: 40-15. The kid was dumb.

Wrangler needed one of the next two points. This one. He sliced the serve deep, straight at Sampson's body again. The kid stepped away from it and rolled a forehand low to Wrangler's volley. The volley landed deep, and Sampson lobbed it high and



"The old navigation is spot on, as usual, Prodshaw!"

watched Wrangler retreat, decide, then undecide, to smash it. It came back high to Sampson, and he decided to be brave. He set himself, let go and thrashed the ball straight past Wrangler's feet: 40-30.

Wrangler looked at the kid with an increased respect. The boy had a lot of balls, or was really dumb. Either way, that shot took guts on game point. Would he be brave twice?

One more left. He sent the first serve at the kid's forehand and dared him to be adventurous. It came back steadily. Bravery had its limits. Now he would throw the dice, force the kid to either go for it or go under meekly. He drove the ball at medium pace to the kid's forehand and leaped in to the net behind it. *Hit out and pass me, kid, or send it up and be safe.*

It went up.

Alex Wrangler stepped back, stood under it, braced himself — and was brave.

Six-all.

The tie-breaker.

Webber watched Dave Sampson rise from his chair and move behind his son at courtside. He could tell what the old man was saying, even from this distance, but the question was how the kid would respond.

"Now listen, Fletch boy," Dave was saying. "You can win it, you can win it — but you gotta play your game, not his. Hit your serves, boy, hit 'em Stop fooling around with him. Get in there, 'cause you're too strong for him and he knows it."

Sampson looked at his father coldly. "He knows it — I know it — you know it. Just stay out of my fucking way." He needed someone to spit it at. What could an old man say of any use?

Dave backed weakly to his chair and sat alone, an old man bent forward with nothing he could say to a boy who had become a stranger. Jake had never spoken to him like that.

Webber fought the urge to go to Dave's side.

The boy served first. His fingers closed around the grip of his racket as he slowed at the base line — a grasp that held tightly to the past six years and tried to contain the next 11 minutes. He could feel the nerves in his legs and his chest go into spasm, but he knew it to be the adrenalin that fuels the body at the peak of high risk. When you had the sense of destiny, it worked in your favor.

He lifted the ball without having once glanced at Wrangler, and he moved into it with fluid power. The feel at the moment of impact told him. He did not need to see it, or to hear the call. No man could return the ball when he felt that kind of delivery.

Ace.

The man at the far end had no time to swing or to step. He walked to the base-line, and again he cursed the goddamn power. He would have two serves now, and he had none of it. The boy ignored him, and he saw a player calm in the face of this final pressure.

Will. That's what it had always come down to. If you had the will, you had it all. He would not have the power, but he would have more will than the boy could ever have. For Anita, he would have it.

He tried the first ball flat and hard. He tried to will it the power that had been left on the operating table. Fault. He spun the next one into the boy's body and stayed back. The return tore back at him with a force he coveted, and he could do nothing but slice a lob and try for the lights. It went short. As the boy shaped for it, his eyes met the glare and he backed off from the smash, moved behind the base line, and let it bounce. He drove a forehand diagonally cross-court, Wrangler beat it to the net and angled it for the point.

One-all.

It was a fool's dream to go for the power again. He served the next ball medium-paced, swinging it deep to the boy's forehand, half-volleying, clipping the net tape, watching it drop over, and starting to believe in God.

"Wrangler leads two points to one."

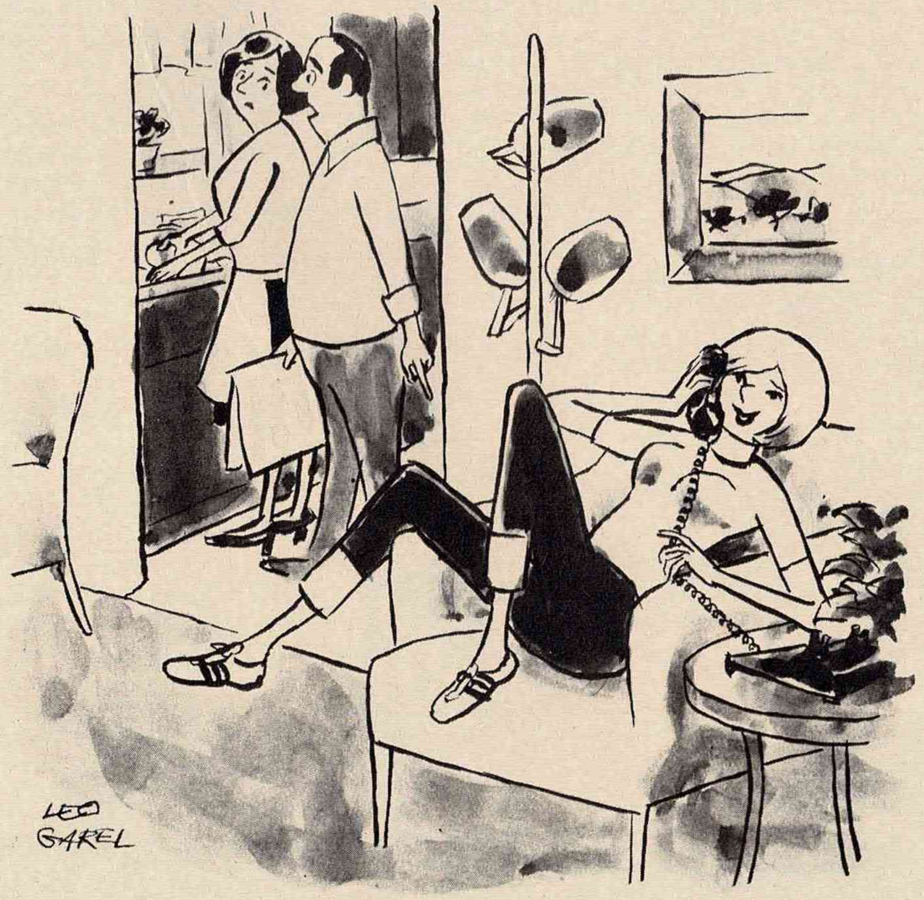
The balls changed ends, and still the boy knew his destiny tonight. He kept his head down and his mind fixed on his power. He needed nobody to tell him to play his own game. He recalled a humiliation in Los Angeles one Saturday long ago.

And they came down. They came one after the other, and they might have trailed smoke, two unreturnable serves that made the 19,000 strain the linings of their lungs from the front rows to the bleachers. Dave Sampson brought his fist down heavily on the palm of his left hand and felt a new pride in his son.

"Sampson leads three points to two."

Wrangler needed Anita. God, he needed her and Bartholomew. He needed to be doing it for them in order to get the will. He gripped his wife in his palm, and drove through with the force of his miner father wielding the pick. And it came. The ace. The golden ace, his first ace of the night, and it went past the kid untouched. Three-all. It hadn't been a power ball, but a *will* ball, and only Bart would have known the difference. They changed ends at six points. Wrangler willed again, and the boy could only scrape it back short — and the man shoved it down his throat.

What the kid thought he saw was some of the old Wrangler power. He looked briefly to his father before he



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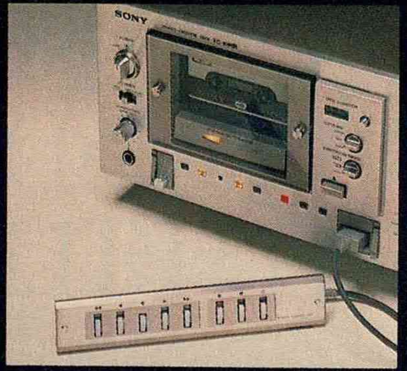

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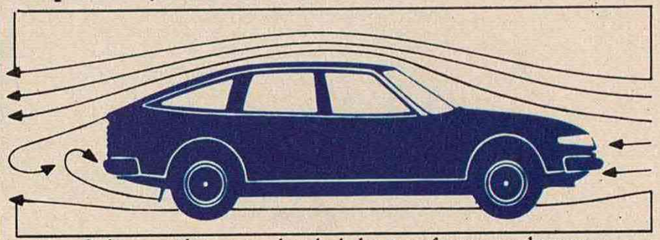

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took the ball to serve. No, he didn't need the old man. He knew what he had to do, to play his own game, to power them. He had more power than Wrangler. Far more power.

Fault.

He'd held it. Only fractionally, but he knew he had held off on the ball at the last second, and he damned himself for it. You had to grab the sense of destiny and clutch it with guts. He had the sense of it, and he would prove to all of them that he had the guts. He lifted the second ball and threw his body into it with all the force of a first serve. And again, at the second of impact, he knew.

"My God," Norris managed. "He's aced Wrangler on his second serve."

Four-all.

He saw the man way back again now. He had Alex scared. No routines, no tactics, just scared. He ripped the ball wide to the forehand. The return came off the wood and bounced at centre court, short and low to the boy's backhand. He found a special pleasure in keeping his shoulder down, his feet firmly planted, and sweeping through the ball with a top-spin that crossed sharply an inch inside the line and landed in the service linesman's lap. *Thanks, Jake, you taught me how to bring that one off.*

"Sampson leads five-four."

Two points. At the change the kid tasted victory in his spittle – it was real, accomplished, just waiting to become official – and he saw the money, the adulation. He wanted all that, and even now it was his.

But he knew he wanted more.

He wanted Wrangler, all of him. He wanted the Saturday afternoon in Los Angeles back, the years he chased him and Wrangler wouldn't come out, the years he was lost. He wanted all that back, too. Strange, that on the edge of victory, not defeat, he was taken by this urge to complete the cycle and make it even. In a way, that would be as important as the overwhelming sensation of victory itself.

Alexander walked quietly to the base line; his own numbness seemed curious to him. Bartholomew. His mind was full of Bart, just numbness, with his mind full of the past. He tried to shake it off.

He looked up to where Anita sat, but her head was lost among the gallery that rose to its feet and roared for final blood.

He opened his fingers along the grip and threw the ball wider to the left as he served, gaining the greater angle and the heavier spin, and he kicked it way out of court to the boy's backhand. And moved in. It blurred past him on the way back. The kid had lashed at it with a confidence few men had shown him, and it skimmed past him down the line unsighted.

"Six-four Sampson."

On Wrangler's next serve the boy stood in close on his destiny and grabbed at it too eagerly. His forehand sailed over the base line. Wrangler's expression showed only mild interest. Some points *were* God-given.

"Six-five."

Think of Bartholomew, the poor miner who had never heard the word "ambidextrous" but who had known his boy was one of a kind. Bart was the will, and knowing that, he moved with only the one thought. The kid loomed at the serve line, lifted the ball high, and drove it with the unmatchable force, and Wrangler had Bart to hold his hand and give him the will. The return came off his strings and skimmed deep and low on the kid's base line. He thanked Bart, but that one had been too close.

"Six-all."

Cottrell-Stone: "It – it's happened! It's happened, ladies and gentlemen! The match has reached the point of no return. Every point of this unbelievable tie-breaker has gone with service,

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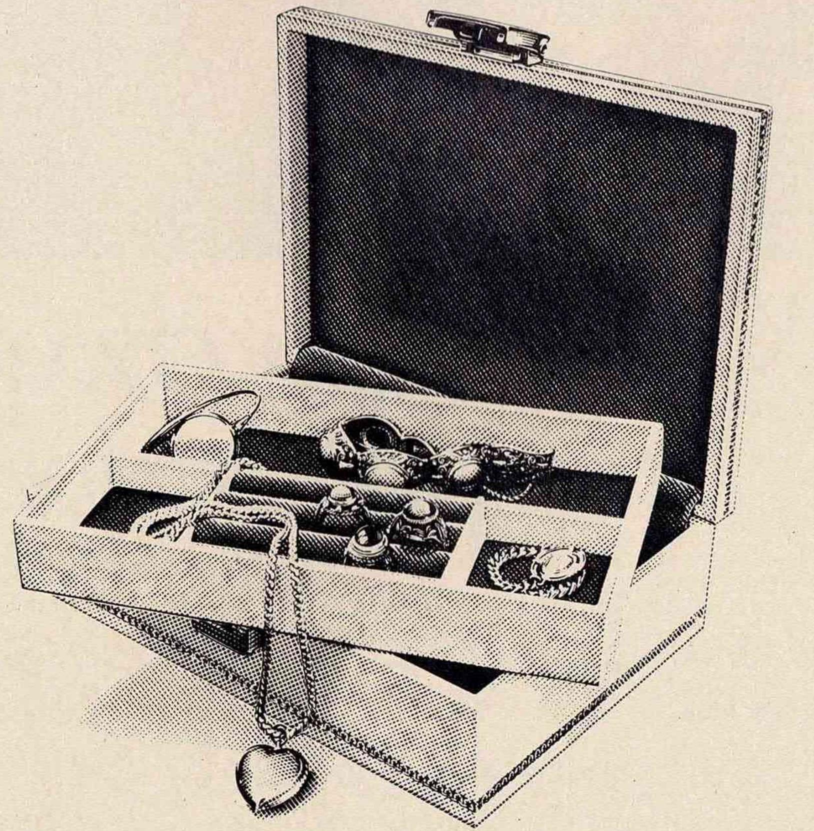

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and it's all – it's all even. I – I can't tell you the unbelievable tension that grips this – I . . . Frank?"

Norris could only state facts. He had no strength to speak emotions. "They've served six times each in the tie-breaker so far, Hayward. According to the contract, they change ends now. The umpire is supposed to toss a coin to determine which player will have the final serve."

Thirty seconds passed while Simpson organised the toss, and 19,000 jumped to their feet as if they might see it. When Simpson resettled in the umpire's chair, he spoke: "Mr Wrangler will serve the final point." The crowd, which would have cheered either way, cheered.

Alex Wrangler thanked his father. He was at the final moment of his career – one point – and he searched more deeply inside himself for the will. Something more. Something more.

•

They stood at six points all in the tie-breaker of the final set at the Garden, the man and the boy. Somewhere out there a broadcaster had run out of superlatives, a one-time pro contender thought about an island hotel and his one-time old coach stopped breathing in his chair 12 feet back from the side of the court.

It was the final point for all of them, and they faced it, each in his own manner. For the boy it was home, the end of a long road, a goal in itself. For the man it had become something else. It was for Bartholomew, as it had always been, but he searched deeper.

"For you, Alex," she said, and passed the needle endlessly through the cloth. He had repaid her while she was alive. He walked to the service line. The ballboy threw him two balls, and he turned to face Sampson at the other end. *For you, Juanita.*

. . . The blanket was another half inch thick by the time she took it with her in the ambulance, for during the past year she had worked her penance each morning and afternoon and again when she lay in bed at night and pulled it over her. The pattern of the cloth had dissipated into an endless haphazard crisscrossing of thread which her fading eyes and mind perhaps believed was embroidery. In the sun-room she had passed the needle through, and through again. When the uniformed medic tried to carry it for her as they led her from the house, she had clutched it tightly to her frail body . . .

He braced his feet at the service line, bounced the ball once, and lifted it into the air about four feet over his head. *For you, Juanita.*

. . . He knew she would not recognise him, but he went anyway. She sat there on the bed at the end of a long row of beds and worked the blanket that was now two more years thick. As he walked down the aisle past the bed, he saw a nurse slap his mother on the side of the face. The old woman just continued to weave the thread and refused to touch her beans and meatloaf. He had crashed the nurse to the floor beside the bed, but Juanita still refused to eat the meatloaf. She worked the cloth . . .

He brought his racket face across the ball and felt the strings bite into the fuzz, ripping it into a curved, fast delivery that would grab on the Manline surface and shoot up high to the kid's backhand.

. . . He considered burying her with the blanket, but he wanted to keep it. He told them to wrap it and store it until he came. When he got back from Albuquerque he walked up the steps and to the office, where they gave him her last belongings. He threw the nightgowns into the garbage can on the sidewalk on the way out and took the blanket with him . . .

The backhand came back at his feet, and he lashed at the half-volley. It skimmed deep and savagely to the backhand side, catching Sampson backstepping. The kid stumbled for it, a desperation swing that lofted the ball high into the air-space under the roof of Madison Square Garden. The ball went up, up.

Dave Sampson was a bent figure in his chair, and Jake had noticed that from the moment the boy's racket caught the ball Dave had stopped watching the match. He stared straight ahead at the boy's courtside chair with the sad resignation of a father whose son had just hit his final shot.

Slowly, very slowly, Dave tilted sideways, then farther, and farther. He hit the floor before the ball had begun its downward fall.

The 19,000 in the Garden rose as the ball came down. It bounced heavily on the court, three feet on Wrangler's side of the net, and rose up again high over his head.

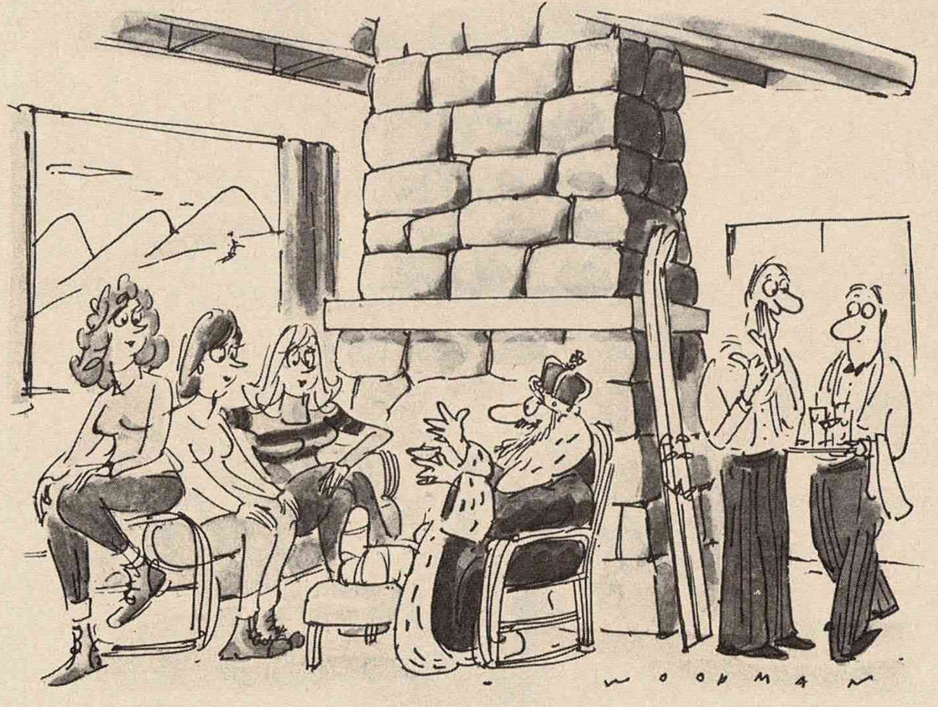
Sampson stood hopefully in the middle of the court at the other end. He looked to where Jake and other people rushed to the side of the fallen old man at courtside – then he looked towards his opponent, ready to pound his short lob. Yet he could not accept the inevitable. For a fleeting moment his attention was divided, but he took a grip on his priorities.

He held his racket firmly, and kept his eyes on the ball.

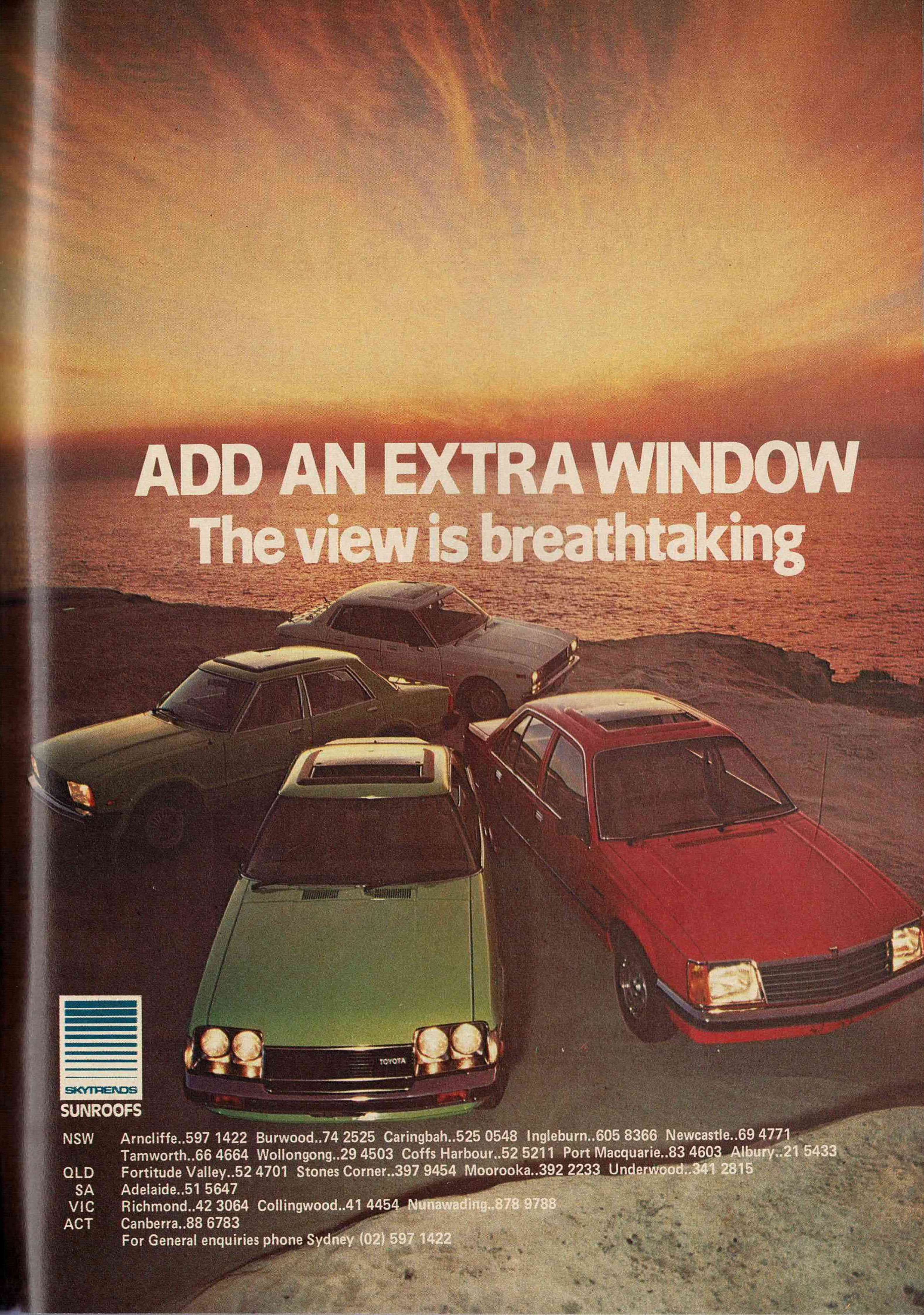
Wrangler watched the ball begin its second descent. He turned his left shoulder towards the net as the kid braced himself to dive for it. *For you, Juanita.* Wrangler didn't smash the ball. He let it drop, and, as it dropped, he changed his racket to his right hand. The ball popped softly on to the strings of his racket, bounced off gently, and dribbled over the net to the other side.

Sampson began to run for it from the base line. But the ball bounced again. Still the kid ran for it. And it bounced again. And again. It was all over, all of it, and the boy was on his knees, looking up to the ghost.

Wrangler faced him from the net, the racket still in his right hand.



"Actually, he's got gout."



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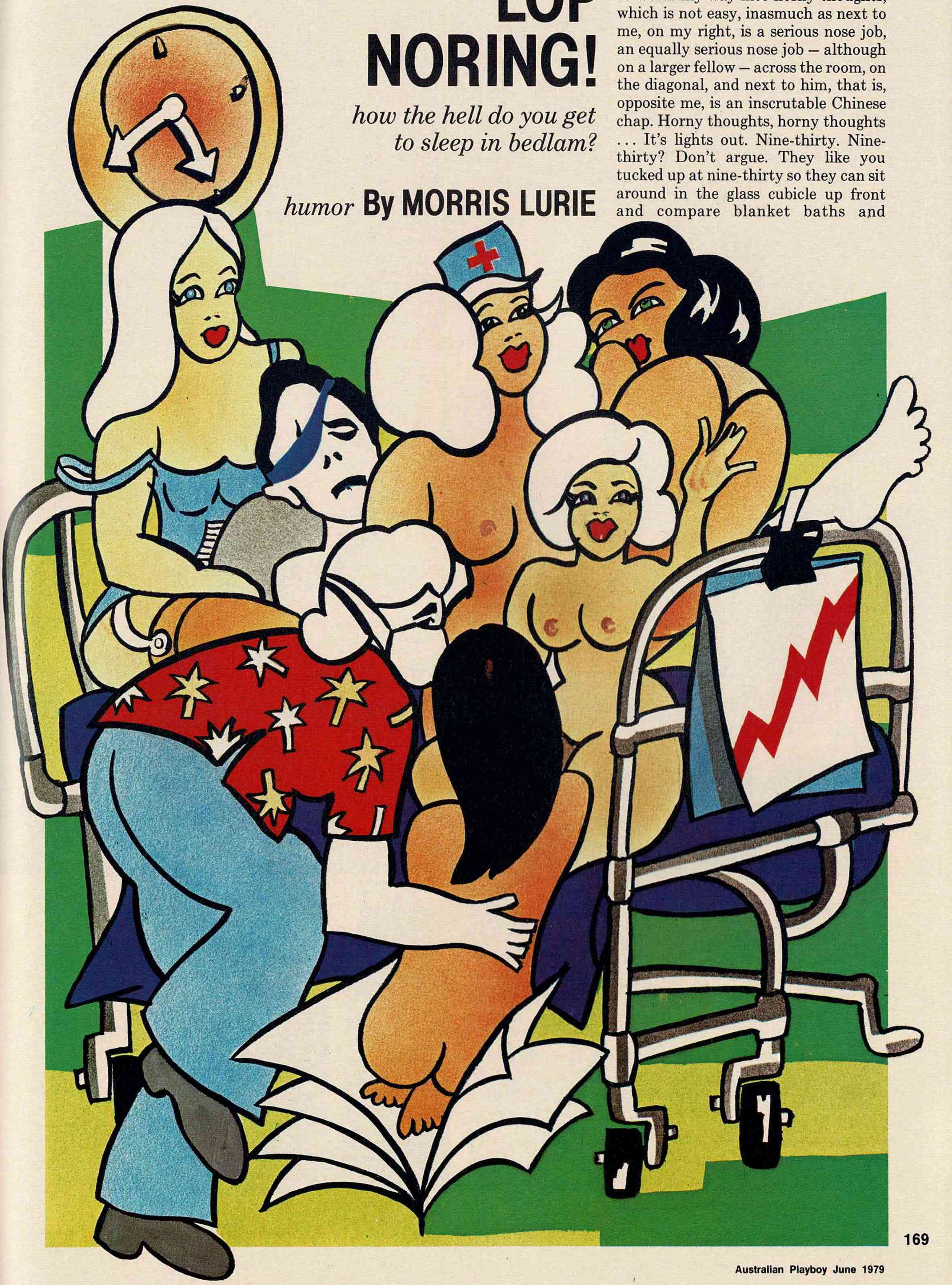
LOP NORING!

how the hell do you get to sleep in bedlam?

humor **By MORRIS LURIE**



LISTEN. I am lying in bed here, trying to worm my way into horny thoughts, which is not easy, inasmuch as next to me, on my right, is a serious nose job, an equally serious nose job — although on a larger fellow — across the room, on the diagonal, and next to him, that is, opposite me, is an inscrutable Chinese chap. Horny thoughts, horny thoughts . . . It's lights out. Nine-thirty. Nine-thirty? Don't argue. They like you tucked up at nine-thirty so they can sit around in the glass cubicle up front and compare blanket baths and

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patients' configurations and all those other things outwardly unperturbable, starchy nurses do.

Horny thoughts, horny thoughts . . .

I have had an eye job, but it's not causing me too much distress. No pain. No tears on the cheek. Not even an unsightly bandage. All they've given me is this cute little number which I can see around the corner of, and with no trouble at all focus on the splendid ladies in the magazine I bought in the kiosk downstairs before I checked in for my op. Well, maybe not your perfect focus, but I've always liked a woman with three breasts.

Horny thoughts, horny thoughts . . .

So now you understand the situation, right? Here I am, not even desperately sick, and it's nine-thirty, all alone in a strange bed, and how am I going to make it through the endless night unless I can snuggle down with a nice horny thought? Right.

Horny thoughts, horny thoughts . . .

Let me think.

Ah . . . Something's coming . . .

That dirty girl in Germany with –

A moan slips out of the nose job to my right.

This is a thin runner who conducted conversation with a brick wall at speed and won for himself a sort of combination jock strap and nose bag across his face. Dreadful.

He moans again. And again.

Poor devil. He's probably fighting back a giant sneeze. I can just see it. The jock strap goes first, straight out the window, never mind that it's closed. This is followed by a kind of gurgled scream. I scramble for my emergency button, which I probably can't find, but even if I do it won't make any difference, because the nurses will be too deep in blanket bath talk to notice (that part where they get you to roll on to your back). Another gurgled scream, this one straight out of *The Vampire Walks Again,* and then I scream, and just when I think no one will ever come, in flies two-thirds of the medical might of the nation: matrons, sisters, nurses, orderlies, aides, also specialists galore, culminating in the world's top nose man, who has been jetted in from a tropical clime and is still dressed in floppy espadrilles and a loose-flowing Hawaiian-type shirt.

And now there's an absolute flurry, with matrons barking at sisters barking at nurses barking at aides who are whipping in an enormous machine only recently released from the space program and hooking the nose job into it. It's all tubes and wheels and bladders and gauges. He's in there somewhere, but all I can see is one frail wan trailing arm . . . and then suddenly the ward is silent, save for the miraculous machine, which is doing this strenuous *sssss-fooooo, sssss-fooooo, sssss-fooooo* thing, hour after hour of it, *sssss-fooooo, sssss-fooooo* . . . but no, it's no good, no use, the odds are insuperable. The thin runner's mum and dad stand with heads bowed in muted grief as the Hawaiian shirt lifts up the nose job's wan and lifeless arm and carefully lays it across the nose job's now forever-stilled thin breast. "The sneeze," he says. "We live in dread of the sneeze."

Jesus.

Listen, how am I going to get any horny thoughts accomplished here with all this going on?

The nose job stops his moaning.

Silence. Good.

Horny thoughts, horny thoughts . . .

That girl in Finland . . . snow out the window . . . all that hair . . .

"Good afternoon, I am not wearing pants."

"Oh, really?"

"Also, do not be worried about my mother and father, who are only in the next room, which has paper-thin walls. Do you admire my nipples tremendously? The left one is not possibly a trifle too much jut?"

"No no, it's marvellous, it's . . . but your mother . . . your father . . ."

"Oh they're asleep. Listen how they snore. Do you like it for me to stand on this table and cover myself with oil?"

"Yes! Oh God! Wow! This is – you're sure your parents are all right? I mean, that snoring –"

"No no, leave on your galoshes, I am wild for galoshes. But you are nervous, my little warrior. All right, I will tell them about us. Momma! Poppa! *Lop noring!*"

What?

"Nethuth! Thit! I wath athleef!"

What's happened to Finland?

"Now my neeping pill won't nurk."

Wait a minute – listen – *someone is driving a truck through the ward!*

"I'm nawling na nurth," wails the thin runner. *"Nurth! Nurth!"*

Just a minute. I am awake here, I am working things out. It's not a truck. Christ! It's the other nose job.

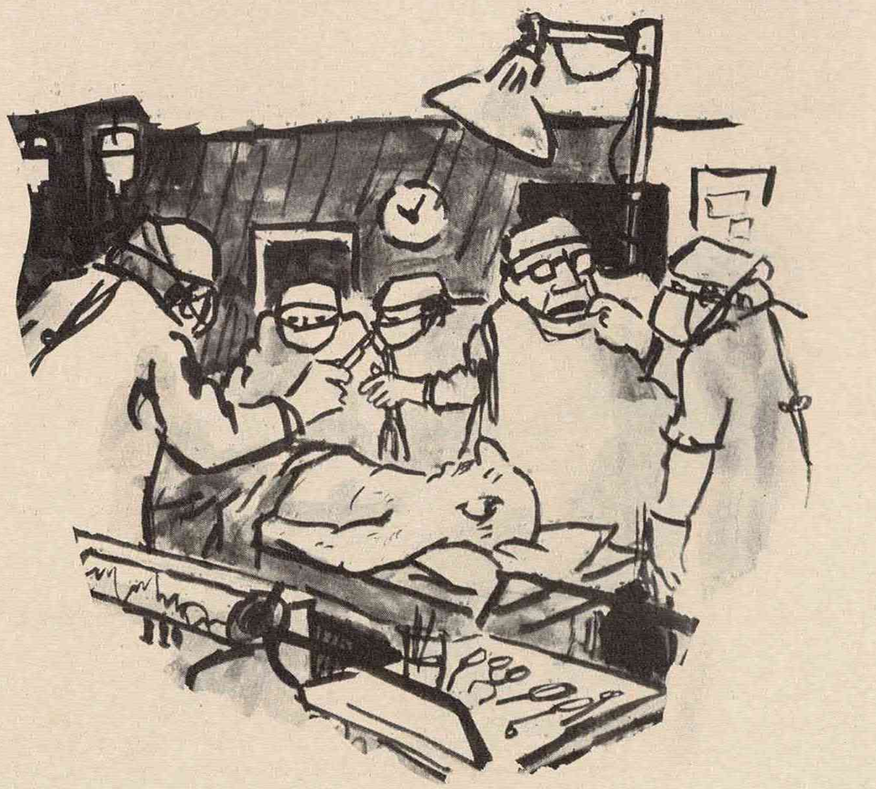
Snoring!

"Nurth! Nurth!" wails the thin runner again.

All right, all right, I will get out of bed. Never mind that I am seriously ill. I will approach the other nose job, I will tap him firmly on the shoulder, I will say to him: "Good evening and excuse me, you're snoring a little there, my man, which is hardly fair on the other members of this ward, what? So let's have a little quiet, shall we, old boy?" And he will stop, and everything will be peaches, and I'll zip back to Finland, where the long-haired lady awaits atop that table with the oil.

Simple.

Except that the other nose job got his by letting drop the best part of two hundred kilos on to his sniffing apparatus, this in the gymnasium whence he repairs five times a week for the purpose of toning up his laterals and pecs. In short, even without a nose, a person of awesome stature and maybe if I just stuff the pillow into my ears like this . . . Nope. Not working. I am getting heat rash as well as blindness



"A heart transplant isn't worth much if he doesn't look good – let's give him a hair transplant, too."

and all that snoring. Goodbye any notion of horny thoughts.

"Nurth!"

I am going to cry. I am going to have a complete collapse. Look, I have had a serious eye op here and I am lying in hospital close to death and I am not being allowed to get my proper rest!

Listen to that *snoring!* I am going crazy. Wait a minute . . .

All is not necessarily nothing but pain and disarray.

Let me employ my celebrated ingenuity here. Let me utilise these obnoxious noises, form them into a backdrop for a horny thought supreme.

Trucks . . . diesel machines . . . excavators . . . tractors . . .

Tractors!

"Good afternoon and welcome to Cuba aboard my tractor. I am not wearing pants."

"Oh, really?"

"Hold tight to my shiny black unruly tresses, little warrior, while I do technology with the gear stick. This is bumpy but pleasing, no?"

"Mmmm . . . yes . . . just a minute, let me —"

"Now I am tearing away my rough khaki work shirt and liberating my twin surging Cuban breasts. This I am doing with one hand, the other never for a second relinquishing its grip upon the gear stick to bring us racing to the top of the hill. Oh how sweaty you are, my shining warrior!"

"God, it's so bumpy — your hot thighs — this tractor —"

"Quickly now, my pulsing warrior, quickly! I see approaching by diesel truck the accursed overseer, that chicken-raping foreign adviser. Quickly, quickly!"

"Oh! Ah! I have dropped my sunglasses — my passport —"

"Quickly, quickly! Oh too late! He's here! The *Thinaman!*"

The who?

"Thut up Thinaman!"

Am I dead? Is this death?

"Thit!" cries the thin runner. *"I'm prething na nuthon!"*

Which he does.

And — miracle of miracles — we are instantly flooded with nurses. Either 11 or 19 of them, depending on which way I focus my eye, which is not so easy in this semi-gloom with torches flashing off the walls.

But okay, good, now they'll clear this matter up, have a few harsh words with that nose job bastard, I'll be back in Cuba, maybe even with a stopover in Finland on the way and —

But what's this?

The nursing brigade is completely disregarding the lats and pecs and pestering the poor Chinese chap.

Prodding him. Shaking him. Rearranging his legs!

Is this nice? Is this a way to behave towards an innocent man? What a racial slur!

Poor little chap. He checked in this afternoon, hasn't had his op yet, came in with his family and they all sat around on the bed in inscrutable silence and then the sister came in and they all bowed and smiled and went away, except for this chap, of course, who continued sitting inscrutably on his bed. So I said: "Good afternoon," and he looked up, and he shook his head, and he said: "No speak Englid." Now look at what the nurses are doing to him, the poor chap.

"Mr Wang," says one of the nurses, in between shakes and prods. "You're snoring. You're disturbing everyone."

"No speak Englid," says Mr Wang.

"Lop noring!" shouts the thin runner.

"Help," I whisper to anyone. "I want to go home."

"Relax, everyone," says the top nurse. "We've rearranged Mr Wang so he won't snore any more. Back to sleep, come on girls," and out they march, shoes squeaking nicely down the long polished corridor, back to the glass cubicle for blanket bath talk. But before they get there Mr Wang rearranges himself into an oriental position, one hand on top of his head and his legs crossed high in the air, and out comes — the great wail of China.

This is 16 diesel trucks in heat. This is 27 Concordes breaking the sound barrier. This is me with a serious eye condition getting out of bed.

"Nurses," I say, standing outside the glass cubicle in my gapey pyjamas, "he's doing it again."

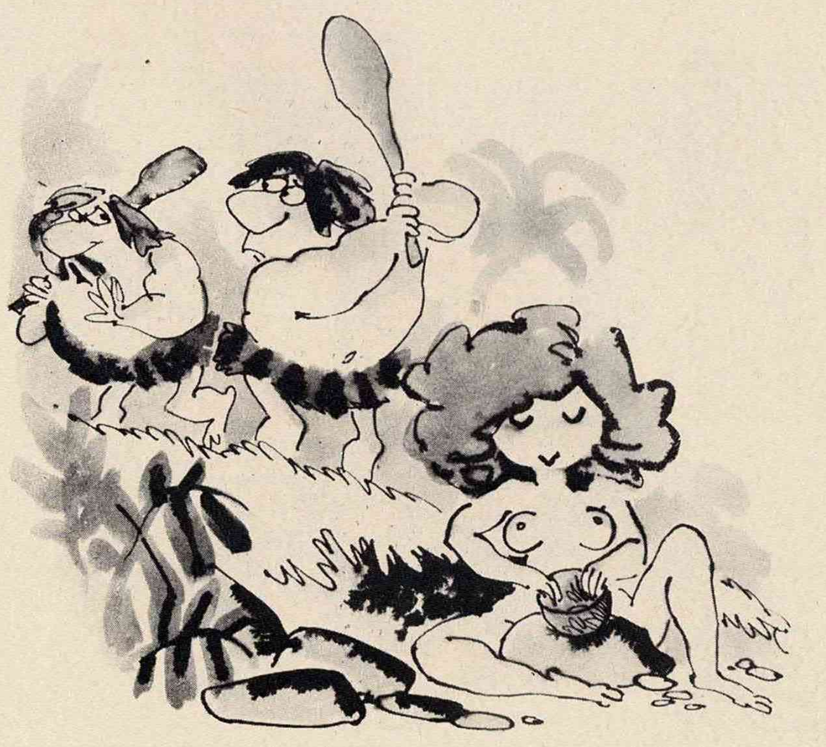
So off they march, and it's the same business again — more prodding and shaking and leg rearranging, and the thin runner shouting out *"Lop noring, thupid Thinaman!"* and poor old Mr Wang saying: "No speak Englid." But three minutes later he's back at it, worse than ever.

The nurses bring me a cup of tea. I sit on a chair in the corridor with Concordes taking off just around the corner and the nurses glaring at me because they think I'm eavesdropping on their dirty talk, as if I cared about all that, and look, it's eleven o'clock, it's twelve o'clock, it's half past two in the morning and I have to get some sleep. I am falling off my chair here, and so I stagger back to the ward and there is Mr Wang in his semi-levitational lotus snoring position and the noise that's coming out of him is unbelievable, but I don't care any more. Snore away, little Chinaman, I don't mind . . .

Because look, who's in my bed, waiting for me, it's Miss Finland and Miss Cuba! What an amazing thing is the mind of man.

Miss Finland is helping Miss Cuba out of her restrictive work trousers and Miss Cuba is applying oil to certain portions of Miss Finland's exquisite anatomy and I am no mere bystander, either. I am . . .

"Wake up!" shouts the matron, shaking me like a rag. "You've woken the entire *floor,* you horrible man! I've never heard such *snoring* in my life!" 🐰



"Take my word for it, son. All you'll ever get out of them is 'Not tonight — I've got a headache'!"

When you're way offshore, it's nice to have a motor you can depend on.

You're way offshore and you've got among the big ones.
Then the weather starts to turn. The radio tells you there's a southerly coming in like the hammers of hell.
That's when you look for an outboard with dependable power. Like a Chrysler.

DF378N
55
Chrysler

Chrysler's new 1979 CD electronic ignition with DC arc means sure starts and cooler running.
When you hit the key, your Chrysler purrs into life.
Chrysler's got the speed and the power you need to get you home.
There are 150 Chrysler dealers throughout Australia.
See one soon. And test a 1979 Chrysler.
If you're serious about fishing, think Chrysler outboards.

CHRYSLER Marine

CHRYSLERRRRRRRRR

POWER YOU CAN DEPEND ON.

Chrysler outboards. 4 h.p. 6 h.p. 7.5 h.p. 9.9 h.p. 15 h.p. 20 h.p. 30 h.p. 35 h.p. 45 h.p. 55 h.p. 70 h.p. 75 h.p. 85 h.p. 100 h.p. 115 h.p. 140 h.p.

CM2161

Neatness counts.

You are looking at graphic measurements of wow and flutter in two different cassette decks. The nice, neat one is ours. The one with the funny spikes is the competition. What is really interesting about this comparison is that the numerical specification for wow and flutter for both machines is identical: 0.05 percent.

How can that be?

The reason is that conventional measurements do not account for some kinds of disturbances caused by momentary tape speed variations. Many manufacturers simply ignore or overlook the spikes. We don't. Because we can hear them. And if we can hear them, you can hear them. So we build tighter tolerances into our parts—such as our precision-machined reel tables and shafts that prevent cogging of the cassette hubs. The fact is that we use a lot of unconventional methods of getting rid of a lot of conventionally ignored distortions.

We figure our most important test instrument is our ears. You can build good cassette decks in the laboratory. But you build great ones in the listening room. That's why our engineers listen, under dynamic test conditions, to every single electrical and mechanical component of our cassette decks that can affect the texture of the sound you hear.

You'll find that every one of the new Harman Kardon cassette decks has the features, specifications, the look and the feel you'd expect from equipment made by one of the world's great high fidelity manufacturers.

But you'll find something else too.

The clean, open sound that comes only when a company listens and pays attention to details that others tend to overlook.

That's what makes us so neat.

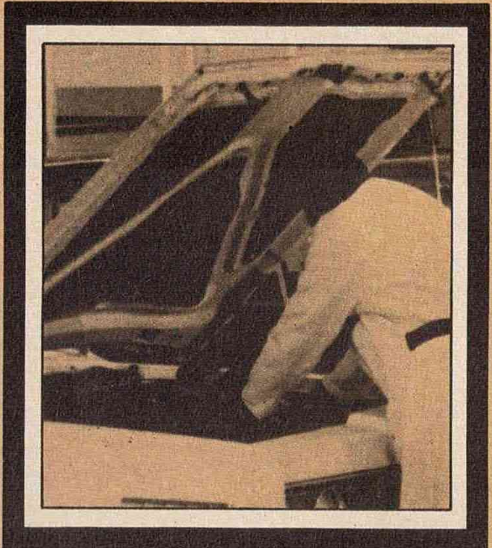
Come listen soon.

harman/kardon
Hear all of the music

Pictured: hk3500, hk2500, hk1500.

For complete technical information contact:
HARMAN AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.,
P.O. Box 6. BROOKVALE. N.S.W. 2100.
Telephone: (02) 939 2922
HA134/78

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFE IN HIGH GEAR



MAKING THE MOST OF THE HIGHWAY MEN

THERE you are, puttering down the highway, a thousand kilometres out into the mulga. Only the stray kangaroo or the occasional crazed semi driver disturb the peace. Road's okay, weather is great.

Thoughts have just started turning to that cold beer about 100km down the track when a strange clatter homes in on your hearing. By the time enough adrenalin flows to send you lurching for the ignition key, the clatter has risen to a roar and you're in big trouble.

Then, almost before you can panic, your scrabbling fingers have found a little bit of stiff paper, with a cash register imprint, stuck to the half-eaten chocolate bar in the glove box. You check the date. It's current. The air flows freely into your lungs again.

What you are holding is a membership card in one of Australia's eight motoring associations or clubs, entitling you to emergency road service anywhere.

This emergency roadside service is the most obvious and well-known aspect of organised motoring in Australia. But there are many other ways you can get the most out of the group which collects your yearly subscription, taking advantage of some of the best services available to motorists anywhere in the world.

PICKED UP AND TAKEN TO TOWN

For instance, if driving into a strange capital city gives you the horrors, you can arrange to meet a patrol car on the city outskirts, and the serviceman will lead you to your destination. The same service can be provided on the way out of town. Some groups even provide a driver to take the wheel.

All clubs provide a comprehensive service for people on motor holidays.

If you want, the clubs will book in advance all your accommodation along the way. This extends to overseas trips since, apart from the Automobile Association of the Northern Territory, all the bodies are accredited travel agents.

Escorted holidays are available, and help will be given to members who want to take their cars overseas. In most cases this help is just valuable advice and assistance with travel documents. But in the case of the RACQ and the Royal Automobile Club of Tasmania, the member's car will be prepared and consigned.

Probably the other most important benefit offered – again excluding the AANT, newest of the organisations and with a membership of only 4000 – is the extensive technical inspection service. The member gets a thorough picture of the component or car being checked for a sum that is very reasonable when compared with standard labor charges. All groups offer insurance and finance services, either through their subsidiaries or by arrangement with other companies. Among the other services, legal aid to resolve the problems of motoring stands out as the most important.

Since the group to which you belong is governed by the State or Territory you live in, there's nothing you can do about it if you feel one lot provides a better service. But you *can* make sure you are familiar with all the services. Does your club put your car up on blocks and run it regularly if you're going to be away for several months? Does it have a numbered key tag system to help recover lost keys? And so on.

OUR ROAD PATROLS STREETS AHEAD

Many US auto clubs offer "extras" not available here, such as "free" death, accident and accommodation charge insurance, and cheque-cashing and credit card facilities. But the clubs here are streets ahead in one area – maintaining road patrol fleets where possible instead of relying entirely on contractors.

These are constituent clubs or associations of the Federal umbrella body, the Automobile Association of Australia, and yearly subscriptions and joining fees:

National Roads and Motorists' Association, 151 Clarence street, Sydney. Tel: 290 0123. Yearly: $15. Join: $15.
Royal Automobile Club of Victoria, 123 Queen street, Melbourne. Tel: 607 2211. Yearly: $23. Join: $10.
Royal Automobile Association of SA, 41 Hindmarsh square, Adelaide. Tel: 223 4555. Yearly: $15. Join: within 40km GPO Adelaide, $5; elsewhere $3.50.
Royal Automobile Club of Queensland, cnr Ann and Boundary streets, Brisbane. Tel: 221 1511. Yearly: $16. Join: $10.
Royal Automobile Club of WA, 228 Adelaide terrace, Perth. Tel: 325 0551. Yearly: $14. Join: $5.
Royal Automobile Club of Tasmania, Patrick and Murray streets, Hobart. Tel: 34 6611. Yearly: $12. Join: $5.
Royal Automobile Club of Australia, 89 Macquarie street, Sydney. Tel: 27 5656. Under an agreement signed in 1945, RACA members are entitled to road service from the NRMA. The RACA provides social and residential facilities for its members.

Associate members of the AAA: Automobile Association of Northern Territory, 79-81 Smith street, Darwin. Tel: 81 3837. Yearly: $15. Join: $10; and the Automobile Association of Papua New Guinea, PO Box 610, Port Moresby. Tel: 21 4219. Membership fee: five kina (about $A6.30).

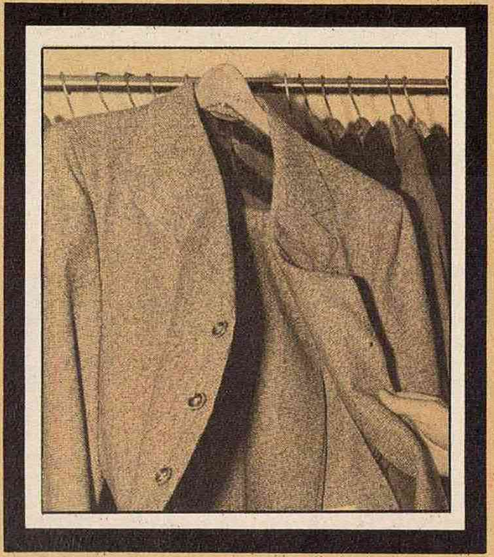
Hospitality.
The heritage of the White Horse Cellar.
THE WHITE HORSE CELLAR
Eftab. 1742
WHITE HORSE
Fine Old Scotch Whisky
The White Horse Cellar
Estab 1742

The sign of the old White Horse Cellar. What a welcome sign it must have been, all those years ago, to the road-weary traveller.
It guaranteed a warm welcome and lavish hospitality from a convivial inn-keeper.

Many customs have changed over the intervening years, yet the finest scotch served by a discerning host, is still the sign of hospitality.

The sign of hospitality.

KEEPING YOUR GEAR IN TOP GEAR



CLOTHES may make the man, but they can also be his undoing. You can buy all the expensive threads you want, but if they're mistreated or neglected, the fellow with inexpensive but well-cared-for gear has the edge on you every time. In the long run, a few minutes' attention each day to the contents of your wardrobe will pay maximum dividends; your clothes will last longer and you'll look your best. Here's how to keep your duds in shape.

SHIRTS

Contrary to what most shirt launderers tell you, the choice is not of heavy, light or medium starch; it's whether you want starch at all. We say you're wise to decline it. It hardens the fibres in the fabric and accelerates their breakdown. Button-down collars or collars with stays won't suffer in appearance from the lack of starch. Wash the shirt after each wearing; otherwise, body oil and grime will be embedded in the garment. Also, make sure your underarm anti-perspirant is dry before you put your shirt on. The chemicals contained in an anti-perspirant can stain or cause the fabric to deteriorate.

SUITS

If you're going to invest $300 in a suit, you can lash out another $2 on a wishbone-shaped wooden hanger. The suit's shoulders will be preserved a lot longer on that than on a wire one. Given that, marry the proper type of pants clamp with the proper suit pants or slacks. Lightweight pants hung on a wooden hanger's centre rod may retain a permanent horizontal crease. Many materials do not take kindly to pants-cuff clamps with large friction teeth, which may leave permanent marks on the material.

If your wardrobe is overcrowded, you've already defeated the purpose of hanging up your suits. There should be enough room between each one to let air circulate freely. Ideally, you should always brush a suit, then let it hang for several hours on a shaped stand-up valet before you put the garment away. That way, body moisture will have a chance to evaporate and the suit itself will be allowed to spring back into shape. Suits can absorb a surprising amount of moisture if the relative humidity of the air is high.

Don't wear the same suit two days in a row. Normal activity puts a great deal of strain on particular parts of a suit; a lot of movement, especially sitting down, crushes the front part of the trousers, while straining and stretching the back. Always air or store a suit away with the pockets empty, zippers undone and buttons unbuttoned. And never have a suit pressed without getting it dry-cleaned; you'll simply be sealing in the dirt and making it more difficult to remove.

OUTERWEAR

Always hang an overcoat on a thick wooden hanger, never on a hook. The garment's own weight can pull it out of shape and leave you with a permanent Quasimodo hump. Open the coat if you're sitting in it for any length of time, so as not to put pressure on the buttonholes and buttons. Moisture should be allowed plenty of time to evaporate from the garment after it has been out in a storm.

SHOES

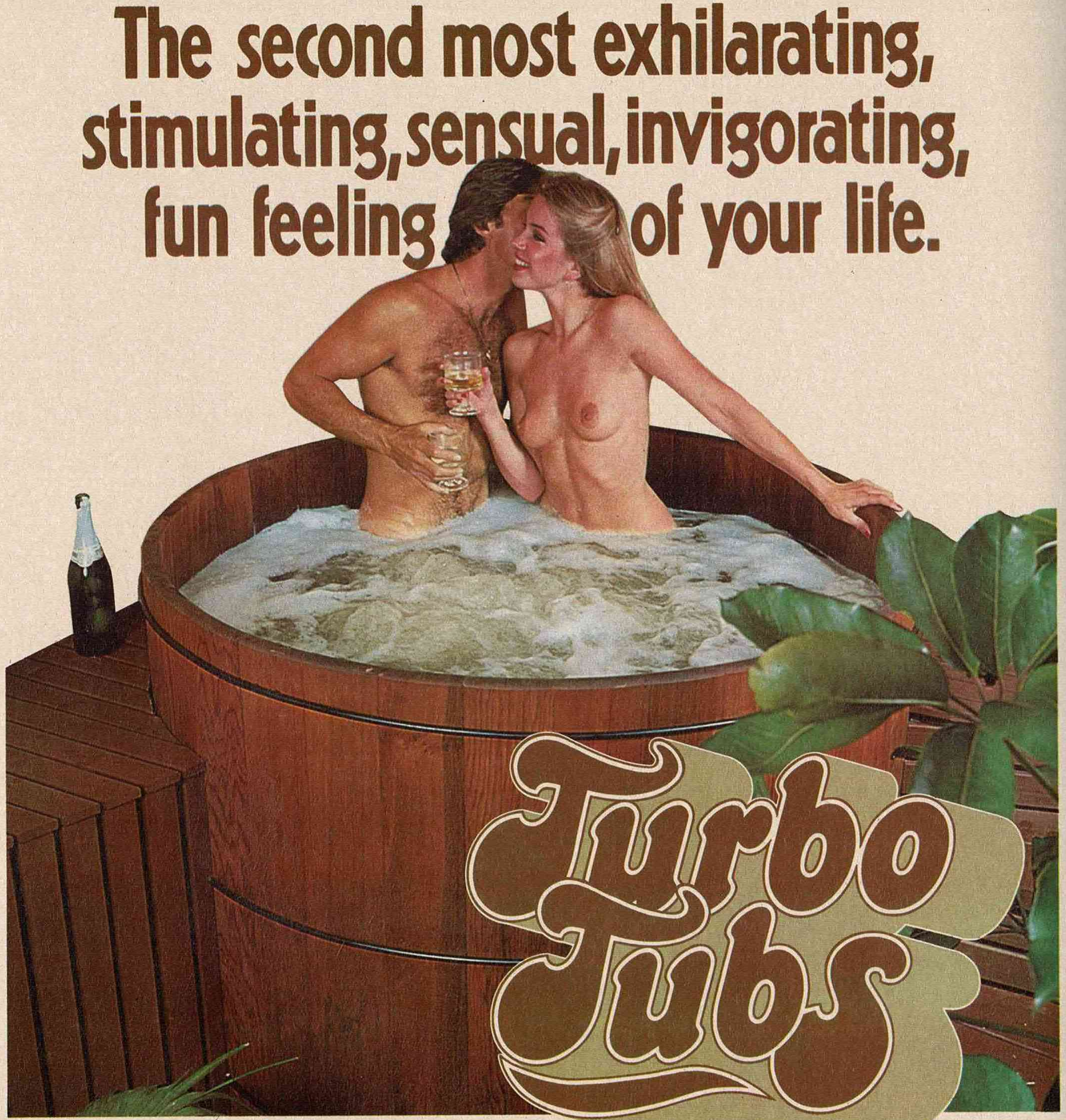
New leather shoes are usually well shined, but it's always a good idea to add another layer of polish before wearing them. That will help guard against scuffing and cuts. As the shoes get soiled, use saddle soap to keep them supple and clean. (A word to the wise: test the soap on a small area before you treat the whole shoe, as it may darken some light-colored leathers.) After the soap has dried and is brushed off, apply more polish and give the shoes a good buffing.

If your shoes get wet, place them in a well-ventilated area and stuff newspapers in them to aid their drying out. Change the newspapers several times, if necessary, and never put wet shoes on top of a radiator or near direct heat. Drying leather too rapidly makes it brittle.

After your shoes are dry, put shoe trees in them so they preserve their shape. Never wear a pair of shoes two days in a row. Allow them to rest, so the moisture can evaporate completely before you put them on.

To waterproof your shoes, vigorously saddle-soap them and let them dry. Then rub one of the many waterproofing products on the market along all seams and where the shoe uppers are joined to the sole. Let the shoes dry in a warm place overnight, and don't let a slightly greasy surface dissuade you from wearing them the next day. You've now protected your footwear from all but a cyclone – but you'll have to repeat the process as the waterproofing wears off.

Remember: to be effective, clothing and shoe care must be continuous. If you neglect your appearance, you'll be telling the world that you definitely don't have your personal act together – and that may cost you promotions, prestige and pleasure.


The second most exhilarating, stimulating, sensual, invigorating, fun feeling of your life.
Turbo Tubs

Experience the pulsating rhythm of millions of champagne bubbles massaging and caressing every inch of your body, intoxicating your senses, releasing built-up tension.

Turbo Tubs are here to add a whole new dimension to your lifestyle. The swirling, whirling, turbulence of hot, bubbly water relaxes tired, aching muscles after any strenuous activity.

The Turbo Tub exhilaration can be enjoyed by anyone, any time, day or night, summer and winter, with the water hot or cold. The intimate size of even the large 8ft. Turbo Tub opens up limitless possibilities for a couple or a group.

The greatest place to install your Turbo Tub is right out there in your backyard, under the sun and the stars, but if you prefer a tubbing room inside, no problem.

Turbo Tubs are meticulously manufactured from all-heart redwood, hand selected from our own mill and the sizes range from 4ft. to 8 ft. diameter. No-one matches the high quality fastidious finish of Turbo Tubs and no other tub matches our features . . . simply compare.

Enjoy the Turbo Tub experience absolutely free in our private showroom, 7 days a week between 9 a.m. — 5 p.m. Bring your wife, bring your lover, bring all your friends. Our full colour informative brochure is available by contacting or calling into the showroom. Interstate and country enquiries welcome.

TURBO TUBS (in association with BECK TIMBER)
Showroom and Sales:
165 Canterbury Road., Bankstown, NSW, 2200. Phone 707 1477
(7 days a week).

To: Turbo Tubs, P.O. Box 545,
Bankstown, N.S.W. 2200
Please send me your free colour brochure.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

. . . .

Phone. . . . .

P/Code. . . . .

BOAC621/1178

YES, WE HAVE GREAT HAVANAS

"A FIRE at one end and a fool at the other." This description of the cigar by one irascible old gent identifies *him* as the fool, certainly among those who have known the delights and satisfaction to be gained from the leaf of the Republic of Cuba.

Havana – the name conjures up fantasies of castanettes, carnivals and cigars. (On the more realistic side, of course, there's also Castro and communism.) But to all, the worldwide reputation of the Havana cigar is unique. Like a great French champagne, it doesn't stand head and shoulders above the rest, it towers above them.

SOME ARE MADE HERE

There is a growing demand for cigars in Australia, a demand that is higher now than ever – particularly for the Cuban product. We import cigars from Holland, the Philippines, Jamaica, the Canary Islands, Germany, Italy, Denmark and America. Although cigars have been produced in Australia since 1850, only one company – W.D. & H.O. Wills – is now making them. All its locally-made cigars use imported leaf.

Cigars range in size from what might be described as the sublime to the ridiculous. Some are smaller than cigarettes. They expand to the almost vulgar *gigantes tabacalera,* more than 30cm long and nearly 3cm in diameter, which would look silly attached to anyone but Sidney Greenstreet. For this monumental monstrosity you could expect to pay $10.60.

The sensual cigar smoker would like to believe that Havanas are still rolled on the inner thighs of young Cuban ladies. Sadly, not so.

Today, the majority of Cuban cigars are hand-made, usually by men and on a workbench. It is the unique soil and climate of the country, together with generations of expertise, that make the Havana the el supremo of stogies.

THOUSANDS OF CHOICES

There are more than 1000 varieties of Havana. Apart from their varying size, the color and strength cover a wide range. At the top there's the strong, black *oscuro,* and at the bottom the *double claro* or *clarissimo* (very mild, and green). In between are *maduro* (browny-black, strong), *maduro colorado* (reddish-brown, full-bodied and aromatic), *colorado claro* (light brown, a little lighter in aroma and taste than the *colorado),* and *claro* (brown, mild, with a fine aroma). Apart from these characteristics, the shape and length of the cigars varies considerably. In descending order of length, they are: *lonsdale,* a straight cigar about 16.5cm long with a rounded end; *ideales,* a slender, torpedo-shaped cigar about 16.5cm long; *corona,* the same shape as the *lonsdale,* about 14cm long; *petit corona* or *corona chica,* about 12.5cm long; *panatela,* a thin cigar about 12.5cm long, usually open at both ends, sometimes having a shoulder at the mouth end; *trespetit corona,* about 11.5cm long; *half corona,* 9.5cm long.

Other cigars are the *cheroot,* which is thicker and stubbier than the *panatela,* and sometimes slightly tapered, and the *whiff,* a cigar about 9cm long, popular in Britain.

All cigars made in Havana are sealed at both ends to keep in the flavor and so enhance the smoker's enjoyment of the fine leaf. The end must be snipped off with a cigar cutter and these are available (from basic models to jewel-encrusted extravaganzas) at most good tobacconists.

INDIANS ROLLED THEIR OWN

When Colombus discovered America he also discovered the cigar, for it was the Genoan explorer and those who followed him to Cuba, Mexico, Central America and Brazil who found the Indians smoking long, thick bundles of twisted tobacco leaves wrapped in dried palm or maize leaves.

By 1600 – a century later – cigars were being smoked in Spain, where they became a symbol of wealth ("cigar" was derived from the Spanish name *cigarro*). Two centuries later the habit had spread to other European countries.

Although some claim other cigars are as good, experts go for Havanas. One aficionado was musician and composer Franz Liszt, who summed it up in this fashion: "A good Cuban cigar closes the doors to the vulgarities of this world."

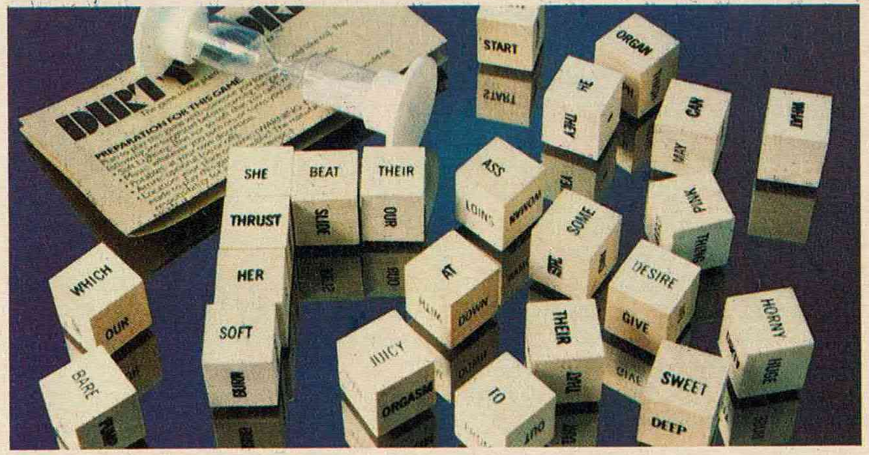
Here are the addresses of some tobacconists in the capital cities where doors are open to give you access to Mr Liszt's love: NSW – Sol Levy Pty Ltd, 713 George street, Sydney. David Jones, Market street, Sydney. ACT – Corona Tobacconist, London circuit, City. Victoria – Damman and Co Pty Ltd, 81 Swanston street, 95 Bourke street, 7 Elizabeth street, Melbourne. SA – Charles Tunney and Sons Pty Ltd, 36 Grote street, Adelaide. WA – T. Sharp and Co, 612 Hay street, Perth. Queensland – Roy Phillips and Co, 233 George street, Brisbane. – DERRIL FARRAR

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

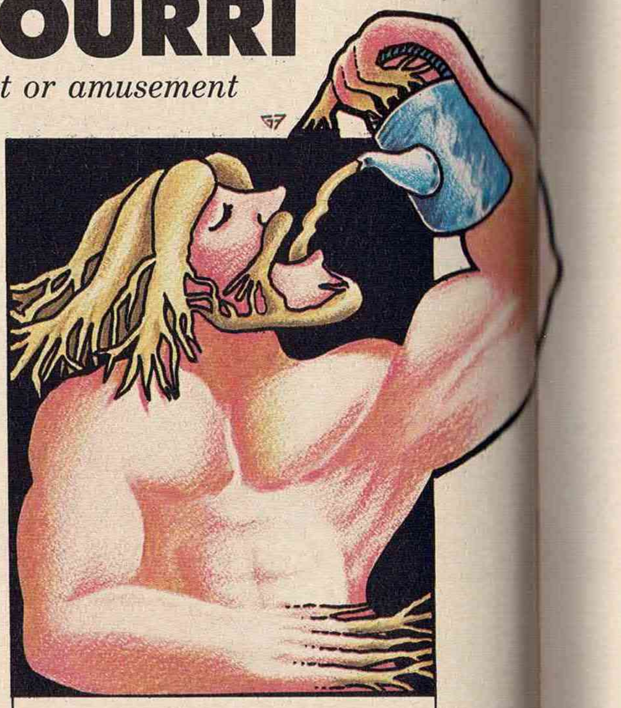
GOOD THINGS COME IN PLASTIC

She says she's got nothing to hide, so here's her chance to prove it! These slim-fitting, double-stitched plastic jeans have patch pockets and strategically placed air vents. Some girls wear them au naturel when entertaining at home, and some add a tiny pair of bikini pants. Plastic jeans cost $35 and are available from Just Jeans shops in NSW and Victoria.



PLAY DIRTY . . . AND WIN

Remember playing Scrabble and getting into arguments over whether dirty words were permissible? Well with Dirty Words you don't have to worry. You have no choice. The object of the game is to use as many of the cubes as possible in six minutes to form sentences. Dirty Words sells for $8.50 at department stores and games shops, or write to Polyco Candle Co., 2 Park Road, Alexandria, NSW 2015, and they'll send it in a plain wrapper.



ROOT POWER!

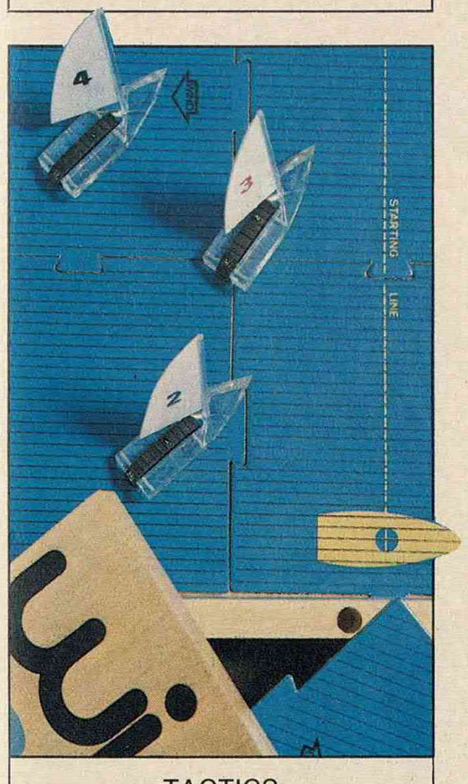
Many Australians have discovered a herb that the Chinese have used for 3000 years, and they are making up for lost time by belting down ginseng in tonics, tablets and tea in astonishing amounts. Most ginseng available here comes from Korea (it's becoming a major industry over there), and the importers claim that it is a cure-all. The various ginseng products are made from the root of the plant which is harvested after six or seven years.

KEY NOTE

For the man who thought he had everything – a nine carat gold key blank. $199 from Prouds stores in NSW, Queensland, Victoria.

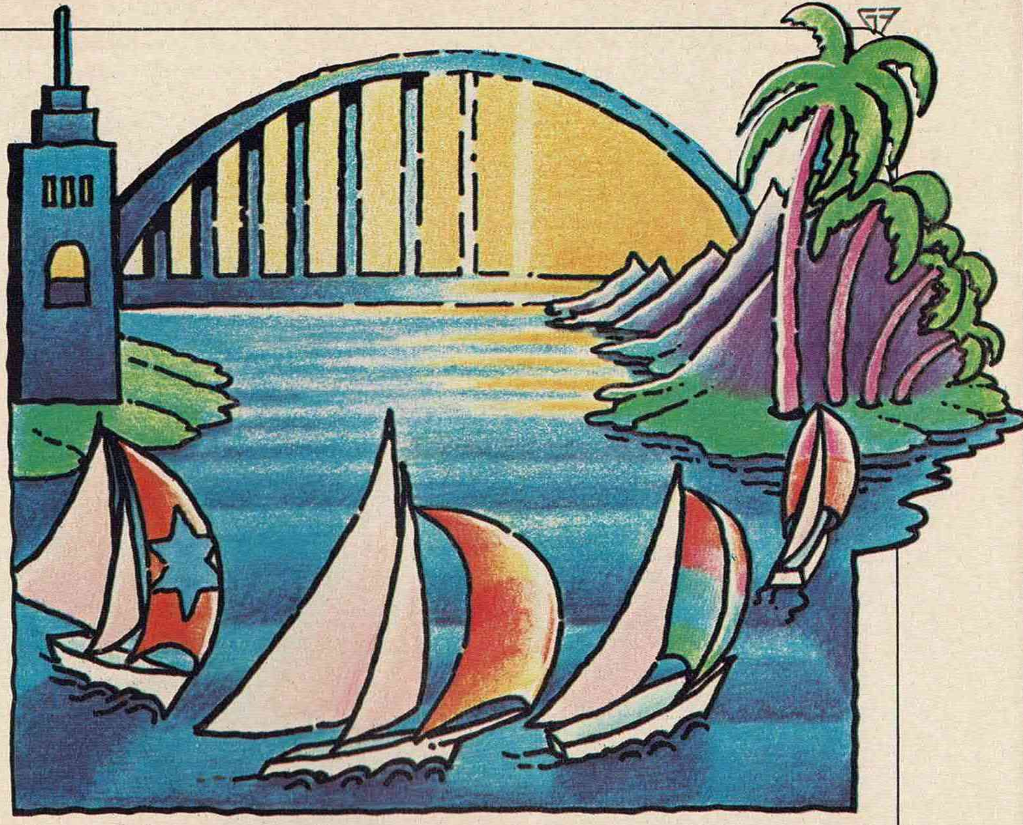
SEDAKA GIFT

Neil Sedaka, the talented singer-songwriter, is giving Australia a Christmas present – himself. Sedaka has been booked for the December cabaret at the Hilton hotels in Sydney and Melbourne. His bubbly personality should make Sedaka's tour lots of fun.



TACTICS

Here's a tactical game for yachtsmen. Boats are sailed over a course while cards provide variations in wind strength and direction. Windshifts sells for $49 at most yachting supply shops.



50 IN BLUE WATER CLASSIC

A fleet of at least 50 yachts will leave Sydney Harbor on June 16 for this year's UTA Sydney-Noumea Race. The leaders are expected to take about a week to sail the 1080 nautical miles to Noumea. The RAN and the French Navy will supply escort ships and a non-line honors yacht will be stationed in the centre of the fleet as a radio relay vessel. The first Sydney-Noumea was held in 1953 as part of New Caledonia's celebration of 100 years of French administration, and only six yachts braved a very stormy crossing.

FOR EXPRESS DELIVERIES?

Honda believes it has found the answer to urban commuting in the '80s with the lightweight Express. Available in orange, yellow and blue, this cross between a motorcycle, moped and bicycle has a one-speed transmission (no gears to change) and automatic clutch. For the technically minded, the Express has a 49cc single-cylinder two-stroke engine with oil injection, and petrol consumption is around 1.25l/100km. The Express sells for $425, plus registration, and is available from Honda dealers throughout Australia.

Comment ça va? Ça va bien.
ça va
THE UNFAIR ADVANTAGE IN SPORTS AND LEISURE WEAR

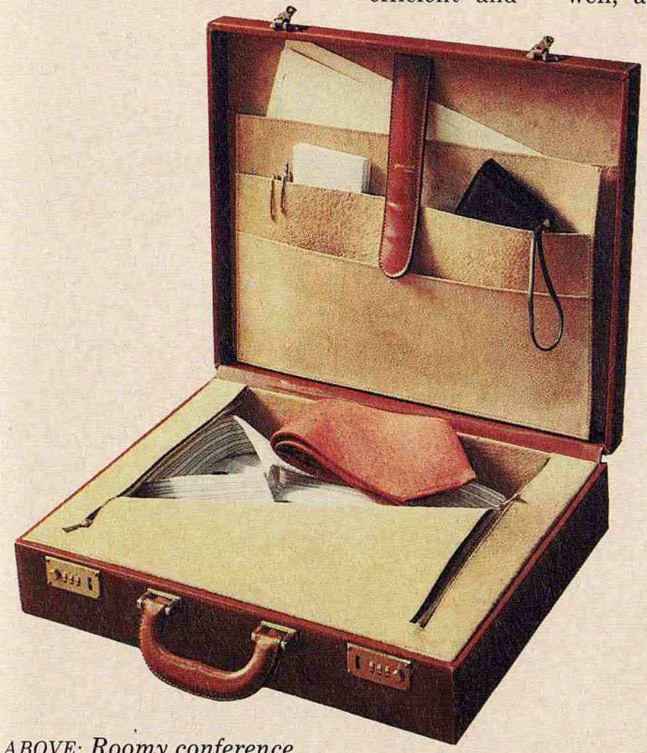
ON·THE·SCENE

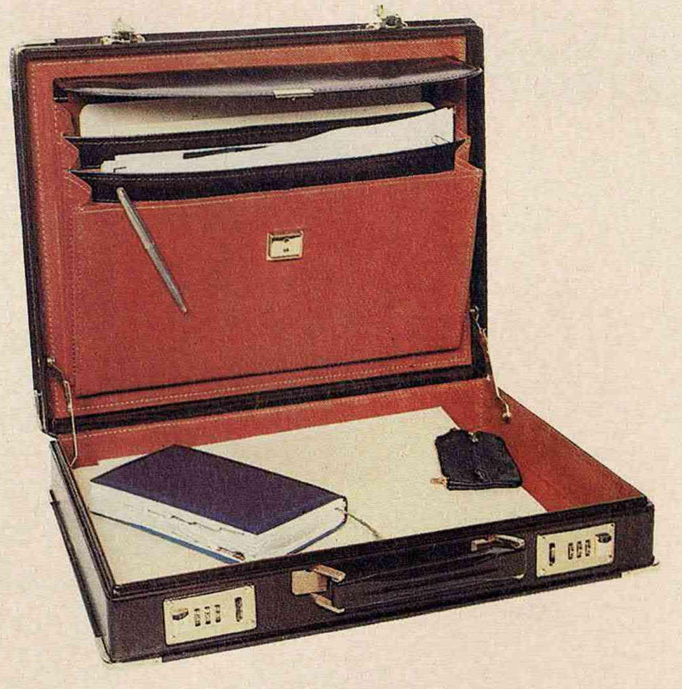
what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

A GOOD CASE

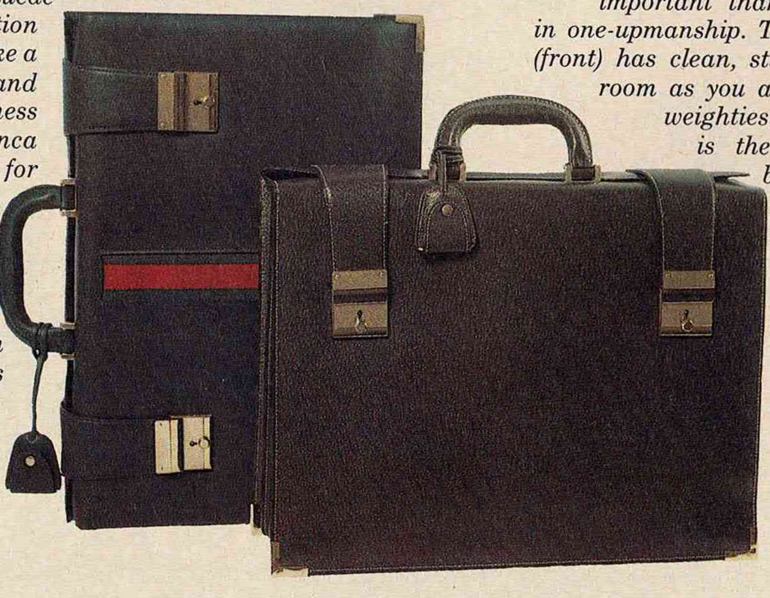
today's young executive is packing up his troubles in a new kit bag

THERE'S a good case to be made for attaching yourself to a good case, particularly if first impressions are important. Briefly speaking, fronting up with vital papers in a plastic lunch bag might be just as effective, but won't do much to inspire confidence. And we're not getting carried away about looks alone: your briefcase is like a secretary to you when you are out of the office and should be just as efficient and – well, almost – as good looking.

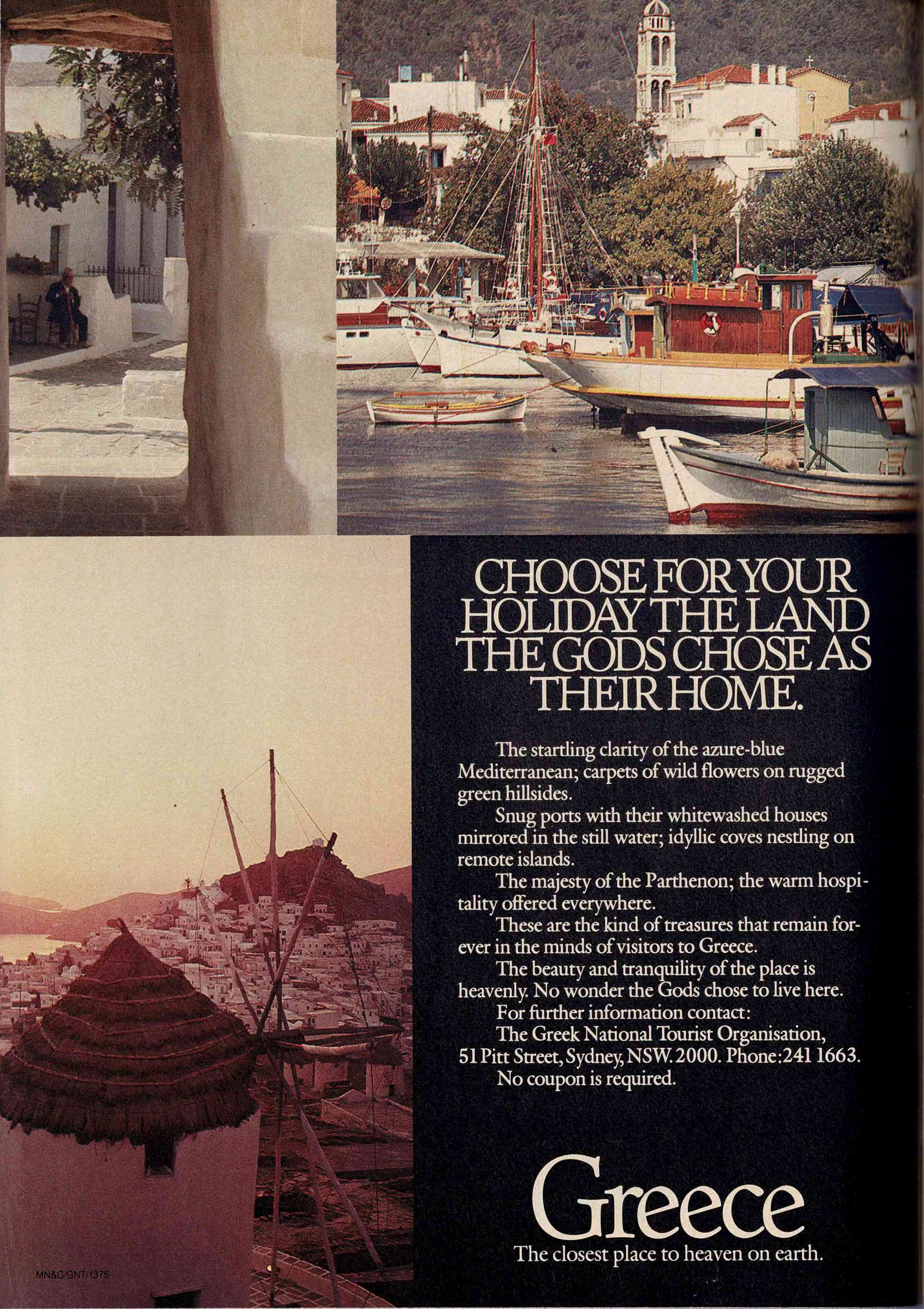




ABOVE: Roomy conference case ideal for the rush trip interstate. Kid leather, suede interior, twin combination locks. It unzips inside to take a change of shirts, socks and underwear as well as business papers. Designed by Bianca Pace and made in Italy for Cache Holdings. $295. ABOVE RIGHT: Classic example of the modern style twin, three-wheel combination lock briefcase, made of calf leather with suede lining and brass trimmings. Designed for David Jones and made in Hong Kong. $155.



LEFT: Two models from Gucci for those to whom cost is less important than having the last word in one-upmanship. The hogskin attaché case (front) has clean, sturdy lines and as much room as you are likely to need for the weightiest legal matters. The other is the classic black calfskin briefcase with the Gucci stripe – for when you want to put the lid on a tough business deal. Each one-up costs $358. We don't intend to make a federal case out of it, but briefcases like these can add the touch you want.



CHOOSE FOR YOUR HOLIDAY THE LAND THE GODS CHOSE AS THEIR HOME.

The startling clarity of the azure-blue Mediterranean; carpets of wild flowers on rugged green hillsides.

Snug ports with their whitewashed houses mirrored in the still water; idyllic coves nestling on remote islands.

The majesty of the Parthenon; the warm hospitality offered everywhere.

These are the kind of treasures that remain forever in the minds of visitors to Greece.

The beauty and tranquility of the place is heavenly. No wonder the Gods chose to live here.

For further information contact:
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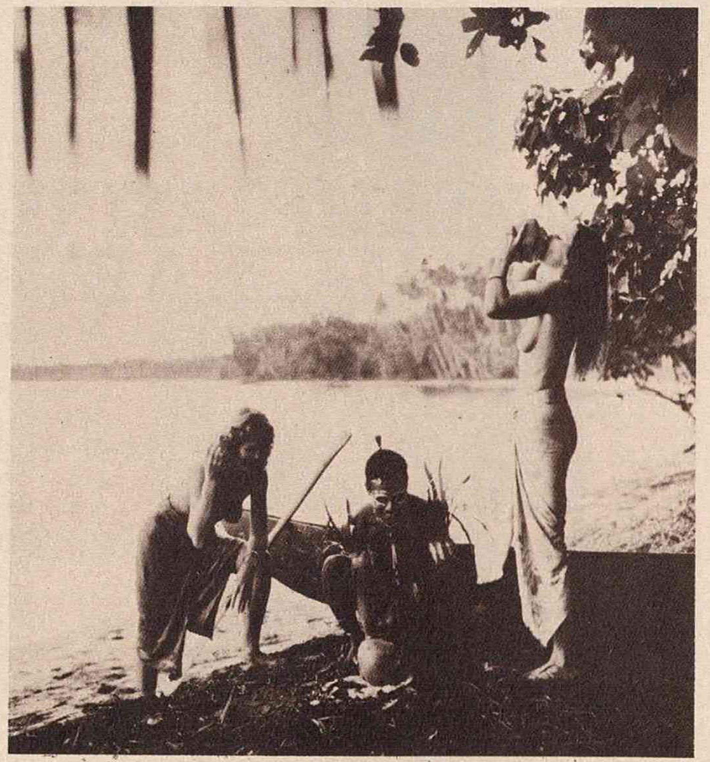
STRANGERS IN PARADISE

in the solomons butterflies are free, and they want to keep it that way

THE SOLOMON Islands, a virtually undiscovered paradise only three hours by jet from Brisbane, is now turning a shy, smiling face towards the outside world. But, somehow, I feel a twinge of betrayal advertising its alluring beauty and innocence . . .



For the people – basically Melanesian but with strong Polynesian and Micronesian communities – have clung to ancient customs and cultures which are too fragile to survive a major tourist onslaught.

However, the world being what it is won't leave the islands alone for ever, and the needs of an emerging people can't ignore a cash crop like tourism. So, with that as a sop to my conscience, I'll let you in on what I discovered.

You should not go there as a tourist, festooned with Instamatics and spending power. Go as an adventurous traveller prepared to find the Pacific as it was. (You don't really have much choice since, by design, the government is restricting the number of tourist beds. The capital, Honiara, has three hotels and only the Mendana, named after the Solomons' discoverer, makes a serious gesture at being of international class.) The nation comprises hundreds of lovely islands ranging from west to east across nearly 2500 kilometres of equatorial sea. Island hopping is not difficult if you use Solair, the national airline, which gets you quickly and not all that expensively to most places.

You can take a bit more time and rough it on a trading boat. Or put together a group of six and for $45 a day each – gourmet meals thrown in – charter the Klaraborg, 36 metres of stout Baltic trader and the world's oldest sailing ship. It was built about the time that the city of Melbourne was born. Yessir, 150 years old.

I'd take a bet now that the Solomons will, within a few years, become the skin diving and aqualung exploring capital of the Pacific. The wrecks have become a mecca for the finny cogniscenti; the lagoons and reefs, rich beyond belief with fish and shells, have mostly known only slim, dark bodies and hand-held spears. The depths of Iron Bottom Sound alone contain the remains of 48 ships – HMAS Canberra included – sunk in the fighting at Guadalcanal during World War Two.

For such a peaceful place, the Solomons has had a violent past. The people were headhunters less than 100 years back. The Spanish were the first Europeans to discover this when they rowed ashore four centuries ago, hunting for King Solomon's mines. They fled, minus many crew.

The freebooting French, Dutch and English followed at infrequent and often sorely hostile intervals. Then came Australia, eager to make a big and lasting impression. More than a century after most civilised nations had agreed that slavery was incompatible with Christian commerce, our ancestors sailed gaily through the islands recruiting at gunpoint labor for the Queensland canefields.

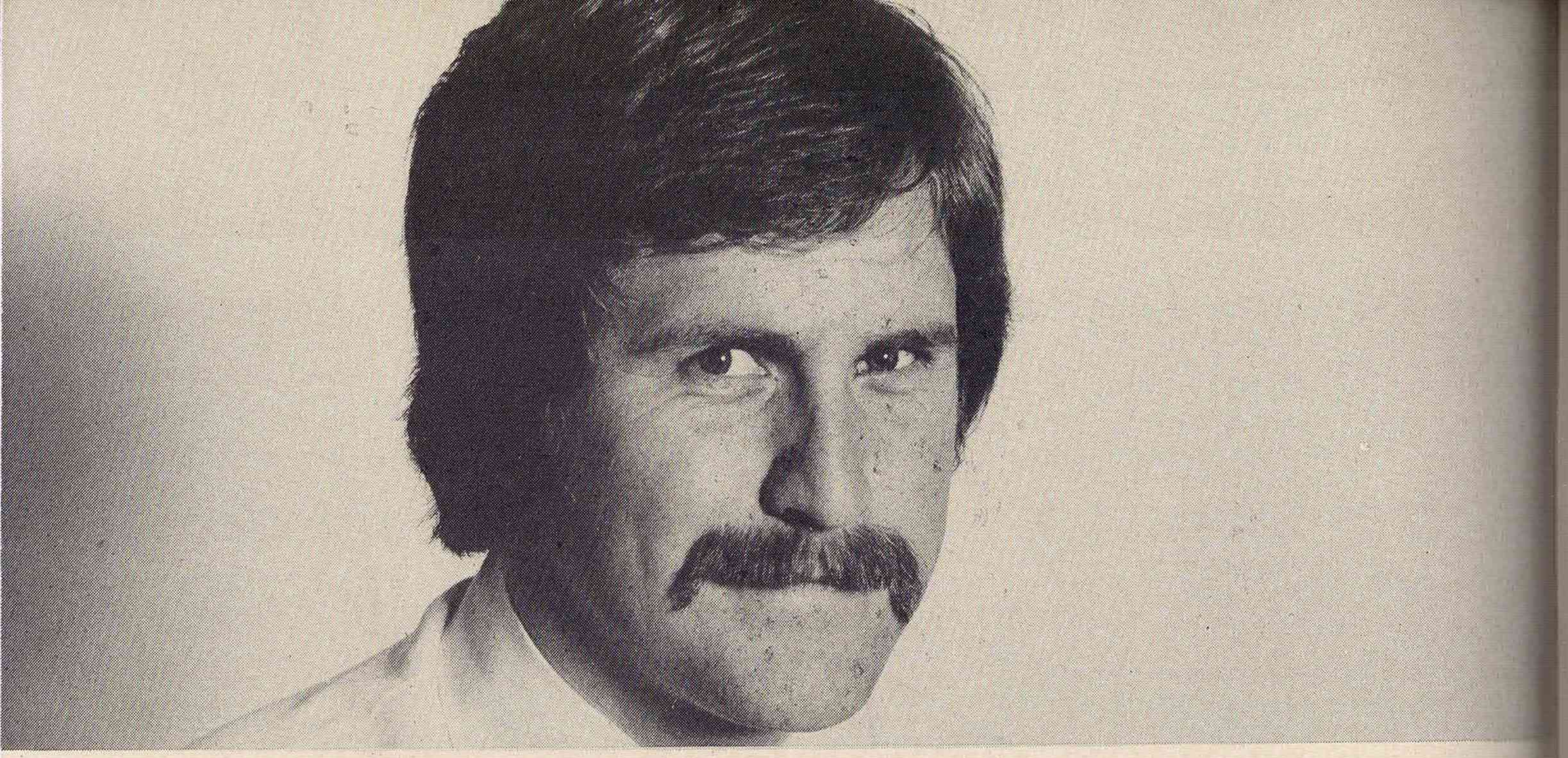
All is now forgiven. Granted independence last year, following years of indifferent British rule, the people of the Solomons are allowing tourists a chance to sample the many delights. Like Marau Sound, 28 minutes' flight east from Honiara. In native legend, it is Paradise. Good luck to the dead, but forget about them. Within the sound is a tiny island resort named Tavanipupu, which is maybe where life began. It might be just the same now as when original man crawled from the sea, liked what he saw – white beaches, coral reef, waving palms and fruit for the taking – and decided to stay. Such a sight still makes man want to stay.

Malaita, the warrior island north of Guadalcanal, is for culture buffs. The innocent finds himself hurtling by powered dugout canoe down the Langalanga lagoon to Alite, a man-made island whose people insist that they are not descended from sharks, but that if legend is going to make a buck for them, so what? They are the friendly financiers of the islands, the makers of shell money which – equally convertible into brides or pigs – is the currency of love. It also converts into a reasonable profit back home. As far as female companionship goes, the Solomons are, let's face it, a bring-your-own place – unless you are lucky or have special information. Luckily, we had left Australia well informed about Tambea, a resort on the western tip of Guadalcanal. Somebody has been passing the word in Sydney and, to a lesser extent, Melbourne. Tambea is a fine restaurant and 24 thatched huts mostly filled – for many months of the year – with girls. Nobody bothers much about clothes on the palm-fringed beach.

If you decide to go to the Solomons, there are just a few restrictions. In Honiara, drinking in the street is frowned on. So are lasses who go sightseeing or shopping in bikinis!

You'll notice another restriction written on the welcoming sign at the airport when you arrive on an Air Pacific flight. It is the charming admonition: Please don't tip the locals.

And you'll get smacked if you swipe the butterflies. – DON PETERSEN



WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOUR SECRETARY MADE A PASS AT YOU?

If it was last year it may already be too late.

If it was last week there's still time.

We know you play a little tennis or squash to keep your body in shape. That's good.

But what about the thing people first notice about you. What about your skin?

If your shaving mirror says your skin is blemished or makes you look older than you really are, chances are people are saying the same things about you. Or, at least, thinking it.

Unhealthy skin isn't good looking.

Acne or blemished skin has nothing to do with rugged, good looks. But it does have a lot to do with neglect.

Neglect is healthy skin's major enemy.

Fight it by ringing Madame Korner. Our skin grooming will help. In fact, it'll help a lot.

In private rooms, separate from the women's section, we'll cleanse, tone, massage and moisturise your skin back to good health.

If you so wish we can remove any unwanted hair. Madame Korner can even treat broken veins on your nose or cheeks.

Call Madame Korner for your free skin analysis.

We'll look at your skin, tell you what's possible and how much it will cost.

Think about it. But not for too long.

Time *isn't* on your side.

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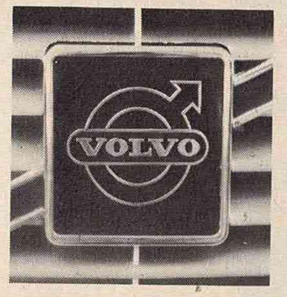
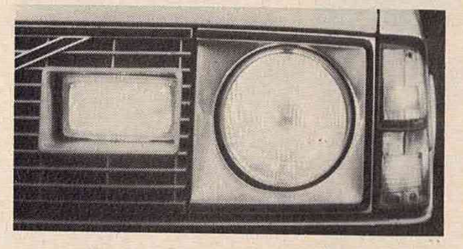
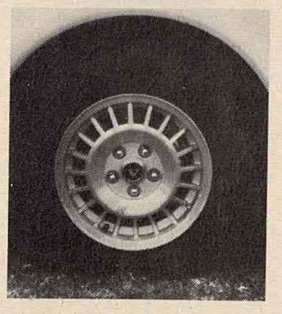
VOLVO GOES VROOM!

it's not only the racing stripes that makes the 242 gt go faster







WHAT'S this? A Volvo with racing stripes and a spoiler? Not quite the picture that springs to mind when you think of the solid Swedish marque.

In fact, if you mention to your friends that you've bought a new Volvo, don't be too surprised if they politely stifle a yawn. Full marks for common sense, of course. They are good town and country cars – serviceable and sturdy, like a comfortable pair of brogues. But exciting . . . ?

The stolid image is rather unfair. Volvo's 242 GT, the silver two-door sporty model released in Australia this year, is not as radical a departure as you might imagine, and has a family tree which is dotted with many a robust rally performer.

Unfair or not, it's an image Volvo is stuck with – and an image of its own making. In the aftermath of US consumer crusader Ralph Nader's car safety campaign, Volvo's enormous investment in primary and secondary vehicle safety paid valuable dividends. The strength and safety aspects of the cars were drummed in by Volvo, and were important selling points. It made the cars to carry the weight of this type of campaign – people who bought one for these reasons will usually enthuse about how well they last, how the model they bought four years ago, or even 10 years ago, is still giving such sterling service.

Today, these points are not so valuable. It's not that they're unimportant, but most makers have managed to convince buyers that they, too, are devoting great sums to safety.

Other motoring angles, notably fuel efficiency, now have higher priority thanks to more publicity in the past couple of years, all clouding the impact of Volvo's accent on safety. So Volvo has the dual problem of saturation of a safety-conscious market with cars that will last, and a firmly-established image that's not going to open up any new markets for them. The company believes the answer is to turn world attention back to its competition successes with the 242 GT. It wants to appeal to the people who'd like to drive faster by boosting the handling of the whole range. And it hopes to lose as little weight as possible in the safety and strength areas by stressing that the better performance is a safety factor.

The company grasped the nettle by releasing the 1979 range with a hard, two-day workout over a road race circuit, surfaced and unsurfaced country roads and rally trails.

It's a lot to ask of a big, heavy V6-engined car like the 265 GLE station wagon, yet the whole range performed satisfactorily, and some surprisingly well. Naturally, the 242 GT was the star of the show and managed to justify its top billing.

It might be said that Volvo Australia cheated a little in that both 242s supplied for the test were fitted with the optional limited slip differential, which certainly helped to highlight the upgraded handling and performance. Yet it's an option well suited to getting the most out of the beefed-up 140bhp DIN four-cylinder motor.

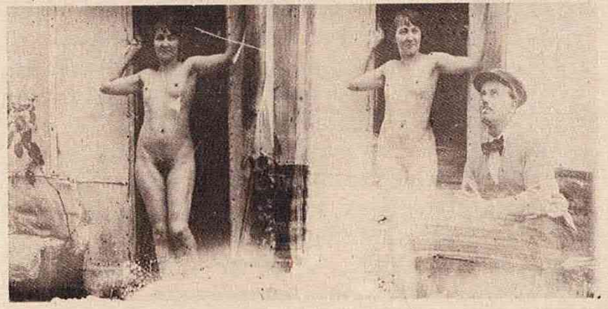
The 242 GT is no wolf in sheep's clothing. It is still identifiably a Volvo, without the low lines of the beautiful P1800ES that Volvo stopped building in 1974. Perhaps the 242 GT is best described as an efficient compromise between the young suburban family's demand for four-seat transport, and father's nostalgic desire for the two-seat, wind-in-the-hair transports of his younger days.

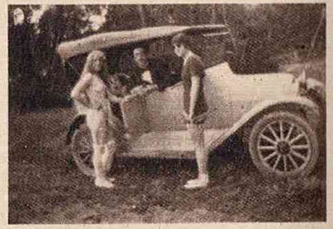
Whatever, a new component has been added to a marque worthy of respect for its design. You can't call it an upmarket Holden. Recommended retail price: $13,880.— **JOHN HAMPSHIRE**

VINTAGE EROTICA

what turned grand-dad on? a lot of woman, that's what

IF YOU have ever wondered what great grandma hid under that bustle, the answer is plenty. When she peeled off the neck-to-knee velvet, petticoats and whalebone, she loosed enough flesh to set Rubens' ghost twitching. Compared to our luscious centrefold, the playmates of yesteryear were a buxom lot – heavy in ham, tum and bum. "They were plump ladies," says 28-year-old Melbourne antiquarian Norman Sterling, who has gathered Australia's finest collection of vintage erotica. The photos will soon go on exhibition in his Prahran gallery. Sterling has discovered some significant pointers about the production of late 19th and early 20th century girlie pictures. "The photographic models who titillated our grand-daddies were either large or Lolita-like nymphets," he says. "We have no way of identifying the models, but we suspect that most of them were the wives or girlfriends of the photographers. We can be more certain about which photographs were imported and which were taken in Australia. Gum trees in outside shots and emu eggs on the mantlepiece in the interior shots are Australian giveaways." Sterling also believes that the trade in naughty pictures was subterranean. "It seems the pictures were sold or passed round beneath the counter, looked at and hidden away," he says. Once plentiful and popular – particularly among the World War One diggers – few of the photographs survive today. Their scarcity, says Sterling, is because the police could not differentiate between pornography and erotica. So they destroyed all the photographs which fell into their hands. Sterling has managed to build up a collection of 600 photographs and here are some of the snaps.





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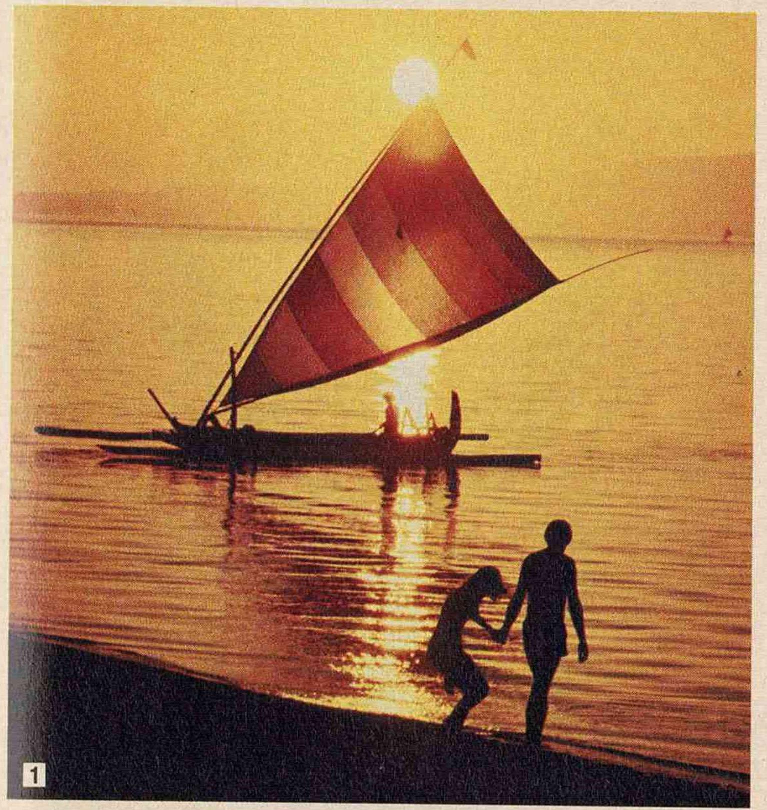

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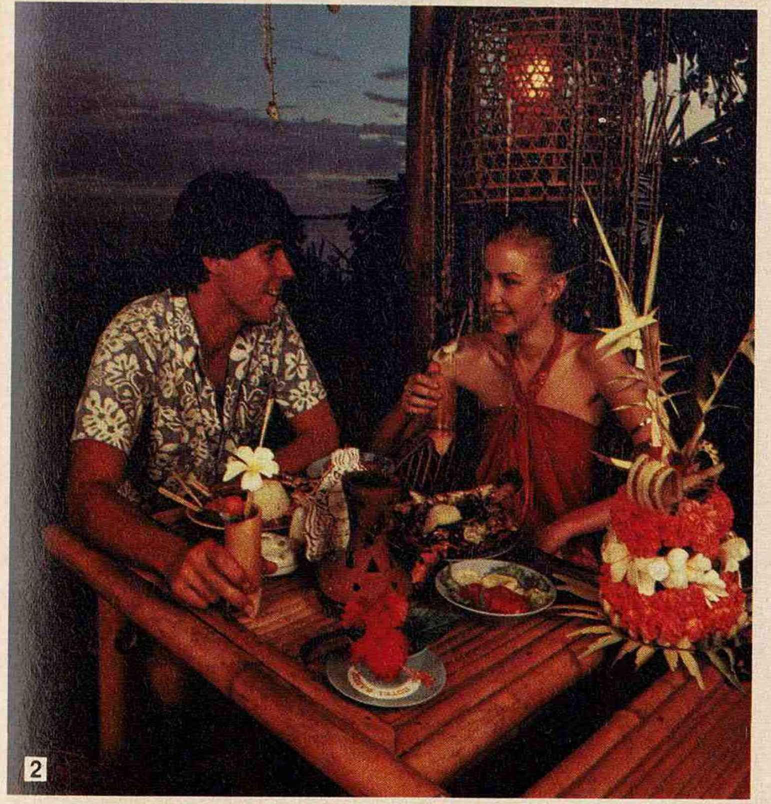

For your "See the Real Bali" brochure see your travel agent or write to:
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109 Pitt Street, Sydney, NSW. 2000.
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Six function digital chronograph. Available at Myers and other leading watch stores.

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MUSIC

after a hungry wait we get a breakfast that should have been more enjoyable

IT'S BEEN almost two years since we had a new Supertramp album, so here, at last, comes *Breakfast In America,* their sixth through Festival. As the group's followers would expect, there is the characteristic sound that packed out their concerts here in 1976.

The 10 songs included in this new package are, as usual, written by Rick Davies and Roger Hodgson, but the group has not broken any new ground since *Even In The Quietest Moments,* which is a pity. In some instances, one gets the impression that this album would have made a good blueprint for *Crime Of The Century.*

If you can get over the disappointment of the opening track, Gone Hollywood (a temporal, trite negation of the movie capital), and Roger Hodgson sounding like a lost pixie asking who he is in A Logical Song, you can then move closer to what Supertramp is really about.

Goodbye Stranger injects the first 10cc of excitement, followed by the title track, a light encounter with the girls in California and a craving for kippers for breakfast. Take The Long Way Home, probably the best track on the album and one which is certain to be a big concert favorite, gets there with John Helliwell's Pied Piper-ish clarinet and the group's *Abbey Road* harmonies.

Hodgson's best song, Lord Is It Mine?, has the urgent pleading of George Harrison and sends shivers down your spine. Just Another Nervous Wreck comes closest to Supertramp's incredible live performances.

After touring for a year at a time, it is evident that their studio work has suffered – the songs could be better and the development of the band could be more ambitious. After such a hungry wait, breakfast should have been more enjoyable.

•

One look at the cover of Judy Collins' new album, *Hard Times For Lovers* (Elektra), and you can see why Stephen Stills wrote Suite For Judy Blue Eyes. The lady has been singing since the early '60s, when she was on top of the so-called folk boom. Her records have always been of a high standard, and this one is no exception. Her last two albums made use of softer, more subtle arrangements to complement well-chosen material, and so does this. But Miss Collins is a fine songwriter and it's disappointing that there is not one of her songs in this collection. Even so, with a silky, crystal-clear voice, she creates an impression of sincerity that makes you believe she has lived out every line in her long career. Reflective ballads best suit her, such as the beautiful Starmaker and the trip to Oz in Dorothy. And there's a poignant reading of Randy Newman's Marie. Like a fine wine, Judy Collins becomes more valuable as the years go by. Play this example of her talent with someone you love.

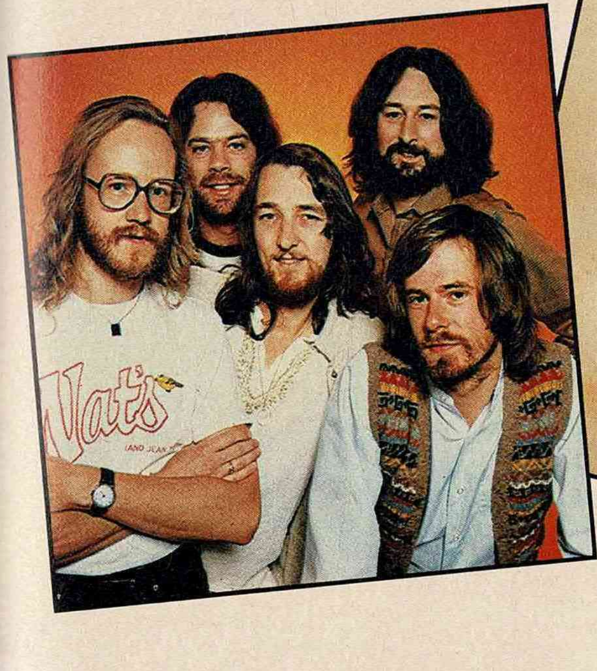
•

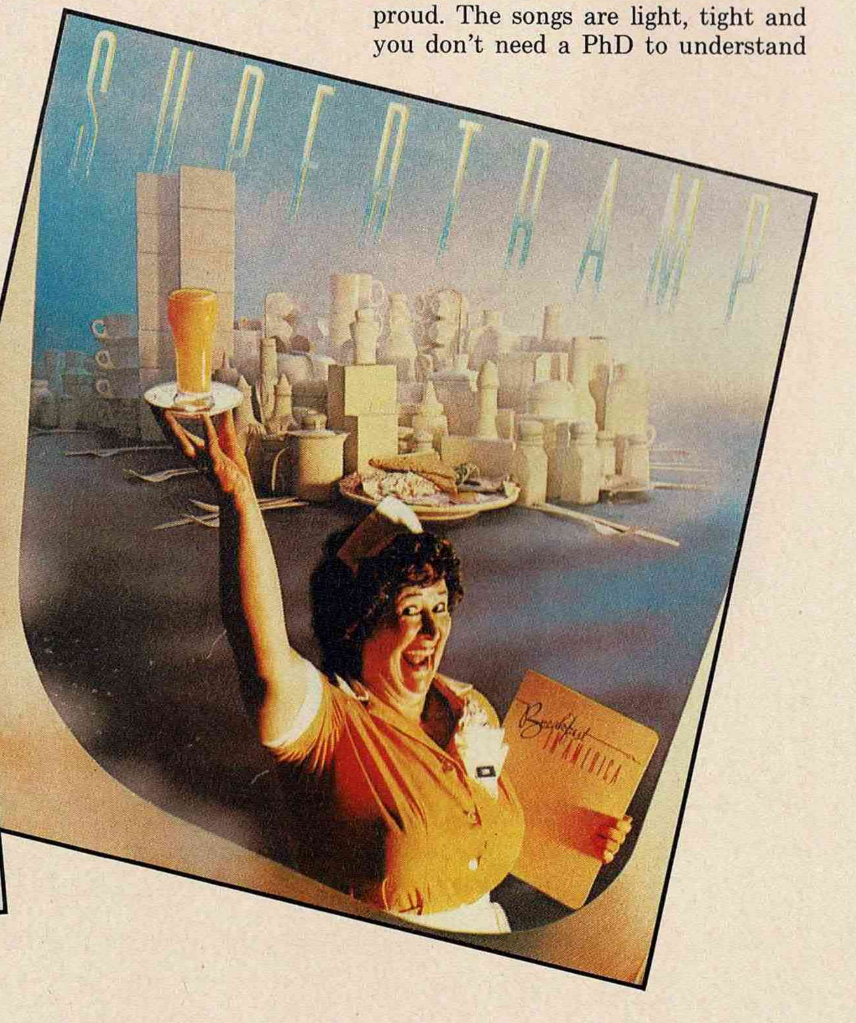
There are three noteworthy releases from RCA – two are by newcomers and one by a well-established artist. Rosanne Cash is the daughter of Johnny Cash, and her self-titled debut album, *Rosanne Cash,* shows that some of daddy's talent has rubbed off.

The attractive 23-year-old has a strong country flavor in her vocals and writing. Apart from three self-penned songs, she gives us a couple by Rodney Crowell, who produced and arranged three of the tracks, and among the rest is her father's classic, Understand Your Man.

The other good-looking newcomer is Sweden's Ted Gardestad. His album, *Blue Virgin Isles,* is his first English language effort and was recorded in America and Sweden. This lavish production includes his hit single, Take Me Back To Hollywood, and Ted could well be the most important talent on this label this year.

No expense has been spared to procure such notables as Dr John, Lee Ritenour, John Mayall and David Cassidy among a list of musicians and singers that would make Cecil B. proud. The songs are light, tight and you don't need a PhD to understand





Toshiba elevates sound to amazing new heights.

Toshiba

The mighty Toshiba System 335 "Tower of Power" puts out the very best in sound reproduction from one totally integrated unit.
It includes a fully automatic direct drive turntable, a full-featured AM/FM tuner, front load Dolby* cassette deck, separate pre and main amplifiers producing 80 watts (RMS) of stereo power and a pair of matched three-way speaker enclosures.

Like ordinary units, each component is individual and works separately. Unlike ordinary units, each component has been designed to work compatibly with the others for perfect results. Your local Toshiba retailer will give you all the technical information you want, and a close look and a listen will convince you that the System 335 brings you the truth about music.

*Dolby is the trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

them. Ted writes the music and sings the songs very well. A good record.

John Denver has been around for quite a while, but his new album, simply titled *J.D.,* is his best for some time. Almost gone is the sugary sentiment and in its place is a collection of punchy country rock. You can't help but enjoy this work-out with the likes of James Burton, Emory Gordy, Glen D. Hardin, Herb Pederson and Jim Horn. You'll be surprised and delighted with Denver's version of Johnny B. Goode, the Chuck Berry classic. He could make some new fans with this one.

•

Kiki Dee has a new album out, aptly titled *Stay With Me* (Rocket). If we linger long enough, perhaps the attractive singer-songwriter will give us some more of the stuff that her hits were made of. There is no sign of an Amoureuse or I've Got The Music In Me in this collection – not to mention the smash Don't Go Breaking My Heart duet with Elton John. Mr John's guiding hand is sadly missing here.

Producer Bill Schnee has used most of Toto with horns and strings in constrictingly slick arrangements of material that could have been chosen more carefully. This production clouds Kiki's powerful, expressive delivery and leaves her looking for a lost identity. On the self-penned Don't Stop Loving Me she sounds like a shadow of Bonnie Raitt. Kiki could use a producer with an understanding of his artist like that of Peter Asher with Linda Rondstadt.

The album has its moments, such as Troy Seals and Joe New's One Jump Ahead Of The Storm, and the title track, in which Kiki almost gets to where she's going. I'm going to stick around for the next Dee album because talent like this eventually finds its own level. – CAROL ASHDOWN

•

Cold Chisel – basic, gutsy rock and roll from the most versatile, innovative rockers in the country.

Having established themselves as the most versatile, innovative rockers in the country with their first album, Cold Chisel drive the point home this time out with *Breakfast At Sweethearts* (Elektra). Where the first was pacey, often moody and, on a couple of occasions, spellbinding, *Sweethearts* is relentless city rock.

Writer Don Walker, ensconced in the Plaza Hotel in Sydney's Kings Cross, is talking about the nitty gritty, the concrete jungle, and it is fitting that the band should pull out the stops. Basic, gutsy rock and roll, not unlike the Faces at their best but with Chisel's already familiar bass-heavy trademark. Don Walker is fast developing into one of Australia's best songwriters, and although there is no one song on *Sweethearts* as good as Khe Sanh or One Long Day, there isn't a bad song on it, either. Autobiography is Walker's strong point and he is never more convincing than when he is describing life in a rock and roll band. I'm Gonna Roll Ya (about ladies who wear stage passes) and Showtime (about what a lousy business rock is) are classic examples of the Walker style – semi-tragic, slightly bitter lyrics held together by an earthy wit and the knowledge that, when all is said and done, Walker really is "just a trouper, let me play it one more time". Jim Barnes has the perfect rock voice to carry off Walker's raunchy songs, the band is tight, Ian Moss is a disciplined guitarist who sizzles only when the time is right, and Cold Chisel are here to stay.

•

Twelve years after he journeyed across the Tasman, rock stardom continues to elude poor Kevin Borich. Few would argue that Borich is a good guitarist, capable of soaring to great heights on the simplest of riffs, but records like *No Turning Back* (Mercury) will never win him the heavy metal hero worship he obviously wants and probably deserves.

This is the third time out for Borich's Express, the guitar-centred combo he formed after the breakup of the La De Das in 1976, and the best that can be said about it is that it is no worse than the previous efforts. Pretty basic stuff. The cornball lyrics ("I got a woman, she keeps my kids/She's kicked me out, she's pulled me in") merely get in the way of the guitarist's endless, but at least competent, variations on the 12-bar blues. The trouble is that it's too little too late. The age of the great guitarists has passed, and, in this post-punk world, heavy metal heroes seem a little rusty. Being handy with an axe may still be enough to raise the roof at live shows, but on vinyl you ain't nowhere if you ain't got soul. And clearly Borich ain't. On the title track he sings: "I'm tasting the good life/For me there'll be no turning back/There's a new horizon baby/I'm on the attack." With a US recording contract in his back pocket, Borich obviously feels there is cause for such wild-eyed optimism, but I have my doubts.

•

Records like The Wonder Band's *Stairway to Love* (Atlantic) are enough to make even the sanest of us take up spray cans of paint and daub walls with DEATH TO DISCO. I mean, there really ought to be a law preventing paunchy New Yorkers from wandering out of Studio 54 full of Dom Pérignon and putting their indelible stamp of mediocrity on rock classics like Stairway To Heaven. The disco deadheads have beaten many a fine song to mindless submission, but this time they've gone too far. Robert Plant and Jimmy Page may have wrecked a few hotel rooms in their time, but never did they do anything to deserve this – a whole side of a whole album devoted to the total, final, deliberate and sadistic slaughter of Led Zeppelin's one true contribution to the art of rock and roll.

The Wonder Band, crass as they appear to be, obviously had reservations about committing this crime. They start off almost paying homage to the genius of Plant and Page, but it doesn't take long for the rot to set in. By the time the synthesisers have warmed up, and the strings and horns are in full flight, subtlety disappears. What follows is 20 dreadful minutes of wompadomp domp da doo doo domp. Side two is no better, but at least on this The Wonder Band have had the decency to leave other people's music completely alone.

•

After nine albums Manfred Mann's Earth Band remains one of the most underrated outfits in the world. Spacey in the Pink Floyd tradition and as unpredictable as The Kinks, the Earth Band has produced some fine music over the years, but most of it has been cunningly concealed behind Mann's weirdness and obsession with the cosmic significance of his every musical

THE TALE BEHIND MY SHIRT.

By Pierre Cardin.

How much do you know about what goes into the making of a shirt?

There is so much to tell you about the making of a Pierre Cardin shirt, I could almost write a book on the subject. But since I'm confined to the twin pages spread before you, I'm forced to settle for a short story.

The shirt in question is my classic business shirt, designed to be worn with or without a tie.

Believe me, it is no ordinary shirt. To begin with, none of my shirts are mass produced. Each is individually tailored by craftsmen and cut in such a fashion that just seems to fit any person's shape elegantly.

Open the collar. If you look closely you will see it is made in two pieces. That is, the neck is sewn on separately to the collar rather than one piece of material like many shirts.

There are two distinct benefits to you in making a shirt this way. The collar sits better on your neck and the tie sits better on your collar.

On top of that, the fabric and lining of the collar are fused together. The result—no bubbles and no wrinkles. Most shirts have overlocked seams. This cheaper method of sewing can mean loose stitching, loose threads and frayed ends of fabric.

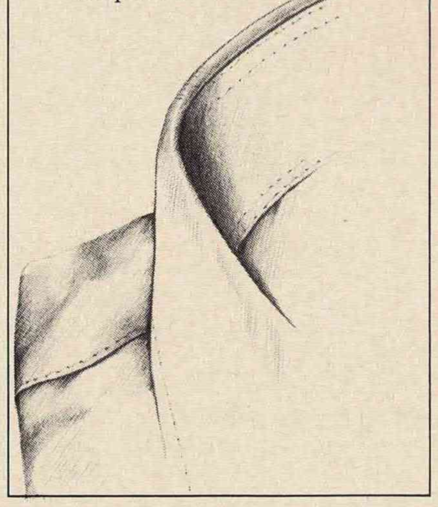
You won't find any of those things on my shirts. Partly because of the seams I choose—French seams on the shoulders and lap seams everywhere else for both strength and quality.

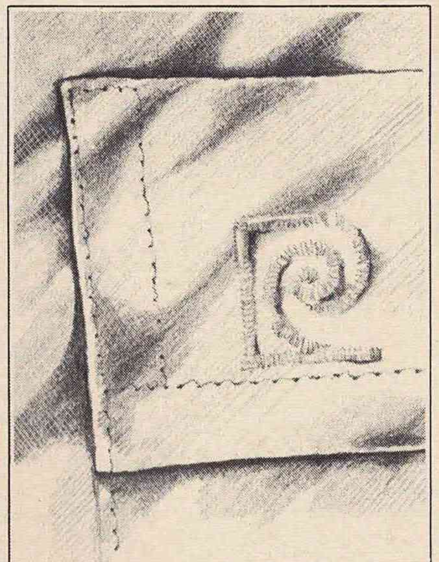
When it comes to buttons there are buttons and there are buttons. Most shirts have plastic ones that look awful, or imitation mother of pearl ones that look plastic.

My buttons are made from *real* mother of pearl and look it.

The cost is ten times that of plastic. And they do for a shirt, what real gold does for a watch.

Two piece collar for better fit.





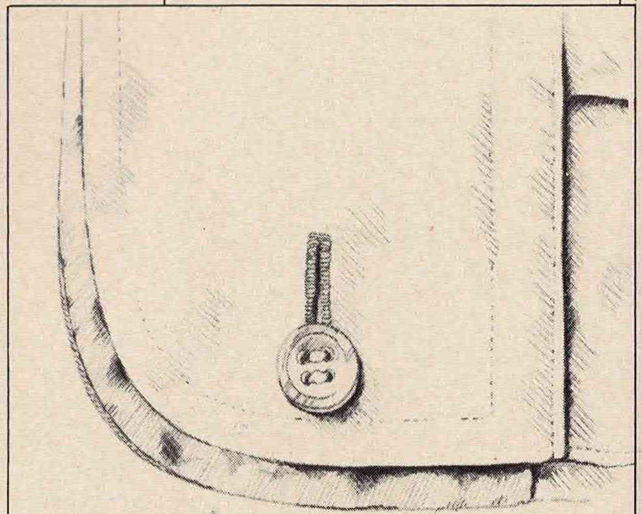
Intricate pocket detailing.

If you have an eye for detail you'll appreciate the finishing touches too.

Like the French or plaquet style fronts.

Like the generous sleeve lengths.

Like the stylishly rounded cuffs that can be worn with or without cuff links.



Rounded, two-way cuffs.

Like the finely stitched buttonholes that won't unravel.

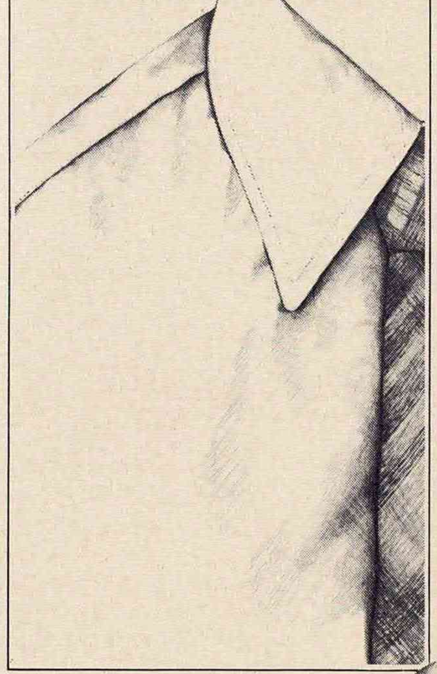
Like the spare button on the shirt bottom.

Not to mention the hand-folded and individually sewn-on pockets, with my personal monogram subtly embroidered on one corner.

I also insist upon more stitches to the inch (around 17 compared to the normal 10-12 stitches per inch). It may not sound like much, but the overall effect on a shirt is quite dramatic.

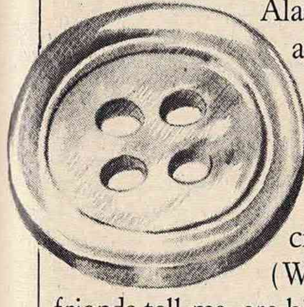
The fabrics I personally choose from the best the world has to offer. In the natural fibres, pure silk and pure cotton. In mixtures, only the top quality easy care polyester silks and polyester cottons.

French-seamed shoulders.



The patterns and colours?

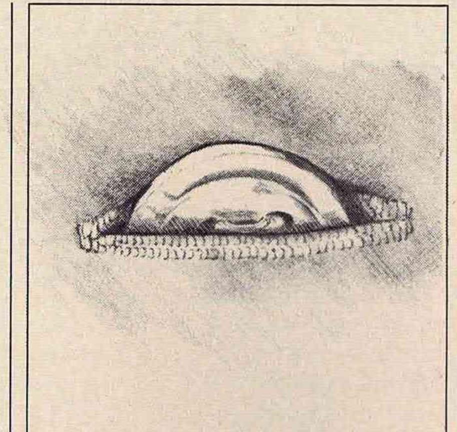
Ah, if only this ad were in colour. Alas the cost of advertisements being what they are, to afford it, I'd have to increase my prices. (Which, my friends tell me, are high enough already).



Rest assured that all colours and patterns are designed to compliment your wardrobe handsomely.

Which bring me to the tail behind my shirt.

An area many shirtmakers are inclined to skimp on.



Finely stitched—won't unravel.

No matter how ample your tail, my shirt tail is designed to give you ample room to move in.

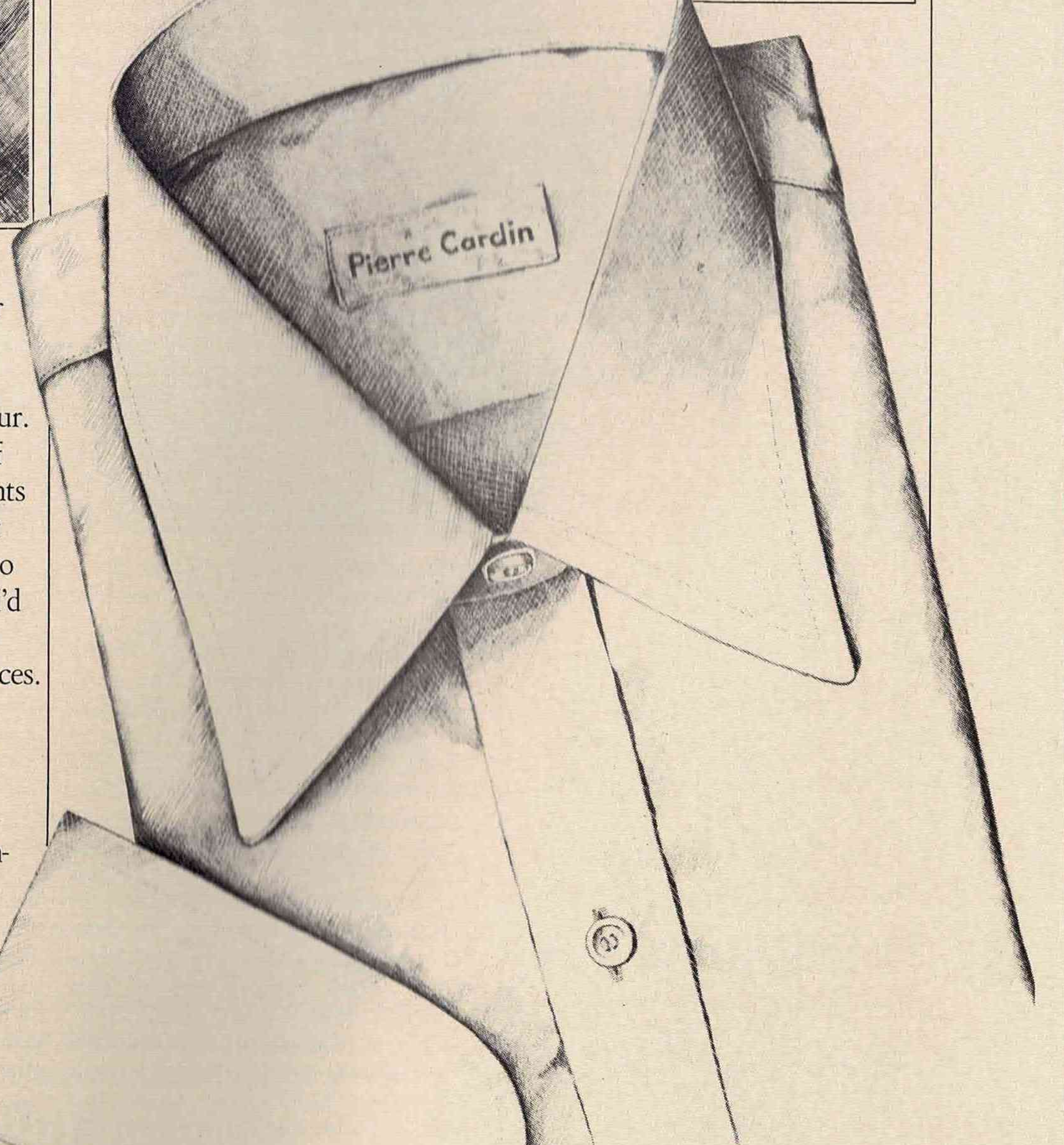
And that, dear reader, makes a fitting end to the tale behind my shirt.

The ultimate shirt.

The Pierre Cardin shirt.

STOCKISTS

Sydney
Clive Richards, 556 Royal Arcade, Double Bay.
Ron Bennett—All stores.
Vince Maloney, Centrepoint.
Melbourne
Bonapart Mens Boutique, Beaumaris.
Charles Lux, South Yarra.
Chesters, Southern Cross Hotel.
Opal Stores.
Gentry, Elizabeth Street.
Adelaide
Butler's for Men, Ansett Arcade.
Valentino's, Melbourne Street.
Perth
Lord John, City Arcade.
Marchesi Menswear, William Street.
Plaza Esquire, Plaza Arcade.
Brisbane
J. B. Conlan, Isles Lane.
Just Men, Pavilion Arcade.
Hobart Bidencopes.
Launceston
Routley's.



move. *Angel Station* (Festival), like the eight albums which preceded it, is hard to fathom.

Mann's current preoccupation seems to be death and subsequent ascension into a world where angels have traded their harps for Moogs; but then again, maybe it's just an elaborate excuse for including Bob Dylan's You Angel You.

At least we can be assured that the old pro who gave us Do Wah Diddy nearly 15 years ago hasn't found religion. In fact he grabs the vocal mike for the album's last cut, Resurrection, and takes a vicious little swipe at the whole God business – "Jesus Christ you've come out of hiding,/Just sign on the dotted line, I'll see you're okay". But just what Mann's trip is is anybody's guess. Better to leave the words alone and listen to the music.

Mann hasn't toured in a long time, but his handling of the keyboards is as fresh as ever, flitting with ease from standard riffs to the more esoteric inventions of jazz-rock fusion. Not many people can get away with such conceits, but Manfred Mann can. For this album the Earth Band sports yet another lineup, consisting mostly of London session musicians with jazz and blues roots. The best of the current crop is New Zealander Chris Thompson, guitarist and vocalist who sang on the *War Of The Worlds.* Here he is much more at ease. – PHIL JARRATT

•

Keyboard wizard Ronnie Foster was in Australia last year with guitarist George Benson and swung madly as a member of that fine combo. Now it seems he has gone out on his own with a similar sounding group (but without a guitar). Alas, in spite of the high calibre of sidemen, that creative spark of quality that Benson provided is sadly missing on *Love Satellite* (CBS).

Most of the leader's solo space is of the electronic variety, though he shows his paces on acoustic piano on Why Don't You Look Inside? He gets a pretty sound from his electric piano and synthesiser (those very impersonal instruments) on A Soft Heart and Happy Song. On the latter track, Steveland Morris (otherwise known as Stevie Wonder) is the drummer!

Featured on most cuts is Foster's rather undistinguished singing, about which I cannot enthuse. Despite the presence of people like Alphonso Johnson, Nougu, Harvey Mason, Paulinho da Costa and Roy Ayers, it is boring, boring, boring. And that beat goes on and on, and on and on!

•

For years, particularly in the first half of the '70s, I raved over the music of reed man Tom Scott – especially on those Impulse label releases and then with his group, the L.A. Express, on A&M. It was marvellous, gutsy music with a beat of yesterday and the technical instrumental and recording skills of today. A few years ago I heard him live at Donte's Club in North Hollywood, when he fronted for a great band that included fiery trumpeter Bill Hardman, late of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

Judging by his latest recordings, Scott is playing a different music. He has made his mark with some noteworthy television and film scores (including our own *Sidecar Boys* with one of my favorite pin-ups, Wendy Hughes, who was about the only memorable item in that whole shebang!), but things sure ain't what they used to be.

On *Intimate Strangers* (CBS) Scott is still superb, and the music must be rated as being better than background but not outstanding. Again the line-up is impressive – Richard Tee, keyboards; Eric Gale and Hugh McCracken, guitars; former Herbie Mann drummers Steve Gadd and Rick Marotta; and Jaco Pastorius, electric bass, to mention just a few.

Side one is an extended suite from which the album title was taken. It has its moments, especially one excerpt titled Lost Inside The Love Of You, with the leader on tenor and overdubbed flutes. Two tracks of this seven-part opus feature those interchangeable vocal choruses which make me sad because everybody is doing it.

Guitarist McCracken shines on both slide guitar and harmonica on the languid You're So Good To Me and Tom's tenor, multiplied by 18, achieves a weird effect on Puttin' The Bite On You, on which he also plays lyricon, a sort of electronic Frankenstein that is a cross between synthesiser, organ and clarinet.

Tom Scott has been quite an influence on the music and musicians of this decade, but I cannot help feeling that his new music has lost something along the way. At least the beat is more subtle – and for that small mercy, heartfelt thanks!

If you get bored with it all before you get to the end of side two – which is quite likely to happen – make a special point of hearing the great flugelhorn playing of Chuck Findley on the deceptively titled Beautiful Music. It is one of the few highlights on a frankly disappointing disc.

•

After Herbie Mann's previous release for Atlantic, *Brazil Once Again,* which I recommend unreservedly, I found *Super Mann* a let down, even though it is as beautifully crafted as one expects from this extremely successful and talented musician.

Herbie, not unreasonably, is always "looking out for number one" and this release will probably do well in the shops, but in a jazz sense it is far from his best.

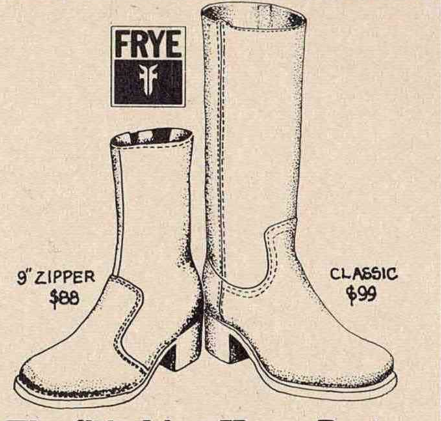
On his first Australian tour, during which he appeared at the University of NSW, Herbie proposed a student beauty contest to coincide with his visit, with all seven finalists invited to dinner. His eyes sparkled when I asked whether it was any coincidence that there were seven members of his group. That's my Herbie!

Listed among the credits on this new album are Strings and Brass Contractor and Vocal Contractor. Very appropriate. The whole affair has a real pre-fab flavor. Plenty of skill, precious little soul. But, as one would expect from Mann, he does it well, even if every track sounds exactly like all the others on this truly plastic disc.

There are no featured soloists to break the monotony, save the leader's flute and those ever-loving disco singers, who surely must have been programmed. I cannot imagine that they are real, live people. – KYM BONYTHON

SHORT CUTS

Peter Allen *I Could Have Been A Sailor* (A&M): A well-produced outing from the flamboyant creator of I Honestly Love You. Melissa Manchester's hit, Don't Cry Out Loud, is here along with nine other songs which Allen belts out with his voice, pen and piano. Well worth the bucks.



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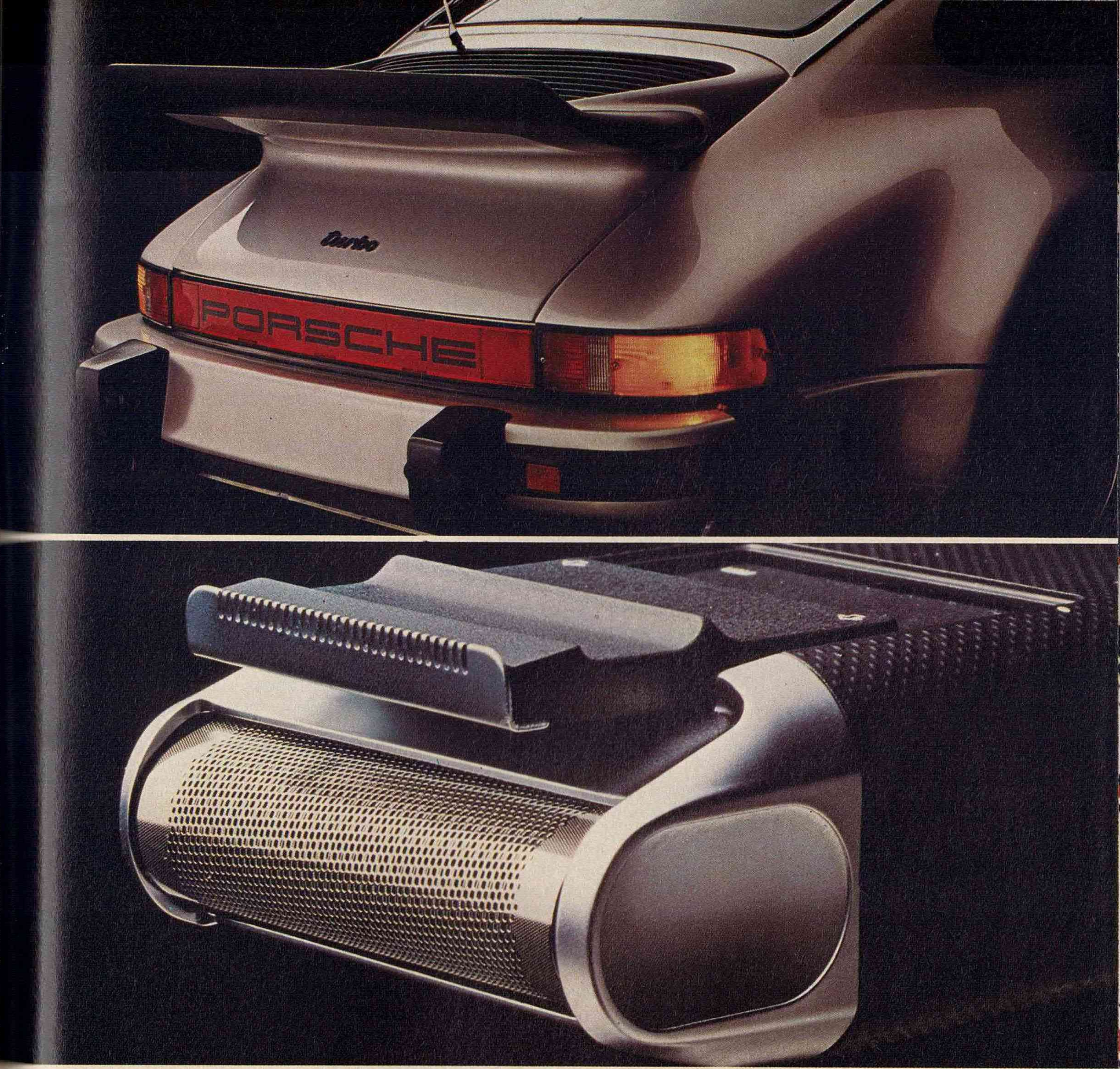

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BOOKS

male sexuality taken apart – for those who have trouble getting it together

BERNIE ZILBERGELD takes off at full speed with his foray into sexual counselling, *Men and Sex* (Hutchinson). Zilbergeld, a clinical psychologist in San Francisco, has written his self-help guide to sexual fulfilment in a breezy, humorous vein, with plenty of quotes from pornographic literature to illustrate his points.

But I pulled up short when I began to strike the self-help exercises, liberally scattered throughout the text. Strangely, for a book subtitled "a guide to sexual fulfilment", they seem to intrude upon the narrative and break up concentration.

The chapter on masturbation was boring, yet the piece on the fantasy model of sex was innovative and interesting – and the illustrations, though sparse, are remarkable for their clarity and simplicity.

Zilbergeld's progression through his subject is impressively logical and his chapters are set out in an easily followed and orderly sequence.

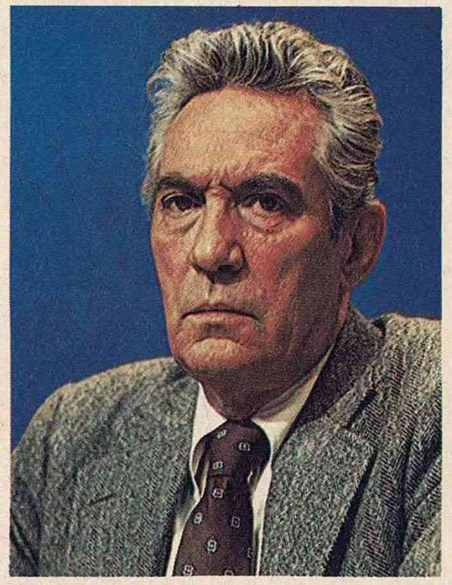
After setting up the male stereotype he meticulously dismantles it, pointing out the misconceptions and discarding unrealistic sexual ideas, until he has implanted in the reader's mind a resolution to sort the fact from the fiction of male sexuality. From this sound basis he carefully and scientifically puts together a composite picture, depicting the components which go to make up male sexuality.

Acknowledging that no two males are the same and that sensuality, though pre-eminent, is often submerged, Zilbergeld goes on to deal easily with hangups and problems – and how to cope with them.

He gives us a reliable insight into male sexuality, written in an entertaining style for the man who has difficulty in getting it together. It is instructive and entertaining, and many medical practitioners and other professionals could learn a lot from it.

Another recently released book entitled *Sex Therapy Today* (Open Books) promised so much on the cover, but my feelings of anticipation were soon deflated like a pricked balloon.

Patricia Gillan, a trained psychologist and sex therapist, wrote it with her husband, Richard, who is a physician and psychiatrist. Within a very short time I began to get the feeling that I was a child and that this book was a sex primer written by a couple who were trying desperately to be non-directive. The book is so non-directive that all direction is lost. I was given so many choices, hemmed around with negativity, that I felt I knew the feelings schizophrenics must experience.



Peter Finch: scaled the greatest heights of acting, but sank to the lowest depths of personal despair.

Perhaps I was expecting too much and wanted to be able to feel in tune with the book. The section on facts and fallacies left me even more confused and the section on oral sex was distinctly unpleasant. The way anal sex was dealt with left me with the impression that there was nothing attractive about it and that it was all rather dirty. And the information about drugs was so limited that it could lead to inaccurate impressions of their effects on sexual performance.

The content appears accurate, but is presented in such a way that it flattens enthusiasm for sex therapy. I cannot get rid of the impression that the authors have a parental approach to the subject. They sound like a couple of Sunday school teachers trying hard to be sex educators. I could not recommend it to readers of PLAYBOY, but the Festival of Light may have some use for it. – ERIC FISHER

•

"As an indoor sportsman, he could have won the Olympics for Australia," writes Australian actor Trader Faulkner in his biography *Peter Finch* (Angus and Robertson).

Finch pursued women – black, brown and white – remorselessly and successfully. He was, if we're going to relate it to athletics, a sporting stayer and a sprinter.

The late Academy Award winner was also a very complex man, and the many anecdotes Faulkner relates in this book after interviewing hundreds of "Finchie's" former friends highlights the many facets of the man and his prolific career.

They were apparent from his childhood, when he was raised by his grandmother in India. At nine he ran away for three days and was found, with his head shaved, chatting animatedly to a Buddhist monk.

For Australians, many of the most interesting passages will be those relating to his colorful years in Sydney, and in particular those in the bohemian quarters of Kings Cross.

The list of his professional and social acquaintances is still legend – Charles Chauvel, Errol Flynn, Dymphna Cusack, Borovansky, Chips Rafferty, Enid Lorimer, Ken G. Hall, Eric Porter, Alexander MacDonald, Rosaleen Norton, Rada Penfold Russell, Donald Friend, Jack Lee . . .

After a promising early career in Australia in radio, films and on the stage, Finch and his then wife, Russian ballerina Tamara, left for England. It was there, in the years to come, that "Finchie" was to reach his greatest acting heights and sink lowest into the depths of his own personal despair.

And throughout the years ran his succession of ladies: three wives, Tamara, Yolande and finally Eletha, and a string of lovers, some named – Vivien Leigh, Kay Kendall, Shirley Bassey – and an almost endless string of them not.

Almost without exception, they sparked, burnt with an incredible physical and mental intensity, and died. And when each episode reached its end, the disillusioned, sick man took refuge in the inevitable answer – the bottle. – DERRIL FARRAR

•

Ever wondered what it was like to have been a bwana, sahib or tuan in the subject lands where the white man's word was law? No? Well, that's probably not surprising. For Australians, the "dominion over palm and pine" bit belongs to the Brits of Queen Victoria's era – visions of pith helmets and tiger hunts.

But Australia has just had 90 years of imperialism in Papua New Guinea, lording it over the locals as the "masta" race – an experience unsung by a Kipling or a Maugham. Now Trevor Shearston has made an excellent start, putting it all down in words with *Something in the Blood* (University of Queensland Press), a collection

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of incisive, revealing stories drawn from seven years' teaching and travelling in the area.

His study of Australians there in the last years before independence is often disturbing in its depiction of insensitivity, racism and brutality. But it is accurate. Shearston is not a moralist. He tells it as it is – or was – and in his economical style the characters speak for themselves.

En masse the collection deals with people in the lonely places, the islands and outstations which, in the public service at least, probably attracted the more highly-motivated Australians – the kiaps (patrol officers) who endured physical hardship unimaginable in Sydney or Melbourne, the lonely teachers and the missionaries.

There's no study of the two-year tourists – the contract civil servants with their overseas allowances and housing privileges who crowded Port Moresby. Perhaps Shearston will look at them in his next book. It might not be a pretty picture, but it will be compelling. – MAL BEILBY

•

Journalists who turn into novelists often suffer from a world-weary detachment which makes their dialogue unlikely and their plots inconclusive. John Jost avoids such pitfalls with *Kangaroo Court* (Angus & Robertson). This is compelling reading, at times frighteningly so.

Jost's story, reminiscent of a nightmarish incident which occurred some years ago in a Queensland mining town, is built into a tale of desperate men, small-town mentality and animal instincts laid bare by an environment which offers no solace.

Kangaroo Court is a dirty, sweaty, brutal book. Its characters live a tawdry existence, spiced only by their own infidelities and the knowledge that their town is dying. While poverty engulfs them, the townsfolk drink day in and day out. The traditional mores become increasingly irrelevant. There are fights, sordid sexual encounters and more fights. Through all this Jost builds an intensity which has seldom been matched in recent Australian fiction, and his achievement is all the more impressive because he never allows his characters to become larger than life, never allows them to view their situation through the analytical eyes of the innocent bystander. The last 50 pages of this book are riveting. The almost unbearably squalid scene that Jost has set falls into place as the horrific conclusion becomes inevitable. The undercurrent of violence that has permeated pub conversations, union meetings, even banal domestic encounters erupts in a very bloody climax. But it is not so much the bloodshed that stays with the reader like a bad case of garlic breath. It is the ocker morality from which it stems. *Kangaroo Court* is about working class anti-heroes who live 1000 kilometres from anywhere, but it is also about values as close to all of us as the corner pub. And that makes it a novel too close to the bone to take lightly. – PHIL JARRATT

•

Author Arthur Hailey: his latest epic, called *Overload*, plugs you in to more than just the energy crisis.

Most of us, engaged in the mundane task of plugging into a power point, would be unlikely to see those three small slots as the potential source of great wealth. Demonstrably, Arthur Hailey does.

Airports, cars, hotels et al – he succeeds in firing the popular imagination almost every time with the two key attributes of careful research and intense characterisation. Neither is missing from *Overload* (Michael Joseph), and both are reinforced by the sauce of topicality.

Add a good slice of urban terrorism and a dash or two of heatwave, and you have all the ingredients of Hailey's latest money-spinner. However, it's a BYO credibility repast.

The basis of the story is that Californians soon won't have enough electricity to power all their TVs, freezers, air conditioners and toothbrushes. That's horrifying enough, but the implications for industry and employment, and health services, would really be serious.

Power company executive Nim Goldman, while making superhuman efforts to juggle electricity demands and the social pressures caused by his emotional retardation, takes time out for an environmental hearing concerning plans for a coal-fired generating plant which would mar a valley.

The environmental hearing is a handy forum for Goldman (Hailey?) to hint darkly that the ban on nuclear generating stations has led to this threat to the American Way of Life and, by God, if they ban coal too then it's all over. The hearing is also the venue for some stock characters, the virulent and vehement minority group lawyer – an expatriate Australian, would you believe, who turns out to be the secret leader of the terror bombers! – and the means-no-harm-but-is-misguided conservationist.

Hailey keeps everything moving along at a fast clip, and it's just as well for his main protagonist. Goldman, apart from dwindling (no wonder!) relations with his wife, beds the wife of an old friend just killed by the terror bombs, a quadriplegic who depends on electricity to survive and later dies during a blackout, the wife of an infertile friend so they can have a baby (they do), her sister, and, just at the end, Hailey squeezes in a black woman reporter. No racist, he. In *Overload*, Hailey hit on just the right name for the book! – JOHN HAMPSHIRE

•

For anyone worried about apartheid in South Africa, the death of black activist Steve Biko in September, 1977, was cause for grave concern. "With Biko," said newspaper editor Donald Woods, "died the last hope of peaceful settlement between the blacks and whites in South Africa."

The leader of South Africa's Black Consciousness Movement, Biko was only 30 when his life ended in chains in a Pretoria prison.

He was, says Woods, as important in South Africa as Martin Luther King was in the US – not only because he had such a large band of followers but also because he was the key to the peaceful settlement of a volatile race struggle. (Woods, a friend and admirer of Biko, was "banned" from writing or being quoted in South Africa after Biko's death and fled to Britain.)

Now a Panther publication, *The Testimony of Steve Biko – Black Consciousness in South Africa*, makes one more contribution to the memory of this remarkable man and his political philosophy.

The book is introduced by Millard Arnold, director of the Southern Africa Project of the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law in Washington. It then covers the five days in May, 1976, during which Biko gave testimony at the trial of nine black activists in Pretoria, with a final appendix on the inquest into Biko's death. It is compelling reading for anyone with an interest in apartheid.

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MOVIES

smart talk, slapstick and syrup . . . the suite smirk of success

FRENCH FILM buffs used to argue about something called the *auteur* theory which, I gather, was just an intellectual way of saying that certain films reflect the particular style of their directors. (That's over-simplifying a bit, but not a great deal.) According to this theory, some films look as if their director had been in total command from the first cry of "action", while other films seem to have been designed by committees, with every Tom, Dick and Harry lending a hand.

You can put this theory to the test with a frothy and very likeable movie now going the rounds from Columbia. Just suppose, if you will, that you stumbled into the cinema after the film had started and missed the opening credits and knew nothing about the movie you were about to see (an unlikely possibility, I admit, with tickets at four bucks a pop), and just suppose you found yourself watching a glossy, witty, Technicolor prank about four funny couples who converge on a luxury Los Angeles hotel to act out certain farcical or tragic-comic episodes in their mixed-up lives. Could you guess the identity of the writer and director?

First of all, there is plenty of smart talk and lots of crackling good lines. On top of that, there's a good sprinkling of whimsy, a touch of slapstick, a dollop or two of emotional syrup, a chill undercurrent of genuine human drama somewhere below the beguiling surface, and a goodly pinch of pathos in among the laughs. Funny couples, you say? Odd couples? It wouldn't take more than a million years to spot the Neil Simon script, and a persistent but not unpleasant tickling sensation between the eyes would suggest that a director like Herbert Ross had once again taken aim at the middle of the public's brow and produced another of his bright, undemanding, thoroughly escapist entertainments in the manner of *The Goodbye Girl.* And of course you'd be right: it's that old team again, with one more variation on the old formula (the old formula being schmaltz). Advanced students of the *auteur* theory (assuming they had never heard of the original Broadway play) might even be able to guess the actual title of the film. Neil Simon? Plaza Suite? Los Angeles? It wouldn't be *California Suite,* I don't suppose. And they'd be right again.

None of this is meant to suggest that *California Suite* is anything but an excellent comedy. In my smirking, grudging way, I found myself laughing nearly all the way through. It would also be unfair to complain that Mr Simon, who deserves all the millions he has undoubtedly made, adheres to certain predictable styles and comic formulae, like exploiting the comic possibilities of cute children and homosexuals.

Jane Fonda — a pretty, well-groomed and very spoiled cocker spaniel.

Screen comedians have had predictable styles since the days of Charlie Chaplin, whose movies (if we are going to be totally honest) seem less and less funny as time goes by. Each week writers with two thirds of Mr Simon's talent churn out passable TV situation comedies whose success depends entirely on their sheer predictability. And in movies there could hardly be two more predictable and formularised film comedians than Lucille Ball and Bob Hope (who appeared together once in a film called *The Facts of Life,* one of the great underrated Hollywood comedies of the past 20 years.)

Herbert Ross and Neil Simon have done something extremely difficult in *California Suite*: they have wrung a comic performance out of Jane Fonda. And getting Fonda to play a comic part is rather like getting Danny Kaye to play Hamlet. You can get people to laugh at Walter Matthau or Jack Lemmon or Barbra Streisand, because we are used to seeing them in comedies, but we are not used to laughing at Jane Fonda. Jane Fonda tends to be an uppity, wilful, serious, stitched-up sort of actress, given to heavy, not to say tragic, roles.

She also wears a perpetual aura of high moral principle, and looks as if she firmly believes that the film industry, and quite possibly the entire world, owes her a comfortable living. She reminds me of a pretty, well-groomed and thoroughly spoiled cocker spaniel which snaps at anyone who tries to be nice to it. Her performance in *California Suite* is not exactly rollicking farce, and some would say that it isn't a comic part at all. She plays Hannah Warren, a middle-aged New York career woman still smarting from a nine-year-old divorce. Hannah meets her former husband (Alan Alda, excellent here) to decide which of them will have custody of their teenage daughter. Underneath the confident, witty and self-possessed exterior is a very unhappy woman. As I say, not exactly the stuff of laughter, but Alda and Fonda have one long sparring encounter in their hotel suite, swapping cruel jibes and subtle bitcheries in one of the wittiest and most coruscating verbal jousts since *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* This is Neil Simon at his sharpest and best, and the scene with Fonda alone is worth the price of admission.

California Suite is really four mini-films in one. Apart from the Fonda story, there's a couple of doctor buddies holidaying with their wives (mixed-up room bookings and much nonsense with faulty plumbing); and the aforesaid Walter Matthau plays a worried, heavily henpecked husband whose brother (for a prank) arranges for a call-girl to install herself in Matthau's suite before his wife arrives. Matthau's ludicrous attempts to conceal the girl from his wife provide a comedy routine at least as old as Georges Feydeau or *Tillie's Punctured Romance,* but no less funny for that. Elaine May brings just the right combination of indignant rectitude and insinuating mistrust to the part of the wife, and there's a splendid bit when Matthau tries to smuggle the sleeping girl into the hotel corridor while engaging in poker-faced conversation with a suspicious bellhop.

It's pointless to try to analyse the mainsprings of this sort of comedy, but I'll have a go at it anyway: like the drunken character tottering on the

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skyscraper ledge, it exploits the comic potentialities of nightmare. Where else would the future of a marriage turn on whether someone glances out the window or looks round at the bed? As in a Mozart opera, the characters hide behind chairs and human destiny depends on the impenetrability of a disguise. It's the sort of scene that any two competent actors could play more or less unscripted: the difference is that with Neil Simon's script, the dialogue is as funny as the sight-gags.

I liked Maggie Smith as a proud, world-weary British actress who arrives in Los Angeles from London with her camp husband (Michael Caine) for an Academy Award presentation, missing out on the award and almost missing out on her husband as well. Messrs Simon and Ross round off the episode with a reconciliation scene as tender and affecting as anything you've seen in an American movie since – well, since the last reel of *The Goodbye Girl.* Yes, it's basically that sort of film, with basically that sort of audience in mind. And good luck to all those concerned.

Director Richard Attenborough – the magic is missing

•

One test of a good film is how long it lingers in the mind, and whether any particular images stay with us. Among hardened critics, surfeited with gratuitous violence and tranquillised with the bland, forgettable mash that emanates from modern commercial studios, a good film is one we still keep thinking of two weeks after we've seen it. It's a month now since I saw *In Search of Anna,* and at least one luminous image stays with me: a couple have made love *al fresco,* and the camera moves back for a ravishing long shot as they kneel together amid a verdant carpet of leaves. This love scene is quite crucial to the story, and we spend most of the film waiting for it to happen.

In my cynical way I expected it to be played with explicit, full-frontal candor, with the same hard edge of realism that marked an earlier, and quite appalling, scene of violence. I was wrong: it is done with astonishing lyricism and restraint, and the film gains immeasurably.

This is a praiseworthy first effort by a young Australian director, Esben Storm, who also wrote the script. Mr Storm has a brilliant way with images and rather less felicity with dialogue.

His film is an Antonioni-style fable about Tony (Richard Moir), a young man from a working-class Greek family in Melbourne who tries to pick up the threads of his life after six years in Pentridge for armed robbery. Tony has two objectives: to find his elusive former girlfriend, Anna, and to avenge himself on the man who betrayed him to the police.

In good Antonioni style, of course, we are not sure if Anna really exists, and there's much cutting about between the past and the present. Tony, released from jail, first seeks out his father (Alex Taiffer), a pathetic half-vegetable addicted to TV; then, on his way to Sydney he meets a new girl Sam (Judy Morris), bruised after a broken love affair, and they struggle towards some kind of understanding. We learn that Sam has tried to kill herself; she has an unsatisfactory relationship with Peter, a commercial photographer (Bill Hunter), whom she leaves for Tony. The two make their way to Queensland. Tony's old criminal mates, led by Jerry (Chris Haywood), are determined to discover where Tony has hidden the proceeds of a robbery.

It would be unfair to reveal the ending, except to say that I found it immensely satisfying and believable. *In Search of Anna* has great delicacy and charm, and its portrayal of working-class youngsters – locked into hopeless and helpless lives of fear and casual thuggery – is managed with all the humanity and assurance we found last year in *Mouth to Mouth.*

There is not a trace of phoniness or condescension in Storm's film. It is raw and honest and excellently acted, and contains some superb location filming on industrial sites, streets and shabby tenements.

•

I was looking forward to *Magic* for two reasons: first, the prospect of a new film from Richard Attenborough, whose first feature, *Oh! What a Lovely War,* was so brilliant a debut that anything else he directed would have to be not half bad; and second, fond memories of a British thriller of the forties called *Dead of Night,* in which (among several episodes) Michael Redgrave played a ventriloquist taken over and manipulated by his hideous dummy. The idea of Attenborough doing a remake of *Dead of Night* was a far more fascinating prospect for me than, say, another remake of *The 39 Steps.* What Attenborough comes up with (working from a novel by William Goldman) is more like a remake of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde:* the old tale of the good man with a murderous alter ego.

There's a brilliant performance from Anthony Hopkins as Corky, the sad, vulnerable, deranged ventriloquist whose mind disintegrates under pressure. Corky's dark and violent impulses find expression through his doll Fats, the garrulous and obscene dummy whom he engages in long, eerie conversations. As a study of schizophrenia *Magic* is not bad at all; but as a suspense thriller (which is what we are paying good money to see) it proves rather slack and predictable. The lovely Ann-Margret and veteran actor Burgess Meredith have a hand in the nasty goings-on, but somehow the film doesn't come together. *Magic* just isn't, I'm afraid. –EVAN WILLIAMS

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The late great Agatha Christie, queen of the mystery writers, disappeared for 11 days during December 1926. What she might have been doing, and why, is the subject of *Agatha,* a graceful, romantic suspense drama that rambles along very pleasantly – like sitting down to high tea with a good English storyteller.

Vanessa Redgrave stars opposite (well, roughly opposite, since she's a good head taller) Dustin Hoffman, who plays an inquisitive American reporter. *Agatha's* real dramatic substance could be inscribed on the head of a pin; the movie is all decorum combined with splendid period decor, sumptuously photographed by Vittorio Storaro, usually the man behind the camera for Bernardo Bertolucci. Unfortunately for all concerned Miss Christie's lost holiday was no *Last Tango In Paris.*

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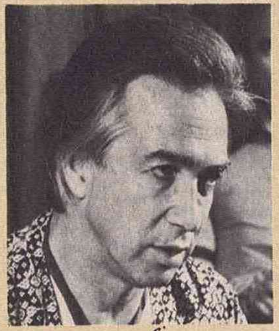

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